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LORD ELGIN'S MISSION TO CHINA AND JAPAN.*

LORD ELGIN'S mission to the courts of Peking and Yedo has been extremely fortunate in its historiographer; and although these volumes have not the pretensions of the stately quartos which recorded the embassies of Lord Macartney and Lord Amherst to the Court of China, they are infinitely more agreeable, from a more familiar admixture of personal adventure, and from the increased knowledge we have now acquired of the habits of these singular nations. Few men of our time have seen more of the globe than Mr. Oliphant, or have described what

they have seen with more *apropos*. He visited the steppes of Southern Russia, and the arsenal of Sebastopol, before the Crimean war. He has explored the distant confines of Minnesota in the Western World, and the Caucasian tributaries of the Euxine in the East. Attached as he was to the personal service of our late ambassador to China, conversant with his political designs, and an eye-witness of all that occurred in this strange medley of peace and war, no one could be better qualified to preserve the record of this mission. Several circumstances conspired to give Lord Elgin and his suite greater opportunities of exploring some of the great lines of river communication in China than ever were enjoyed before; the successful excursion of the ambassador to

* *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan in the years 1857, 1858, and 1859.* By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Esq., Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1860.

Japan is beyond all comparison the most curious and important addition yet made to our imperfect knowledge of that most remarkable country; and although we are afraid it can not be said that Lord Elgin's treaties have permanently established our relations with the furthest empires of the East on a secure and peaceful footing, there is no doubt that the narrative of his lordship's proceedings is highly instructive as to the best mode of conducting them hereafter.

The spring of the year 1857 was a crisis of no common danger to many of the most important interests of this country in Asia; and those who for the purpose of a factious attack on the Ministry of the day, lent themselves to a false cry of "justice to China" were, as it has since turned out, as ignorant of the real situation of our countrymen at Canton at that moment, as they necessarily were of the terrific tempest which was about to sweep over British India in the summer of the same year. In truth, a series of untoward events had contributed to extinguish the respect felt by the Chinese authorities for the power which fourteen years before had extorted from them the treaty of Nankin. All experience has proved that our treaties with China cease to be worth more than the paper on which they are written from the moment that the Chinese think they can be evaded with impunity; and whatever may be thought of the legal merits of the "lorcha" question, Sir John Bowring and Mr. Parkes were perfectly right in the conclusion at which they arrived, that British interests in Canton could no longer be sacrificed with impunity to the arrogance and obstinacy of Commissioner Yeh. Unfortunately their judgment was not equally correct as to the means at their disposal for enforcing their demands. The result showed that Yeh was perfectly able to resist them. A reward of thirty, and afterwards of a hundred, dollars was offered for the head of every Englishman. Mr. Cowper was kidnapped from Whampoa; the Thistle, postal steamer, was seized, and eleven persons murdered; supplies were interdicted; trade was stopped; an attempt was made to poison the whole foreign community at Hong-Kong; the very urchins in the street, says Mr. Oliphant, considered a Briton a fit subject for "chaff," while their respectable parents took a mercenary view of his head; and at length the Admiral was

compelled to abandon all the forts in the Canton river, except one at Macao, to write to India for five thousand troops, and to wait for instructions from England. Such was the state of our affairs in China when the House of Commons engaged in that most discreditable debate on Mr. Cobden's motion; and when, in fact, had the exact truth been known, every Englishman would have agreed that we must above all things rescue our countrymen from so dangerous and ignominious a position. This state of affairs had not much altered when Lord Elgin reached China; nor could it materially improve for some considerable time afterwards, because in the interval the Indian mutiny drew to itself, as to some great *maelstrom*, the interest and the available resources of the British Empire. With the utmost judgment, resolution, and disinterestedness, Lord Elgin at once diverted the forces on their way to China, and sent them to Calcutta, where they powerfully contributed to restore our authority in the Lower Provinces of Bengal. He himself followed in the Shannon, and that magnificent frigate, with her intrepid commander, William Peel, was thus withdrawn from the Chinese expedition altogether; and, in short, many weary months elapsed before it was possible to assume the attitude and language of a British plenipotentiary at Canton. That these things were not unknown to the Chinese, appears from the draft of a report from Yeh himself to the Emperor, which was probably sent about the commencement of December, 1857. The paper was found among those captured in Yeh's yamun, on the last day of the year, and it deserves to be quoted as a specimen of that mixture of fact and fiction, good sense and puerility, which commonly occur in Chinese state documents. It also throws some light on the Chinese notions of French interference.

"(Yeh, etc.) presents a Memorial to the effect that the English barbarians, troubled at home, and pressed with daily increasing urgency by other nations from without, will hardly attempt any thing further; that they are reported to have had several consultations upon the opening of trade, and earnestly desire the suggestion of some means to that end; that in consequence of the English chief not returned to Canton. A respectful memorial (of which particulars) he forwards by courier, at the rate of six hundred li a day, and looking upward, solicits the sacred glance thereon.

"On the sixth of the ninth moon, (twenty-

third October, 1857,) your servant had the honor to forward to your Majesty various particulars of his administration of barbarian affairs during the seventh and eighth moons, (August and September,) as it is recorded.

"Since the engagement of the tenth of the fifth moon, (first June,) a period of more than six months, the English barbarians have made no disturbance up the Canton river.* (It should be known,) however, that in the defeat sustained by Elgin at Mang-ga-ta† in the seventh moon, he was pursued by the Mang-ga-la (Bengal) barbarian force to the sea-shore. A number of French men-of-war, which happened to be passing, fired several guns in succession, and the force of the Bengal barbarians falling back, the Chief, Elgin, made his escape. The Chief, Elgin, was very grateful to the French force for saving his life, and on the arrival of the French minister, Lo-so-lun,‡ who, in the beginning of the ninth moon, had also reached Quang-Tung, he, the Chief, Elgin, feted the Chief, Gros, at Hong-Kong, (*lit.* merrily feasted and prayed him [to drink] wine,) and consulted him upon the present position of affairs in China.

"The Chief, Gros, said: 'I was not an eyewitness of last year's affair, but the story current among people of different nations who were by at the time, has made me familiar with the whole question. You see, when the forts were taken, the Chinese Government made no retaliation; when the houses of the people were burned, it still declined to fight. Now, the uniform suppression, three years ago, of the Quang-Tung insurrection, in which some hundreds of thousands were engaged, shows the military power of China to be by no means insignificant. Will she take no notice of her injuries? (No.) She is certain to have some deep policy which will enable her so to anticipate us, that before we can take up any ground she will have left us without the means of finding fault with her, while she, on the other hand, will oblige the foreigners to admit themselves completely in the wrong. On the last occasion that your nation opened fire, it was but for some days, and people came forward, (as mediators,) but this time you did your utmost for three months. (You fired) four thousand rounds and more from great guns, as well as three thousand rockets. The high authorities of Canton, it is plain, have all along made their minds up, (or have seen their way.) They understand the

character of all classes, high and low, in our foreign states. This is the reason why they have been so firm and unswerving. When I was leaving home the instructions my own sovereign gave me, with affectionate earnestness, were these:

"There is a quarrel with the English in Quang-Tung; when you go thither, confine yourself to the observance of the treaty and pacific communications. You are not to avail yourself of the opportunity to commit acts of aggression or spoliation. Do not make China hate the French as a band of hostile wretches who violate their engagements. The circumstances, too, are so different (from those of the last war of the English with China,) that it is essential you should judge for yourself what course to pursue. There is no analogy, I apprehend, between the present case and the opium question of some ten years since, in which they had some wrong to allege."

"It appears that in the country of the five Indies appropriated by the English barbarians, they have established four tribal divisions—three along the coast, and one in the interior. One of the coast divisions is Mang-ga-la, (Bengal,) the country in the extreme east; one is Ma-ta-lasay, (Madras,) south-west of Bengal; and one is Mang-mai, (Bombay,) on the western limit of India. That in the interior is A-ka-la, (Agra,) lying midway between east and west. About the end of last summer, it is stated, twelve marts (or ports) in Bengal which had revolted, were lost. Since the eighth moon, the marts in Bombay have all been retaken (*sc.* from the English) by (Indian) chiefs; and since Elgin's return after his defeat, the leaders of the English barbarians have sustained a succession of serious defeats. The Indian chief drove a mine from bank to bank of a river, and by the introduction of infernal machines (*lit.* water-thunder) blew up several large vessels of war, killing above one thousand men. On shore they enticed (the English) far into the country, and murdered above seven thousand of them, killing a distinguished soldier named Pu-ta-wei-ka-lut, and many more.

"Elgin passes day after day at Hong-Kong, stamping his foot and sighing; his anxiety is increased by the non-arrival of dispatches from his government."—*Oliphant*, vol. i. p. 143.

The time was, however, at hand when a very different aspect was about to be given to affairs. Reinforcements at length arrived; Baron Gros, the French Commissioner, actively coöperated with Lord Elgin; an ultimatum was sent in; the bombardment of Canton opened on the twenty-eighth December; the Braves were routed and the walls carried by the allied troops; and on the last day of the year Lord Elgin himself ascended by a scalding ladder the south-east angle of the city wall, and entered the streets of that

* The affair of the first June is the destruction of Heoang's fleet up Fatschau Creek, doubtless reported to Peking as a victory. The manner in which the next sentence is introduced, shows that Lord Elgin's return had been already announced, but without full particulars.

† Mang-ga-ta is clearly a compromise between Mang-ga-la, Bengal and Calcutta.

‡ The French ambassador's name is elsewhere given as Go-lo-so, (Gros;) his title of baron is evidently taken to be his name, and is put in Chinese fashion after his surname—*lun* representing, doubtless, *pa-lun* for baron.

proud Canton which had never been trodden by an European. A few days later Yeh himself was seized, and the city was placed under the joint authority of its Chinese magistrates and a military commission. These events have already been narrated with so much spirit by another eye-witness, that Mr. Oliphant has passed over them with greater brevity than their importance would otherwise deserve; but, not to linger over a twice-told tale, we shall at once accompany him to the mouth of the Peiho, where the principal objects of the mission were to be attained.

No sooner had the blockade of Canton been raised and the trade reopened, at the urgent entreaty of the Chinese authorities as well as of our own merchants, than a letter was dispatched by Lord Elgin to Yu, the senior secretary of state. This communication, dated the eleventh February, 1858, informed the Court of Peking of the events which had occurred at Canton, and announced the intention of the Allies to continue the occupation of that city until their demands were satisfied. At the same time the Chinese were invited to send an Imperial Plenipotentiary to Shanghai before the end of March, and they were told that the non-arrival of such a negotiator would be held at once to justify the British Plenipotentiary to proceed nearer the capital, and to have recourse to such measures as he might think fit to adopt. Mr. Oliphant and M. de Contades were dispatched with this mission and its French counterpart; and their successful expedition from Shanghai to Soochou for the purpose of delivering these dispatches, is one of the most interesting chapters of the present work.

Soochou lies on the Imperial Grand Canal, which at the period of Sir H. Pottinger's expedition was the great artery of the internal commerce and navigation of the empire. But Mr. Oliphant speaks of it as that *once* celebrated channel of commerce.

"For since the bursting of its banks by the Yellow River, and the destruction in consequence of a section of this canal, it has not been used for the last five years. The vast supplies of grain which were annually conveyed along it to the capital are now sent in sea-going junks from Shanghai, and other ports of the Yan-tse-Kiang, round the promontory of Shantung, and up the Peiho river. The expenses incidental to the rebellion have prevented the Government from spending any money in repairing this magnificent work. The consequence is, that

the enormous imperial grain junks formerly employed now line the bank in a rotting condition."

This sudden and extraordinary change in the line of communication of the grain fleet, on which Peking depends for its subsistence, increased the importance attached by Lord Elgin to the command of the mouth of the Peiho, and he was especially anxious that a sufficient naval force should be assembled there to interrupt, if necessary, the junks which bring their innumerable cargoes to that stream immediately after the monsoon. With this view, as early as the second March, he had called upon the Admiral to collect before the end of that month at Shanghai as large a naval force as possible, especially of gunboats drawing little water; and in the Admiral's reply to this requisition the Ambassador was assured that measures had already been taken to meet his wishes, and that Sir Michael Seymour himself would sail for Shanghai in the *Calcutta* on or about the sixteenth March. On the third April intelligence was received from the south that the Admiral had postponed his departure for ten days; but on the tenth April Lord Elgin, in company with Baron Gros, and such vessels as had been collected, resolved to proceed to the mouth of the Peiho, convinced that any appearance of wavering at so critical a juncture might entail the most serious consequences, and defeat the main objects of the Mission. The weather was lovely, and nothing impeded the advance of the squadron up the Yellow Sea, until it reached the bar at the mouth of the Peiho, which was scarcely within sight of land. Although at that time the British squadron had no less than eighteen gunboats in the Chinese seas, adapted for this particular service, and although the speedy appearance of Admiral Rigault de Genouilly with the whole French force demonstrated that the voyage could be made with ease and safety, it was not till the *twentieth May* that Admiral Seymour had brought up his forces. *Five weeks* were spent by the Ambassador and by our allies in deplorable inaction at the mouth of the Peiho, in consequence of the non-arrival of the British gunboats; during the whole of this period the Chinese were actively engaged in constructing stockades and abatis to strengthen the forts which might have been taken in April without a blow. Nine hundred grain junks were

computed to have passed the spot where the Furious lay, and to have entered the river; and at one time it seemed probable the allied squadron might have entered the Gulf of Pechellee without an attempt to force a passage. As it was, although the blow was eventually struck and the treaty of Tientsin signed, yet the most favorable season for operations in China was lost, and it became impossible to complete the design of Lord Elgin by advancing to Pekin—a circumstance which has doubtless powerfully contributed to the renewal of hostilities by the Chinese, and the subsequent disastrous result of Admiral Hope's attack on the Peiho forts.

Mr. Oliphant has touched very lightly on these facts; and he has not made the remarks upon them which they are well calculated to call forth, probably from a laudable desire to bury in oblivion acts of misconduct, which must have occasioned the deepest annoyance to Lord Elgin. We think these acts have not yet been visited with the reprobation they justly deserve in this country. We are aware that Admiral Seymour, having been called upon to explain his conduct, did so in a dispatch to the Admiralty, in which he alleges the dangers of navigating the Chinese seas in the monsoon, and similar excuses for his procrastination. This explanation was accepted by the Admiralty; but, having carefully weighed all these circumstances, we must be permitted to retain and to express our opinion that the unjustifiable delay of Sir Michael in bringing up the gunboats as he had promised to do, was in the highest degree detrimental to the objects of the mission and to the public service, and that it placed our squadron in a position of humiliating contrast with that of our allies; we may add that the ulterior consequences of our apparent vacillation and weakness on that occasion, have probably contributed to encourage the Chinese to fresh acts of resistance, which will render necessary another campaign. We are the more desirous to call the attention of the country to this subject, because it is not the first time that the naval authorities at home have shown what we must consider a very culpable disposition to screen the shortcomings and misconduct of admirals employed on active service abroad; and more than one such officer has received a ribbon who would in former times have

been arraigned before a court-martial. We hear, with great regret, complaints of the relaxed state of discipline in the British Navy; but that discipline is no where so much at fault as when it fails to visit officers of the highest rank. To them, especially, several of the disappointments and reverses which the Navy has of late years sustained may be distinctly traced.

The principal concessions obtained by the Treaty of Tientsin were, the right to send a Minister Resident to Pekin, and permission for British subjects to travel and trade in all parts of the empire. The new ports of Teng-chow in the province of Shantung, and of New-chwang in Manchuria, were opened to foreign commerce, as well as the important trading posts on the Yang-tsi-kiang, after the rebels are expelled from its shores. The onerous transit duties on merchandise were commuted for a pass or certificate to be purchased once, for all, by a payment of two and a half per cent *ad valorem*; and an indemnity of about £1,300,000 sterling was stipulated for losses at Canton and the expenses of the war. These remarkable and satisfactory results, obtained within a year from Lord Elgin's first arrival in China, and obtained under many discouraging circumstances, were due in great measure to the spirit and judgment of the Ambassador; and although subsequent events have unhappily shown that our future prospects in China are less clear and brilliant than they appeared to be when this treaty was signed, it still remains the basis of the rights we may have to enforce.

We can not, however, take leave of this part of the subject without remarking that there appears to be something radically erroneous in the attempt to place our relations with the Chinese on the footing of our relations with states which acknowledge the obligations of international law. Mr. John Stuart Mill observes, in the course of some pages on our foreign policy which have recently proceeded from his able pen, that to suppose the same rules of international morality, and the same reciprocity of international obligation, which obtain between one civilized nation and another, will also obtain between civilized nations and barbarians, is a grave error. The history of our treaties with the Chinese authorities demonstrates that the conditions we have attempted to

impose on them by a diplomatic instrument have no binding force at all; and that they will be evaded and broken the moment it appears that their stipulations can be set at naught with impunity. Probably a Chinese statesman thinks that when concessions galling to the national pride, or adverse to the national policy, have been extorted by force of arms, and as it were under duress, he is doing no more than his duty in regarding the treaty as a nullity, when the force that imposed it is removed. Accordingly, the more extensive the concessions are which we think we have obtained, the more certain is it that they will be violated, and the less practical benefit shall we derive from them: thus the opening of Canton promised in 1843 was never obtained till the place had been reduced and occupied by force; and the stipulation for sending a Resident Minister to Peking will be either resisted or rendered nugatory, unless he be accompanied by an army. As for the engagements of Mandarins with blue buttons, or even the strokes of the Vermilion Pencil, they are absolutely without binding force, and the formalities of diplomacy become ludicrous if they fail to constitute a substantial engagement. We find ourselves, therefore, in a vicious circle; for when one expedition has exacted and obtained certain concessions, another and more powerful expedition is required to enforce them; and our diplomacy stands for nothing when we have not a fleet on the spot to back it. The conclusion we draw from these facts is, that far from seeking to blind the Chinese government to greater concessions, and consequently to interfere still more directly in their internal affairs, the wiser course both for them and for us, in the interests of peace and commerce, would be to confine ourselves strictly to that superficial contact on certain points of the coast, which the trading propensities of both nations will keep up under any circumstances. Lord Elgin himself is known to have arrived at the conclusion that the principal value of the right of sending a British Minister to Peking is the dread which the bare possibility of the execution of such a threat inspires in the breast of every thoroughbred Mandarin; and recent experience has proved that the presence of a permanent European *corps diplomatique* in Peking would be a constant source of irritation and outrage; indeed, far from be-

ing a pledge of peace, it would probably give rise to incessant disputes and hostilities. Although, therefore, it is probably necessary to avenge the recent defeat of the squadron at the mouth of the Peiho, we trust that we shall not find ourselves hereafter fettered by additional liabilities under the name of privileges and rights.

Notwithstanding the events which have occurred, we are by no means disposed to rely on force as the best, or the sole, mode of placing our relations with China on a more satisfactory footing. On the contrary, the destruction of semi-barbarous forts, and the discomfiture of Mantchou soldiers—nay, even the military occupation of great cities by a handful of troops, can have but a transient effect. The Chinese are a crafty and sagacious people, on whom a more lasting impression may be made by their interests than by their fears; and we believe that the opinion we express is precisely that to which Lord Elgin's own experience and good sense have led him, in deprecating any hasty and violent attempt to destroy what it would be impossible for us to restore, and scarcely less difficult for us to replace.

The spirits of Lord Elgin and his companions, both civil and naval, appear to have risen when a happy combination of circumstances, of which the Ambassador promptly availed himself, enabled the mission to pass from the wearisome and oppressive scene of their labors in China to the unexplored island-empire of Japan. Accordingly Mr. Oliphant's work rises rapidly in vivacity and in interest: his second volume is in every respect more entertaining and more curious than the first. He finds himself on new, and one may almost say enchanted, ground—so unforeseen are the incidents, so beautiful the scenery, so bewitching the reception which awaited the mission in Japan. There at least war had not preceded the messengers of peace, and the engagements contracted by the Japanese rulers were not accompanied by humiliation or extorted by fear. A long series of quarrels and mutual injuries had not tainted either side with animosity or distrust; and in treating with the Japanese, the British Ambassador was forcibly struck by their immeasurable superiority to the Chinese in all that constitutes the government of a great nation and the dignity of the human character. The ministers of Japan,

acting under the most singular political constitution that exists in the world, and in the name of an emperor who realizes one of the fanciful conceptions of the Abbé Sièyes, showed themselves to be men of a high sense of personal dignity; they resorted to none of those puerile equivocations and artifices which are common to most of the Asiatics, and preëminent among the Chinese; their administration is singularly free from corruption; their great ingenuity and acuteness are not applied, as in China, to surround themselves with an imaginary halo of unapproachable superiority, but on the contrary, to penetrate with singular rapidity the intentions and habits of the foreigners with whom they were thus suddenly brought into contact; and the effect on Lord Elgin's Embassy was that during the whole period of his visit, every incident that occurred tended to heighten the wonder and interest and respect which the conduct of the Japanese was calculated to inspire in our countrymen.

China was long ago selected by M. de Tocqueville as the most striking example of the degradation a nation would probably arrive at, in which an entire equality of conditions prevails, and the absolute power of the sovereign predominates over a purely democratic state of society. Japan is, on the contrary, as far as we can judge from the slight knowledge already acquired there, an aristocratic State, not without some admixture of popular municipal institutions. Its hereditary nobles are its real governors, for the authority of the spiritual and temporal emperors is purely formal. Accordingly the policy of the country is not determined by the caprice or ignorance of a court, but by the will of a body of men, whose interests, convictions, and passions act upon and control each other. The entire action of the administrative power is not that of pure despotism, but of mutual checks; and the demeanor of the Japanese statesmen is not that of the mere slaves of a barbarous absolutism, but that of the members of a national government. It is long since any spectacle has been disclosed to the observer of politics and of manners so novel and so interesting as that which Mr. Oliphant affords us of the internal condition of Japan; and we can not lay down his second volume without in some degree sharing in the enthusiasm and astonishment the aspect of the Japanese Empire

appears to have excited in his own mind.*

Let us accompany the mission, in the first instance, as the *Furious* steamed up the bay of Nagasaki, and caught its first view of Japan.

"The distance from Shanghai to Nagasaki is not above four hundred and fifty miles; but if oceans rolled between the two empires, Japan could not be more thoroughly isolated than it is from the rest of the world. We steamed smoothly and rapidly over this narrow strip of sea, so rarely traversed by craft of any sort. There was not a speck of foam to ruffle its glassy surface, scarce a fleece of cloud to checker the deep blue overhead: well might we imagine ourselves gliding across these solitary waters to some dreamland, securely set in a quiet corner of another world, far away from the storms and troubles of this one. On the afternoon of the second of August we first saw symptoms of land, and passed close to some high pointed rocks of picturesque form, in places covered with verdure, but not affording standing ground for an inhabitant. These bold landmarks are out of sight of the Japanese coast, and are called the *Asses' Ears*. Early on the following morning the highlands of Japan were in sight, the nearest land being the islands of Iwosima. As we approached it, the first object visible was an evidence of civilization unknown among the Chinese; on its highest summit a flagstaff at once telegraphed our appearance to the mainland. We did not then know that cannon, placed at intervals the whole way to the capital, were noisily repeating this signal, so that intelligence of our approach was even then reverberating almost from one end of the empire to the other; and his majesty the Tycoon at Yedo, six or seven hundred miles away, was informed that we had entered the Bay of Nagasaki by the time that we had dropped our anchor in it.

"The high green islands of Iwosima conceal from view the entrance to the bay until you round their westernmost point: even then other islands and projecting promontories make it somewhat uncertain. The overhanging promontory above us is crowned by a battery of guns, round which a few soldiers are grouped, gazing curiously; beyond it more batteries appear on sundry other projections of the shore, which is here and there indented with bays, from which deep-wooded valleys run up into the island. They seem thickly populated, for the cottages, with their high thatched roofs, cluster up the hill-side, and peep out from under the dark foliage. In places the islands are precipitous, and masses of towering rock deny even to the hardiest shrubs holding ground.

* For a succinct but animated account of what was known of Japanese government and institutions previous to Lord Elgin's visit, we may refer our readers to our own pages. (*Ed. Review*, vol. xvi. p. 348.) And we rejoice to find that the prognostications expressed in that article have been so speedily fulfilled.

"In charming contrast with these sterner features are grassy slopes and rice-fields rising in terraces on the green hill-sides, and shady groves with blue smoke curling above them, denoting the existence of snug hamlets. Securely moored in secluded creeks, or hauled up on little patches of sandy beach, are quaint-shaped native craft; others are glancing about these calm inland waters, ferrying across from islands to the main passengers and cargo, or lying motionless as though asleep on the water, their sails 'folded like thoughts in a dream,' while the occupants are fishing. These sails are composed either of strips of matting or of cloth. These are generally black and white alternately, each strip not being above two feet wide, and hoisted perpendicularly. Some of these passenger-boats passed close to us for the purpose of a closer inspection. Those within manifested no fear, but a good deal of interest and curiosity; numerous flags fluttered from small flag-staffs in the stern, each device having its appropriate signification, unknown to us. The colors were generally black and white, and the form square or angular. A black circle on a white ground, or black and white triangles, were the commonest; but often they were complicated, and presented to the uninitiated the appearance of an elaborate collection of the emblems of freemasonry.

"Steaming gently on, we presently open the mouth of the long narrow harbor, with the conical wooded island of Pappenberg guarding its entrance; beyond which, formerly, foreign ships were not allowed to penetrate, and which must ever hold an unenviable notoriety in the historical annals of Japan, as the Tarpeian rock, down the precipitous sides of which hundreds of Christians, during the fierce persecution which had for its object the utter extermination of all who professed the creed, were hurled into the deep-blue waters which eddy round it. The moral of the sad story is written on the face of the steep hills which inclose the bay; tiers of cannon rise one above another; battery succeeds battery, as point after point is revealed to view. These guns are pointed not so much against the stranger as against the Christian, who, while he is dreaded, is no less despised, and the principal result of whose intercourse with the Japanese has been to furnish them with weapons by which they can the more effectually resist his encroachments. Notwithstanding this, Japan is once again open to the Christian; it will remain to be proved how far the estimate which former experience led the authorities of that empire to form of his practice and his profession, will be justified in the course of his renewed intercourse with its inhabitants."—*Oliphant*, vol. ii. p. 1.

The contrast which we have already indicated between the character and demeanor of the Chinese and Japanese statesman occurs in almost every form that can strike the eye of a foreign ob-

server. Indeed, oddly enough, the populace of Yedo seeing in our own countrymen something peculiarly unlike themselves, but never having heard that there existed any other foreigners beside the natives of the Celestial Empire, took the members of our mission for Chinese, and pursued them with the cry: "Chinaman, Chinaman, what have you got to sell?" The compliment was undeserved, and, to those to whom it was addressed, most unwelcome. The traveler who lands in a Chinese town finds himself in a dense congeries of wooden houses, built without order and often extremely neglected; the filthy habits of the people offend him at every turn; beggars and homeless wretches in every form of disease and misery infect the public ways, and may even be seen dying by the roadside; the sense of smell is outraged by the most detestable odors, while the whole aspect of things is that of a swinish confusion, in which, with great pretensions to arbitrary authority, the legal and methodical protection of the public interests and conveniences is scarcely known. Enter the city of Yedo, or even an outlying seaport like Nagasaki—a town of sixty thousand inhabitants—and every thing bears marks of a peculiar but most elaborate form of civilization. On reaching the landing-place, a wide spacious street, about a mile in length, flanked by neat houses of two stories, opened before our travelers. A paved way ran down the center of the street, on each side of which it was carefully graveled to the gutter. The footways were animated by numerous passengers, but no wheeled carriages or beasts of burden were to be seen. Beyond the street, this vista terminated in the foliage of the adjacent temples and tea-houses, or the white-washed walls of some fire-proof storehouse. Every thing indicates careful control and ingenious forethought. Scarcely a beggar was to be seen, except here and there a religious mendicant; and not a drunkard was ever met with.

With regard to personal cleanliness, the Japanese are the most active bathers and washers in the world. The "tub," which may elsewhere be regarded as one of the peculiar institutions of Great Britain, flourishes in all the light of publicity in Japan:

"Light wooden screens, neatly papered, and

running on slides, are for the most part pushed back in the daytime, and the passer looks through the house, to where the waving shrubs of a cool-looking back-garden invite him to extend his investigations. Between the observer and this retreat there are probably one or two rooms, raised about two feet from the ground; and upon the scrupulously clean and well-wadded matting, which is stretched upon the wooden floor, semi-nude men and women lull and lounge, and their altogether nude progeny crawl and feast themselves luxuriously at ever-present fountains. The women seldom wear anything above their waists, the men only a scanty loin-cloth. In the mid-day, during the summer, a general air of languor pervades the community: about sunset the world begins to wash, and the Japanese youth, like copper-colored Cupids, riot tumultuously."—Vol. ii. p. 19.

So exact is the control exercised by Japanese authority over the whole people, that every street has its magistrate, who is expected to settle all disputes, to know the most minute details of the private and public affairs of every creature within his jurisdiction, as reported to him by spies, and to keep an accurate record of births, deaths, and marriages. He is responsible for the good conduct of the street generally, and is elected by the popular voice of the inhabitants of the street; he is assisted in his duties by small companies of the principal male-householders, who also patrol at night.

Even the dogs of Japan live and flourish under the protection of the law:

"The streets of Yedo are infested with dogs—not the wretched mangy curs of Constantinople or the pariahs of India, but sleek, well-fed, audacious animals, who own no masters, but who seem to thrive on the community, and bid it defiance. They trot proudly about, with ears and tail erect, and are most formidable to meet in a by-lane. These animals are held in as high veneration and respect as they were in former times in Egypt; the most ancient traditions attach to them, and it is a capital crime to put one to death. There are even guardians appointed for their protection, and hospitals to which they are carried in case of illness. Certainly a long experience has taught them to profit by the immunity from persecution which they enjoy. It is only due to them to say that, as a race, they are the handsomest street-dogs I ever saw. The only large animals in Japan are horses, oxen and cows, and buffaloes; but milk, butter, and cheese are unknown as articles of consumption. There are no asses or mules, and scarcely any pigs. The largest wild animals are deer, of which, however, there are very few."—Vol. ii. p. 141.

To this concluding sentence it should be added that sheep, as well as pigs, are unknown, and that the British residents in Japan must prepare to forego the use of mutton—a privation which seems to have been already very severely felt by the American consul at Simoda. It is, however, a most extraordinary fact, that in these Islands, where the population is dense, and no supplies are drawn from foreign countries, the domestic quadrupeds chiefly used for the production of animal food and of manure are almost entirely wanting, and that even the use of preparations of milk is unknown. We wish Mr. Oliphant had been able to furnish us with a scheme of the rotation of crops on a Japanese farm. It would seem as if farming were reduced in such a country to rearing poultry and market gardening.

The same nicety which thus provides for the street police, may be traced in a thousand different shapes in the arts and manufactures, the manners and customs, the laws and government of Japan. Although it turned out that the manufactured products of Japan, which have been obtained by the Dutch at Desima and Nagasaki, are extremely inferior to the articles exposed for sale in the bazaars of the capital, yet the display at Nagasaki at once astonished our countrymen. In bronzes, the Japanese far excel the Chinese, the design and workmanship being infinitely superior. Excellent telescopes, clocks, magnifying glasses, and glass-ware, all of native manufacture, were to be met with; and the Japanese have shown extreme aptitude in applying all they have learnt of European arts from the Dutch factory. Their country abounds in metallic wealth, and they have great skill in the manufacture of cutting blades of steel, whether for arms or for tools; a circumstance which alone gives them an immense superiority over the clumsy implements of China and Hindostan. The most remarkable proof of this mechanical skill is that, on arriving at Yedo, the mission found there a very neat steamer built by Japanese artificers under the direction of a Dutch engineer. Prince Satsuma, one of the principal nobles of Southern Japan, has an electric telegraph at work from his capital city to his palace; and he employs eight hundred native workmen in glass factories and cannon foundries. And Mr. Oliphant found that—

"Under Captain Katendyke's direction, the Japanese were at that time carrying out some extensive public works in the harbor. These principally consisted of a machine-shop and foundry, with all the appurtenances necessary for the building and repairing of steamers, which the Emperor had recently determined on establishing at Nagasaki. For the last six months prior to our arrival, the Dutch engineers had been engaged collecting machinery; a large quantity had already arrived.

"The spot selected for the erection of the various buildings is in a beautiful valley, sloping down to, and terminating at, the left bank of the harbor, entering from seaward opposite Nagasaki. We observed a boat-load of Dutch artificers and engineers cross to it daily, but had not time to inspect their progress ourselves. It was calculated that two years would elapse before the works could come into operation. A pier, several hundred feet in length, and extending out sufficiently far to insure twenty feet at low water, was being built immediately in front, and as a part of the establishment. In the construction of this pier, the Japanese workmen, under Dutch direction, were making constant use of a diving-bell and Nasmyth's hammer.

"Japanese are allowed to enter these works as apprentices, in order to perfect themselves in engineering and mechanics, and so strong are their acquisitive propensities, where knowledge is concerned, that several princes have sought and obtained permission from the Emperor to place themselves under instruction, and are to be seen daily at the works, busily engaged at the lathe, the vice, or the forge, as the case may require, while others may be found in the drafting-room, preparing the necessary drawings for the various departments. Besides this, there has been for some years a naval school. By accounts we have received from Nagasaki, dated April last, we learn that an imperial decree has been received from Yedo, directing that the naval school be removed from Nagasaki to the capital, the Government believing that their officers have attained such proficiency in navigation as to enable them to dispense with further instruction in that department. This conclusion appears to have been arrived at from their screw steamer Yedo having lately made a successful passage from Nagasaki to Yedo in nine days, unaccompanied by any foreigner. The school of engineers, however, above alluded to, is still to be continued, as well as one of medicine and surgery, which has been for some time in existence, and very well attended."—Vol. ii. p. 65.

In immediate connection with this part of the subject, the following passage is extremely worthy of attention:

"Although we took leave to doubt the existence of professors of European languages at Yedo, there is no question about the advanced state of education, and its wide diffusion throughout the empire. Dutch is certainly taught at Yedo as well as at Nagasaki; and

pupils who have studied the latest mechanical and scientific inventions at the latter place under the Dutch, come to the capital as teachers. Thus they are competent to manage their own steam-engines, and to navigate their own ships, working their course by observation. They are extremely sensitive at being supposed incapable of acquiring any branch of knowledge which is possessed by others, and have a very high estimate of their powers in this respect. This was amusingly illustrated in a discussion which took place as to the language which should hereafter be the medium of official correspondence. 'Oh!' said one of the commissioners, 'you had better make English the official language; there is no telling how long it will be before you will be able to write a dispatch in Japanese; but give us five years, and we shall be quite competent to correspond with you in English.' This affords a striking contrast to our experience at Tientsin, where we found such difficulty in inducing the Chinese to accept the English as the official language, even as a prospective arrangement—one, indeed, which I have little hope of ever seeing carried out; for even if a Chinaman could be induced to study a foreign language, he is so utterly destitute by nature of the faculty of acquiring any tongue but his own, that a lifetime would be spent in the vain attempt. During the whole period of my stay in China, I did not meet a single native who could speak, read, and write English correctly.

"In Japan; on the other hand, there is a rage for the acquisition of every description of knowledge. A Chinaman thinks that any study but that of the Confucian books is degrading, and treats every modern invention with an air of calm contempt. A Japanese, on the other hand, is full of zeal and curiosity. He examines and asks questions about every thing within his reach, carefully noting the answers."—Vol. ii. pp. 177-8.

In spite of this eagerness for information, and this readiness to dispose of their manufactured produce, indications were not wanting, even here, of the vigilant control of a jealous government. Thus, although book-stalls were numerous, it became evident that no books were to be sold to the foreigner: a scramble instantly took place, and they disappeared. So again, no person whatever was allowed to receive any foreign coin. The money of the different members of the mission was solemnly exchanged by the government changers, for the currency of the country, and we have seen a Japanese "itzibus" as well struck as a franc piece, except that it happens to be *square*. But not a sou would the people receive, even in charity, that was not stamped with their own standard of value. They preferred to do the stranger's bidding without payment,

so great was their dread of being detected in the crime of handling foreign money.

These are two trifling examples of the principle which seems to pervade Japanese society, namely, that of universal *espionage*, and mutual control. Every man lives in fear of being reported by his neighbor. Every office is filled by two individuals, that one may preserve the other from backsliding. Even the letter-carriers (for there are letter-carriers if not a penny post in Yedo) run in couples. No one is so great or so insignificant as not to have his own double watching him and watched by himself. Even the Emperor is said to be as narrowly watched by spies as any of his subjects. In fact, the more we investigate the extraordinary system under which Japan is governed, the more evident does it become, that the great principle upon which the whole fabric rests, is the absolute extinction of individual freedom: to arrive at this result, resort is had to a complicated machinery, so nicely balanced, that, as every body watches every body, so no individual can escape paying the penalty to society of any injury he may attempt to inflict upon it. When the Saimios or titular princes, who are the next in degree to the Daimios or hereditary princes, (of the rank, as we might say, of privy councilors below the peerage,) came off to meet Lord Elgin,

"They were plainly dressed, and accompanied by the usual retinue, the use of which we now began to perceive. Most of them were engaged during the whole period of the interview with Lord Elgin in reporting in note-books precisely every word that passed. I even caught one fellow, as I glanced over his shoulder, making a sketch of his Excellency."

"When no conversation was actually taking place, they noted down observations of surrounding objects. Most inquisitive were they in their inquiries about every thing, and ready in book-ing the answer. The people who had no note-books were spies, whose business it was to see whether those who had, did their duty properly; also to keep an eye on the princes, and report any indiscretion of which they might be guilty. So when every body was watching every body else, it was only natural that the Japanese should wonder who was watching us. They solved this difficulty in an amusing way. Finding that there was only one British minister on board, but observing also that his letter had been signed Elgin and Kincardine, they gave us to understand, in the least offensive way possible, that Kincardine, who was no where visible, they supposed to be engaged in keeping his eye on Elgin. It was some time before we made

them understand how two titles could be vested in one and the same person."—Vol. ii. p. 98.

There are now in Japan three hundred and sixty feudal princes of greater or less importance, each of whom is compelled to have a residence in Yedo, to live in the capital six months of the year, and during the remaining six months to retire to his principality, leaving his wife and family at Yedo, as hostages for his good behavior. But their territorial rights in their own possessions are by no means absolute, as most of them are compelled to submit to the supervision of two government secretaries, who take it in turn to administer their affairs. There are besides three hundred smaller territorial divisions, so that the empire consists of upwards of six hundred fiefs. Political power seems chiefly vested in the hands of this oligarchy, and they control the Council of State, consisting of five members of the highest grade of the aristocracy, who are chosen by the Tycoon himself, and a minor council consisting of eight of the titular princes. All these are under the strict surveillance of private spies, who report to their own masters; and from the evident difficulty the Commissioners found in conceding certain points to which the kamis or princes were avowedly hostile, the Government probably stand in awe of that influential body. This Venetian constitution, as it may fairly be termed, naturally inspires the Japanese, and especially the members of the governing class, with a prodigious respect for rank; and one of the causes of Lord Elgin's success among them, was that they acknowledged in him a rank equal to their own. When Her Majesty's Commission was read upon the exchange of powers, and translated by the interpreter into the language of the country, upon hearing the words "trusty and well-beloved cousin," addressed by the Crown to Lord Elgin, the Japanese immediately rose with great courtesy, to mark their respect for Queen Victoria and her envoy, and then inquired whether he was indeed a cousin of the Queen of England, and what was his actual rank? To this Lord Elgin replied that the words were those customarily applied in instruments of state to a British earl, and that a British earl might in fact, according to the Japanese notions of rank, be termed an hereditary prince. No man on this side of the border will dispute the claim of the Bruce to

be styled a Scottish Daimios; but it is a singular incident in the fortunes of that illustrious house, that one of its chiefs should have obtained immediate recognition of his rank from the peers of Japan, and that it should have contributed, as it undoubtedly did, to the success of his mission. This anecdote is not related by Mr. Oliphant, but we have it from another member of the Embassy, who was present on the occasion. Lord Malmesbury committed a great mistake when he intrusted the chief management of our affairs in Japan to a mere consul-general, whom the native nobles could not fail to regard as a trading agent, and Lord John Russell has very properly done what he could to repair this blunder by raising Mr. Rutherford Alcock (of whose personal qualifications we entertain a high opinion) to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary.

It does not very clearly appear from Mr. Oliphant's narrative what were the decisive motives which induced the ruling powers of Japan suddenly to relax the highly prohibitive system by which they had excluded all foreigners for more than two centuries. Undoubtedly, they were well acquainted with the progress of our arms at Canton and at the mouth of the Peiho. Perhaps, also, they thought that as partial relations had been opened with some Christian States, and as the Russian settlements on the Amour are drawing to a dangerous proximity with the northern coasts of the empire, they were more likely to find safety and independence in treating with several foreign powers on terms of equality. However this may be, the sumptuous abodes of the *grandees* who inhabit the Grosvenor Square of Yedo, were impenetrable to the members of the Embassy. They belong to a class who are for the most part unfavorable to the introduction of foreigners into Japan. With few exceptions, the old aristocracy of Japan dread the foreign element as possibly subversive of that influence which they at present exercise in the government of the country; and the Tories of that empire take precisely the same view of the "foreigner" as the Tories of our quarter sessions and our House of Commons. It was, therefore, with great apprehension that Lord Elgin learned, on arriving at Yedo, that the enlightened Prime Minister, Bitsuno-kami, whom we take to be an advanced Whig in the scale of Japanese parties, and who had just before concluded

the American treaty with Mr. Harris, was no longer in office; a crisis had occurred in the cabinet, and the Tories had just come in. Nothing could be more unpromising than such a revolution in the direction of affairs: but here again, we have fresh occasion to admire the flexibility of the Japanese character and their native readiness to adapt themselves to the exigencies of constitutional government. The Tories, it is true, were in; but so was Lord Elgin. Prohibition was the basis of the constitution of Japan; once gone, the sun of the empire set forever. But the fatal preliminaries had already been opened. The Daimios and the Saimios had already surrendered the approaches of the capital to the insidious stranger. In a word, the Japanese conservatives did precisely what Lord Derby and his colleagues were doing at about the same time. They hastened to assure Lord Elgin that he would get a much better treaty from them than from that rascally Whig, Bitsuno-kami; and to do them justice, they surrendered the bulwarks of Japan with a grace of which Mr. Disraeli himself is not yet a master.

Mr. Oliphant's account of the negotiation is amusing, and increases our liking for this people, whose motto really ought to be *seria ludo*—they laugh over serious things, instead of making laughable things very serious.

"Before proceeding to work, our guests sat down with great readiness to luncheon, and made formidable inroads upon the ham, the dish of all others which they most highly appreciate. They also indulged freely in champagne; indeed, so conscious were they of the risk attending these libations preparatory to entering upon business, that Higo facetiously expressed a hope that the Treaty would not taste of ham and champagne.

"After luncheon we adjourned to Lord Elgin's sitting-room, where his Excellency and the Commissioners seated themselves round the table and mutually exhibited their full powers."

"Now that we had really settled down to work, every body lighted a pipe or a cigar, and although, as regarded from a red-tape point of view, the general aspect of the scene may have been somewhat informal, a great deal of business was accomplished. It was necessary, however, to get over a difficulty in the first instance, arising from the necessity which the Commissioners felt of being watched. It was an unnatural thing for them to transact business except in the presence of government and private spies, so they formally requested that a certain number of these gentry should

be allowed to be present during the conferences. This was of course objected to by Lord Elgin, his Excellency remarking that there were already six Japanese Commissioners to one English Minister, and that any further accession of force on the other side would be manifestly quite unfair. On which the Commissioners neatly enough replied, 'that it did indeed take six Japanese heads to cope with such an English head as they saw before them, and that, in fact, they felt quite unequal to the task.' The matter was ultimately compromised by the presence of one secretary being allowed in addition to the indispensable Moriyama.

"We were now able to enter upon the body of the Treaty, and very soon discovered that the Commissioners manifested the greatest acumen in the discussion of points of detail, never resting satisfied until they thoroughly comprehended the *rationale* of every question raised. Once, indeed, so serious a difficulty arose, that, to create a diversion, some one proposed that we should have some *cha*, (tea,) upon which Lord Elgin suggested *champagne*, an amendment which caused infinite merriment, and which was carried by acclamation. The Japanese have a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, and many a knotty point was solved by *bon mot*; indeed, to judge by the perpetual laughter in which they indulge, they are forever making jokes. Higo was the wit of the party, and was often in consequence not only inattentive himself, but apt to distract the attention of the others. It was evident in the twinkle of his eye when he was meditating a pun. His observations, nevertheless, upon business matters, whenever he condescended to make them, were always shrewd and to the point." (Vol. ii. p. 37.)

Mutato nomine de te—the resemblance to the Derby Administration is nearly perfect.

Upon the final signature of the Treaty a dinner was given by Lord Elgin to the Commissioners, and the following ludicrous scene occurred:

"At last the final act was concluded, and Lord Elgin informed the Commissioners that, it being the habit among loyal Englishmen to drink the health of their sovereign, he was now about to propose that toast. This was evidently a custom entirely new to them; and they had scarcely had time to comprehend its meaning before their ears were startled by the noisy 'honors' with which it was immediately followed. Quickly taking their cue, however, the three-times-three had not been rung out before it was lustily joined in by our guests. The next toast was the health of his Majesty the Tycoon, which was no less uproariously responded to, the Commissioners by this time having arrived at a pitch of enthusiasm and champagne which made them enter warmly into the proceedings of the evening. 'When

you in the West want to honor a person especially, you roar and shout after your meals. It was a curious custom, but they understood it now.' Indeed, to prove it Sina-nono-kami, a very grave old man, during a dead pause in the conversation, suddenly started to his feet and emitted a stentorian cheer, after which he sat solemnly down, the effect on the rest of the company being to produce an irresistible shout of laughter." (Vol. ii. p. 225.)

In the course of these discussions, although they were conducted, we doubt not, with as much courtesy on the one side as on the other, much must have arisen to surprise, perhaps to alarm, the Japanese ministers; for the stake between the parties was not equal, and concessions which would only add some trifling advantage to the wide and general interests of England, might affect in an essential manner the very existence of Japan. Yet such was their consummate address and good breeding that no instance was witnessed by the Embassy of a Japanese losing in any degree his self-command and good temper. Thus far, then, the experience of Lord Elgin and Mr. Oliphant confirms the favorable impressions of the Japanese character which have been recorded by old Kämpfer and by St. Xavier, centuries back; and these are shared by the more recent residents.

"Mr. Harris spoke in terms even more eulogistic than those universally employed by the Dutch, of the Japanese people. His residence among them, under circumstances which compelled him to form intimate relations with them—for they were his only companions—only served to increase his high opinion of their amiable qualities and charming natural dispositions. He told us numerous anecdotes illustrative of this, more especially of the extraordinary attention shown him by the Emperor and Empress on the occasion of a serious illness which he had suffered. The Emperor insisted on sending his own medical man to attend upon him; while her Majesty delighted in providing him with culinary delicacies prepared by herself, and suited to his state of health."

And the same kindly spirit appears to pervade the social and domestic relations to a degree utterly unknown in any other Eastern country, and not very common in the Western world.

"Universal testimony assures us that in their domestic relations the men are gentle and forbearing, the women obedient and virtuous; and in every department of crime, we have reason to believe that the amount of grave offenses committed against society is less in proportion to the population than that of other countries.

All the Dutch writers unite in extolling the excellence of the native tribunals, and their competence to deal with criminal, and give satisfaction in civil causes. We could only judge by the result. As locks and keys did not exist, our rooms were open to the incursions of any of the numerous attendants who swarmed about our lodgings, and though we left the most tempting English curiosities constantly displayed, yet we never had to complain of a single article missing, even of the most trifling value.

"I thought it singular that, during the whole period of our stay in Yedo, I should never have heard a scolding woman, or seen a disturbance in the streets, although, whenever I passed through them, they were densely crowded. Upon no single occasion, though children were numerous, did I ever see a child struck or otherwise maltreated. Kämpfer, Charlevoix, and Titsingh agree in saying that the love, obedience, and reverence manifested by children towards their parents is unbounded; while the confidence placed by parents in their children is represented to be without limit. Parents select their children to be arbitrators in their disputes with others, and submit implicitly to their decisions; it is also a constant practice for parents to resign their state and property to a son when he shall have attained a suitable age, remaining for the rest of life dependent on him for support; and abuse of this trust is said to be unknown." (Vol. ii. p. 205.)

We trust these impressions may be permanent and that nothing may arise to shake our confidence in them. Much depends on the Europeans themselves who may frequent the ports of Japan or obtain an entrance into the country; and it is incumbent on all persons who may enter into communication with this remarkable people to remember that Christians, as

well as those we call barbarians, have a character to uphold and duties of self-restraint to perform. We know enough of the darker side of the Japanese character. They proved themselves in the course of that revolution which led to the extirpation of Christians and the ejection of foreigners a haughty, fanatical, and cruel people when provoked. Probably the same causes would even now lead to the same results, and place us in the painful alternative of hostilities or humiliation. We devoutly hope, for the honor of civilization and for the interests of mankind, that no such catastrophe will occur. But whilst we deplore the gross vices of sensuality which, in some respects, degrade and pollute Japanese society, and the superstition which enthalls them in thirty-five different forms of idolatry, we must leave to a Higher Power these questions of morality and of faith. Speaking the language of human affairs, we discern much in the existing institutions and government of Japan which commands our respect, and we sincerely hope that the benefits we may derive from the opening of that empire by Lord Elgin's treaty, will be returned ten-fold upon the natives of the country, who have confided in our honor and good faith. Certain it is, that the name of Lord Elgin will ever be most honorably associated with this mission; and that the volumes in which Mr. Oliphant has related these transactions will be read with the strongest interest now, and deserve to retain a permanent place in the literary and historical annals of our time.

From the London Review.

IMPORTANCE OF CHILDRENS' LITERATURE.*

ONE of the most interesting features of our modern literature is the ample provision it contains for the real or supposed wants of childhood. As we cast our eyes over the formidable and ever-lengthening catalogues of new books issued by our London publishers, we can not fail to notice the large proportion which specially claim the patronage of "parents and guardians," and which profess to be adapted to the requirements of children. It seems that the numerical increase of such books goes on in a higher ratio than that of any other class, and that in the literary market children's books always command the surest sale. The production and the decoration of such books must employ an increasing number of persons every year; and the amount of ingenuity and labor involved in the preparation of such constant novelty must be very large.

It would be pleasant to infer from this obvious fact, that children were better understood than formerly, and that their mental and moral needs had been more accurately gauged. We can not conceive a higher proof of the wisdom and thoughtfulness of an age than any token which showed it to be specially capable of sympathizing with childhood. A generation of men distinguished from its predecessors by keener insight into a child's nature, and greater power of adapting itself to his wants, must necessarily be in a very hopeful state. It must have perception, and taste, and judgment. It can not fail to be characterized by gentleness and unselfishness. The "spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind," must assuredly have aided its development; and a grand future must lie before it.

But there are several reasons which forbid us to accept too hastily the flattering conclusion that all this is true of ourselves. An age much occupied in self-analysis and in criticism, the best products of whose literature are of an abstract and speculative cast, is not one in which *a priori* we expect to find nursery books of the highest excellence. Nor is a review of our possessions in this department altogether calculated to alter this impression. The fact is, that while books written for children, and sold for them, are abundant enough, a real child's book is still a comparatively scarce product. Scores of persons who could not succeed in any other branch of letters, are attracted to this by the prospect of certain remuneration, and by the supposed easiness of the task. Any body can write common-place anecdotes, and diluted history, and sham science, in jargon which, because it is not the language of men and women, is conventionally supposed to be that of children; and when the outward furtherance and embellishment of crimson and gold binding and colored engravings are added, it is easy to mistake the result for a child's book. Many a volume freely bought by parents for the juvenile library

* *The Fall of Cræsus.* By the Rev. W. ADAMS, M.A., Author of *The Shadow of the Cross*. Rivington.

Tales and Fairy Stories. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by Madame DE CHATELAIN. Routledge.

German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories, as told by GAMMER GRETHEL. Translated from the Collection of MM. GRIMM. Joseph Cundall.

Round the Fire. Six Stories by the Author of *The Day of a Baby-Boy*. Smith & Elder.

SCHNORR'S *Bible Pictures*. Williams & Norgate.

The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. Smith & Elder.

The Children's Year. By MARY HOWITT. With Four Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Longman & Co.

The King of the Golden River; or, The Black Brothers. A Legend of Styria. By JOHN RUSKIN. Smith & Elder.

A Poetry Book for Children. Bell & Daldy.

The Heroes: or, Greek Fairy Tales for my Children. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley. Macmillan.

Days of Old. Three Stories from old English History for the Young. By the Author of *Ruth* and her Friends. Macmillan.

The Rose and the Ring. By MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH. Smith & Elder.

A Treasury of Pleasure Books for Young People. Sampson Low.

is of this kind; delighting the eye of its little possessor for a while; giving a pleasant feeling of pride and ownership as he looks at the pictures, or sets it up on his shelves; yet never read—not, in fact, a *book*, in any true sense of the word—only a feeble, showy, and worthless substitute for one.

The truth is, that the task of producing the literature of childhood is not one which can be safely left to the mere manufacturers of books. It is a great mistake to suppose that it is an easy thing to write a good juvenile book. On the contrary, the highest gifts scarcely suffice for the discharge of this duty, humble as it may seem to be. A rare faculty of moral insight, and much observation, are needed, in order rightly to discern what is going on in the mind of a child, to realize all its little experiences, to see with its eyes, to understand its manifold bewilderments, joys, troubles, and fears; and so to sympathize with it, as to know precisely what it is that books can do, and what it is that they can not do, for childhood; and what is the kind of intellectual food for which the infant appetite is adapted.

There are few questions of more universal interest and significance than this; and few which demand more of serious and enlightened consideration. In every household which by the Divine favor is beautified and blessed with the presence of a little child, the duty of providing the right *pabulum* for its newly-awakened curiosity, and of furnishing it with healthy books, is, if not a paramount, at least an urgent and weighty one. Other problems in life seem to call for solution with greater importunity; but the growth of a young soul, and the maintenance of its happiness, are at stake here; and a parent who acts as if the selection of a book for his child demanded no judgment, and involved no responsibility, is guilty of neglecting one of his most important functions.

Children's books will be well written and wisely purchased in just the proportion in which the nature of childhood is studied and understood. This seems a truism, but it nevertheless needs to be stated. For, of all branches of recondite science, *pedology*, or the science which systematically observes the phenomena of child-life, and investigates the laws which govern its early development, seems to

have fewest professors, and least encouragement. It is a department of human knowledge in which we have all had some teaching, but in which we have for the most part been eager to forget all we ever knew. In youth we have hastened on, anxious to become men and women, glad to throw off the traditions of childhood, and unaware that the child's experience, if we could retain it in our memory, would be priceless in after life. Many a parent remembers with bitterness the time when he sought to cover with oblivion feelings and notions which in later days he has vainly striven to recall, and for even a faint glimpse of which he could now find abundant use. He looks back, and knows that he has lost, not only the freshness of a child's heart, but even the knowledge of what that freshness is. The world has closed round him, the claims of active life have become more urgent; and in the glare of the "light of common day" it is hard, and indeed almost impossible, to recall the sensations which were once imparted by the fresh breath of dawn, and the sweet bright rays of the morning sun.

Yet it may be safely said, that they who in after life retain most of this experience, are generally the best and the noblest. The power to understand and sympathize with children is one which belongs to the higher, not to the lower, order of minds. It is, *ceteris paribus*, most likely to be possessed by those of the deepest natural sensibility, united with the highest culture. And since the day when the Divine Teacher tenderly "took a little child and set him in the midst," a new and touching sacredness seems to attach to infancy. To the Christian man it has become the type of that purity of heart which he longs to attain; and when he meditates most on the meaning of the words, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children," he sees a new reason for desiring that his own sympathies for children may be enlarged, and that his own mind may be opened to understand them better. Indeed, it is seldom that any man has failed to experience a thrill of delight on finding that he was a favorite of a young child. Something has told him that the love and trust which he had been so fortunate as to awaken, constituted a truer compliment than could ever have been put into words by older lips. He has been conscious

that that side of his own nature, on which it opened itself to communion with the heart of the little one, was the purest and the best. He has felt that it would be well for him if the emotions thus called forth could last longer, and influence him more. He has known that in simple affectionate intercourse with a child, he has himself been receiving, when perhaps he thought he was only teaching; and he has guessed that there might, after all, be some wisdom in the much-derided lines which Wordsworth addressed to a boy:

"My heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn."

We regard this reverent and thoughtful study of childhood as indispensable for the production of a sound juvenile literature. Consciously or unconsciously, the writers of children's books should be possessed with a respect for children, over and above the desire to instruct and entertain them. One of the first conditions of a good book of this class is, that it should not be written contemptuously, with the notion that any nonsense will do for the purpose; or with the patronizing air of one who writes *down*, rather than *up*, to the level of a child's comprehension. But this condition is seldom fulfilled. Our book-wrights do not realize the fact that the point of view from which a child looks into literature and the world is not necessarily a lower one than their own. It is different, no doubt. But the difference is one in kind, rather than in degree. Children are not merely undeveloped men and women, with all the mental and moral faculties in a like condition of inferiority. If they were, it might not be unreasonable to give them in a diluted and simplified form exactly the intellectual sustenance which would suit adults. But, on the contrary, they are beings in whom certain intellectual powers are far more active, and certain moral attributes are in condition of greater purity and more healthy action, than in later life. They therefore require provision of a special kind, adapted to stimulate the growth of what is good, as well as to check the growth of that which is too luxuriant. Few things disgust children more than to be treated as mere diminutives of men and women, and to

be addressed in that tone of artificial childishness which is adopted by grown up persons, who think to suit themselves to their little hearers by eliminating all the sense and meaning from the words they use. In this respect the child's instincts are right. He knows that injustice is done to his own nature, and that he is meant for something better. We do not doubt that in the long run more errors are committed in this respect, through under-estimating the endowments of children, than through shooting above their heads. For one book which errs by being beyond the comprehension of children, ten are written which exhibit a mean and mistaken anxiety on the part of the writers to keep within it.

We have no right to complain of the provision which exists for supplying the wants of very little children who are just beginning to use books as toys. Up to the age of five or six, it is very easy for a parent to find in abundance the sort of literature he requires. Felix Summerly, Mr. Absolon, Mr. Dean, and the Messrs. Darton, have contrived to produce colored picture-books which are as remarkable for their splendor and attractiveness as for their cheapness. Before the age of six, the only use a child can make of a book is to look at its pictures; and the only aims which the manufacturer of a book of this kind need keep in view are, first, to give the little one pleasant associations with the thought of a book, by making it as agreeable to the eye as possible; and, secondly, to offer something which shall make the child open its eyes and look intently, and so learn to distinguish and observe. For at this stage of a child's progress there is much to be done in educating the senses, and especially the organ of sight. Now it matters little *what* the child sees, so long as it sees clearly and sees much. Few things are more painful than to see children grow up with a habit of gazing slightly and cursorily at the things which surround them. Such a habit is sure either to betoken mere vacuity and listlessness of mind, or else to produce it. A trained eye is a great acquisition, and is almost sure to be connected with an orderly and observant mind. All pictures therefore are good which merely rivet the attention and delight the sense of vision by their gay colors. Something is gained even if nothing more is excited than a feeling of

admiration, and the disposition to look and look again. But if, besides this, the picture can make the child distinguish and compare objects and their parts, much more is gained. Any practice in finding out the different objects which compose a picture, in identifying the representations with the things represented, is sure to be of great value in the education of a child. For this reason those pictures are best which represent familiar objects. At first it is a mistake to try to instruct children by giving them the knowledge of rare plants, or foreign animals, or strange scenes, by means of pictures. It is not knowledge of distant things which they want, so much as the habit of looking closely at near things. And this habit is strengthened every time the eye is beguiled into dwelling on a picture of some common animal or domestic scene, and into making comparisons and contrasts with the real objects themselves.

Throughout the whole of a child's career pictures will be useful, rather in proportion to what they suggest than what they teach. It is as a help to the child's fancy, not as a substitute for it, as a contrivance for making him look at real things, not as a thing in itself worth looking at, that the picture possesses value. Hence color may be dispensed with as soon as possible. If too much used, it weakens the imagination, by its greater appearance of reality. Moreover, when false or exaggerated, it always vitiates the taste. As boys and girls grow up, they should be left to discover that the glaring colors are only meant for babies, and that they must learn to do without such aid. The more the picture leaves for the fancy to fill up the better. Hence it is more important in books for older children that the drawing of the outlines should be correct, and that the subjects should be well chosen, than that any attempt should be made to give large or finished pictures. All illustrations, of course, become relatively less and less necessary as the stories become more interesting and attractive in themselves. When a verbal description is very vivid, or a tale unusually exciting, a picture is apt to lower and vulgarize the conception which the mind of a child would otherwise form. The visions which the words suggest are more beautiful and vast than the artist can represent. Every adult

who after reading Milton has turned to Martin's, or Westall's, or even Turner's illustrations of the *Paradise Lost*, must have been conscious of disappointment and loss.

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This is equally true of children, and therefore it should be remembered that pictures are less needed in books whose subject-matter is in itself attractive, and in books which address themselves most to the fancy of a child. They will be useful as subsidiary attractions to graver books, but it is a great triumph of good training to economize such expedients, and to rely as little as possible upon them. Especial care needs to be taken with Bible pictures. If well used, they may do much to increase a reverent interest in the Sacred Word, and a healthy curiosity about its contents. Too many of them, however, are utterly unworthy of their subject, and are gaudy in general effect, but coarse in feeling and careless in execution. We are glad to find that the Christian Knowledge and the religious Tract Societies are meeting this difficulty by the production of a better class of colored prints on Scripture subjects, which are dignified and pleasing, and many of which are copied with considerable fidelity from the works of the great masters of Christian art. Schnorr's series of outlines, which have been introduced into this country from Germany, are remarkable for their bold and accurate drawing, and for their grace and purity of conception. We think that this series deserves to be better known. It will be a useful auxiliary to the Christian parent, who desires to familiarize a little one with scriptural stories; and will be found far more accurate and suggestive in details than the mass of cheap Scripture prints.

But it is not to the æsthetic view of children's literature that we are mainly desirous to direct the attention of our readers. The discipline of the eye, and the culture of a taste for the beautiful, are important points in early education; but they are to be gained chiefly from trees, and flowers, and fields, or from noble pictures—in short, by other instruments than books. It is rather our busi-

ness to inquire what features there are in a child's moral and mental conformation, to which special regard needs to be paid by the writers and the purchasers of juvenile books, and what conditions such books should fulfill.

There are few things more affecting than the credulity, the entire faith and trustfulness of children. "Nature has," says Jean Paul, "as if figuratively, richly prepared them for reception: the bones of the ear are the only ones which are as large in the child as in the grown-up man. Never forget that the little dark child looks up to you, as to a lofty genius, an apostle full of revelations, whom he trusts altogether more absolutely than his equals." It is this undoubting confidence in the wisdom of elders which most of all needs to be cherished and cultivated. There can be no real education without it. That faith which in later life must find higher objects, centers itself in infancy on the parent as on a being almost divine. It should then be sacredly preserved, as the basis of religion, and of all true reverence and love. But this is a necessity which is only imperfectly recognized in children's books. In many of them attention to authority, obedience to parents, and general submissiveness, are not only inculcated, but enforced by argument and explanation. We have seen stories in abundance in which parental claims and rights are urged on the conscience of the little ones by the example of good little boys who have held edifying conversation with pious mammas on the fifth commandment. Tommy and Fanny are described as receiving in an *explicit* form, in short, that notion of the reverence due to parents, which, if learnt to any purpose, should come to them *implicitly*. Now the principle of authority is not a thing to be talked about to a child, but to be felt. It should be taken for granted, in all the intercourse of parents and elders, that *that* is a settled point. A conversation, or a book, in which the grounds of obedience are discussed, is simply injurious to a child. It makes an appeal to his reason on a point which his reason is not competent to decide. It causes him to regard as an open question that on which his own nature, if it were not for an over-careful and meddlesome education, would never lead him to doubt. It sets up his understanding as the measure of his duty; and tends

to destroy that attitude of affectionate and unquestioning trust which the Divine Father for wise purposes has made natural to a child.

The influence of Pestalozzi and De Fellenberg, in many respects so healthy, has, we think, been in one department of education somewhat harmful. A great point was gained when the kindly and sympathetic discipline of these eminent educators became fashionable among teachers and writers in England and America. Yet Jacob Abbott and Mrs. Sherwood, and many others of the same school, have pushed the theory to an injudicious extent. Their works, like the system of Pestalozzi, do not sufficiently cultivate confidence in the teacher. They assume that children need explanations which shall be satisfactory to their understanding on the elementary truths of morals and religion. Now such explanations are too apt to weaken faith, and to suggest more doubts and questions than they remove. In early life the only possible basis of moral obligation lies in authority and love. In attempting to construct another basis, we are losing sight of the peculiar conditions of infancy, and measuring them by our own standard. In manhood credulousness is weakness; in childhood it is beauty and power.

This entire readiness on the part of children, when in their normal condition, to believe all that is told them—this absence of all suspicion on their part, that their elders are untrustworthy, or even fallible—suggests to us several inferences as to the spirit in which children's books should be written. In the first place, their trustfulness should be always recognized and assumed; not claimed, or entreated, or made the subject of discussion; the tone adopted by the writer or speaker being never apologetic, but that of one who has an unquestionable right to be heard. Again, it is ungenerous to take advantage of this feeling, and to press more upon the acceptance of the child's faith than it is intended to receive. There are certain truths and opinions which can not be received to any purpose by a human being, unless they satisfy his judgment and convince his understanding. Controverted doctrines, and the questions which divide the sections of the Christian Church from each other, are of this class. Now, if any attempt is made to inculcate opinions on these points, by the pressure

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of mere authority, a mischievous reaction is sure to follow. For a time the child acquiesces, but when the day comes in which the opinion, if at all, is to be of real use to him, when he discovers that he has been taking on trust that which ought to have been the result of independent investigation, his mind will, in all probability, vibrate strongly in the contrary direction, and he will have a sense that his weakness has been tampered with. The teacher or book-writer should remember this, and should take care not to dogmatize to the little ones on any but the great fundamental truths of religion and morality; and not to urge upon an immature judgment, and a half-developed conscience, conclusions which require ripen powers and experience, before they can be truly appropriated at all. Finally, all trustfulness increases the responsibility of those on whom it is bestowed. If children listen with less criticism or suspicion than adults, then all the more scrupulous fairness in statement is due to them. We should remember that special confidence requires to be met with special candor; and that when once a child detects in its instructor a design to deceive or mislead him, its own sense of truth is weakened, and its character is permanently injured. If truthfulness be, as indeed it is, one of the cardinal virtues of youth, if of all hateful things a lie is the most hateful and degrading, then how tenderly we should reverence the trustfulness of the little ones, and how earnestly all *falsehood* in tone or sentiment should be avoided! The childlike faith disappears far too early; let us strive to retain it as long as we can.

How far are fairy and mythological stories open to objection on this score? If we may not deceive children, what right have we to amuse them with narratives which have not one word of actual truth in them? These are questions which occur to all conscientious parents, and which deserve some attention. There can be no doubt that the imagination is a very prominent faculty in a child, and that purely fictitious stories are very welcome to him. How can we reconcile the act of indulging this instinct with the higher claims of truth and justice? We know that children invariably have an appetite for the marvelous, and it is hard to doubt that it was given them to be gratified. The sense of wonder with which

they look forth upon the world which surrounds them, is evidently intended to make them look more keenly, and to set all the perceptive powers in vigorous action. "In wonder," says Archbishop Leighton, "all knowledge begins;" the feeling of delighted bewilderment and curiosity which characterizes childhood, plays an important part in education. Without it, no future study of the works and ways of God is possible. Where there is no mystery, there is no need of revelation. But grant that this is true, surely there are wonderful and yet *real* things, which will serve the purpose. There are machines of intricate structure and of gigantic power; there are volcanoes and cataracts; there are fixed stars and comets, the sizes, and distances, and motions of which, are such as to surpass the wildest conjectures. Can we not feed the sense of wonder with accounts of these, instead of stories concerning giants, and fairies, and ogres, *et hoc genus omne*?

The child's own answer to this question would be very easily given. He loves the fairy story; and, up to a certain age, he does *not* care for the marvels of science. And this answer is as philosophical as it is natural. For no child was ever permanently deceived by a marvelous story about a giant. He likes it, or a tale from the *Arabian Nights*, because it fills his mind with new images and strange pictures. The question of the probability or improbability of the story itself, does not trouble him. He is in a new world, in which

"Truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife."

Hence a very young child is neither surprised nor shocked at improbable things; he is simply delighted. Such receptive power as he has is fully at work. His eye and his heart are open. He is peering a little further into the hitherto invisible mystery of life; and while reading, he is in a happy dream. How much of what he sees is substance, and how much shadow; how much matter of fact, and how much mere spectral illusion, he neither knows nor desires to know. And why should he? The knowledge of life's realities, and of the prosaic conditions of human existence, will come soon enough. A very little experience will enable him to find them out. Meanwhile, it is enough if his perceptions and the whole *apprehensive* power of his nature be awake and lively. Imagination

comes, in order of time, *before* judgment; just as, in logic, terms come before propositions, in order that the mind may be stored with images and notions, before it is called upon to compare or weigh them. And this beautiful arrangement in the providence of God is as evident in the youth of nations, as in the youth of every human being; so that at first they do not reason, they only seem to dream.

"During the first five years," says the author of *Levana*, "children say neither what is true nor what is false—they merely talk. Their talking is thinking aloud; and since the one half of thought is frequently a yes, and the other a no, and both escape them, (though not us,) they seem to lie when they are merely talking to themselves. Further, at first they find great pleasure in exercising their new art of speech, and so they often talk nonsense, only for the sake of hearing their acquisitions in language. They frequently do not understand some word that you have said; little children, for instance, often confuse to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, as well as numbers and degrees of comparison, and so give rather a mistaken than a false reply. Again, they use their tongues more in sport than earnest, as may be seen in the long discourses they hold with their puppets, as a minister or an author does with his; and they easily apply this sportive talking to living people. Children always fly to the warm sunny side of hope; if the bird or the dog has gone away, they will say, without any further reason, it will come back again. And since they can not altogether separate their hopes, that is, their fancies from copies or truths, their own self-deception assumes the appearance of a lie. It is worthy of consideration whether children, when they practise a lie, do not often relate remembered dreams which must necessarily be confounded by them with real occurrences."

A careful observer of children will soon learn to distinguish between this sort of innocent prattle, and the wilful falsification of a fact. He will soon find that while he must punish the one with the greatest seriousness and severity, he may fearlessly encourage the other. He will find that he can safely minister to the child's love for the marvelous and the supernatural, and at the same time educate him to feel the most scrupulous regard for truth in all which concerns himself. For there are duties of *being* as well as of doing. There are truths of imagination, as well as truths of fact; and it is the inner and deeper part of the nature of man which calls for a supply of these. Pictures and gay colors and romances do not give us literal truth, nor indeed truth in an ob-

jective sense at all; but they are true subjectively. They interpret our dreams and fancies to ourselves, and keep the imaginative power in healthy exercise, by employing it upon some object of external interest, when otherwise it would brood painfully and unhealthily upon itself. No books which can fulfill this function wisely and innocently should be despised.

Stories of the impossible and the marvelous are, in short, the *poetry* of childhood. The cultivated man enjoys the highest poetry, simply because it does not deal with the mere truth of fact. He feels the want of other mental sustenance than this. Books of science or of history tell him what *is*; but poetry tells him what *might be*, or leads him to think of what *ought to be*. He delights in it. He feels that in thus lifting his thoughts out of the region of common-place, poetry does him an immense service. It ennobles him: it widens his range of vision, it deepens his sensibility, it stirs him with a vague thirst and longing after the unattainable, the grand, and the vast. And he knows that he has been refreshed and strengthened by the process, even when he is least able to put into words a single proposition which his judgment has accepted. A child does not know this; but it is not the less true in this case. A fairy tale, or *Belisarius*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, has done for him what the story of Hamlet, or *Comus*, or *Guinevere*, has done for his father; it has opened his eyes to behold a hitherto unseen world; it has filled him with images of nobleness or beauty; it has made him put forth all the seeing faculty which resided in him, and in this way has imparted to him at once strength, and insight, and gladness.

It is interesting to find a confirmation of this view in the *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge—a man who was singularly gifted with the power of watching and recording the history of his own mind, and able, in a remarkable degree, to estimate at its true value the training through which he had passed. He says:

"My early reading of fairy tales, and about genii and the like, had habituated me to the vast; and I never regarded my senses in any way as the criterion of my experience. I regulated all my words by my conceptions, not by my sight, even at that age. Ought children to be permitted to read romances and stories of giants, magicians, and genii? I know all that has been said against it; but I have formed my

faith in the affirmative. I know no other way of giving the mind a love of the great and the whole. Those who have been led to the same truths, step by step, by the constant testimony of their senses, seem to want a sense which I possess. They contemplate nothing but parts, and all parts are necessarily little, and the universe to them is but a mass of little things. It is true the mind may become credulous and prone to superstitious fancies, by the former method. But are not the experimentalists (the practical men) credulous, even to madness, in believing any absurdity rather than believe the grandest truths, if they have not the testimony of their own senses in their favor? I have known some who have been rationally educated, as it is styled. They were marked by an almost microscopic acuteness; but when they looked at great things, all became a blank, and they saw nothing, and denied that any thing could be seen, and uniformly put the negation of a power for the possession of a power, and called the want of imagination, judgment, and the never being moved to rapture, philosophy."

Another advantage of stories of pure imagination is, that by them the thoughts of a child are carried out from himself. The world which attracts him is not that of which he forms a part. In it no unhealthy introspection, no personal vanity can possibly be stimulated. His whole observant and reflective faculties are absorbed in the contemplation of something separate and distant. He is profoundly impressed with the cruelty of *Blue Beard*, or awed and disgusted by the prodigious greed of the ogre, as "he sits on a hill picking his teeth with the kitchen-poker." He admires with all his might the skill and courage of *Jack the Giant-Killer*, or the *Seven Champions*: he is touched with the undeserved misfortunes of *Cinderella*, or convulsed with laughter at the grotesque vanity of the Emperor in his new clothes. But all these emotions are not only perfectly sincere and healthful; they are unalloyed by any reflex action on the child, himself, or his playfellows. It may be said, that a hatred of cruelty will be excited as much by the genuine story of a bad boy as by the story of an impossible ogre. But there is this difference. In the former case, the child is tempted to compare himself with the delinquent, and to draw from the story the conclusion of the famous *Jack Horner*, who, on very slender grounds, as it has always appeared to us, exclaimed: "What a good boy am I!" But, in the latter case, the disgust or admiration, not being excited by a contemporary or a companion, begets no ill

will, no rash or unkind judgment, no sense of superiority or self-conceit. It is the very remoteness of the scene from the every-day world of probability and of fact, which tends to make the emotions thus excited more pure and innocent, and, therefore, more practically effective on the conduct.

After all, it is a great point in education to awaken the curiosity, and feed the fancy, because we thus give a child a sense of the greatness of the universe in which he has come to live. The awe and astonishment with which a child contemplates the mysteries of life, and gazes on things too deep for him to fathom, and too high for him to understand, is one of the best possible means of preparation for future knowledge. The pattern child of Mr. Gradgrind, in one of Mr. Dickens's books, who had been brought up on strictly scientific principles, expressed a contempt for another little one who had been heard to repeat,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!"

He had never been permitted to wonder at any thing of the sort. On the contrary, he had been taught all about the star, how big it was, and how far off, and why it twinkled. It was part of the system of his education, that every question he asked should be met with a prompt answer, that no room should be left for doubt, nor for curiosity, nor for brooding over mysteries. We all know how great a nuisance such infant prodigies are. We are all interested in discouraging the pernicious system of training which produces them. Even the grown man who has ceased to marvel at the phenomena of life, who is no longer overpowered with a sense of the infinite greatness of the fair, broad world, in which he finds himself, nor oppressed when he thinks of the impossibility of ever understanding a thousandth part of the things he sees, is neither wise nor on the road to wisdom. It is far worse for a *child* to be unconscious of any thing awful, or puzzling, or mysterious in life. He may indeed be a paragon of learning, and, as a machine for retaining the maximum amount of school-book erudition, he will probably be noteworthy enough; but he will not be childlike. He will infallibly become cold, selfish, and conceited, and will gain but a poor compensation for a

full memory, in the shape of weakened perceptions and a barren heart.

We are quite aware of the dangers of an over-stimulated imagination; and a wise parent will take care, that as the child grows older, the due corrective for any tendency in this direction should always be administered in the shape of a knowledge of facts. But we desire to vindicate for the little ones their *right* to the mental entertainment of which they are so fond. We believe that much of the recent literature of children, especially that of the beginning of the present century, when Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Edgeworth, and Dr. Aikin, were popular authors, has been characterized by a coldness and an absence of sympathy with the true wants of children in this respect. These writers and their successors, of whom *Peter Parley*, and his many imitators, are good examples, have thought the understanding of children a nobler power than their imagination, and have accordingly overlooked the claims of the one, and addressed themselves to the other. But this can not be done with impunity; and we shall never deal fairly by children until we recognize the necessity of a harmonious development of *all* their powers, nor until we have learnt from a careful study of their natures which of those powers were intended, by the Divine Father of our race, to be cultivated first in order.

But even if the reading of fictions and tales of wonder served no purpose in the education of the intellect, they would still be necessary. For childhood is a time of enjoyment, and the great object of books, toys, and such devices, is, after all, to make the little ones *happy*. We have no right to think of happiness in their case only as a means to some end, such as instruction or obedience. It is itself an end, and one worth striving after for its own sake. It is a necessity of the moral nature, just as warmth is of the physical nature. It is the condition of its growth. Work and effort are indeed the appointed lot of man upon earth, but it is no true economy which binds the little ones into premature harness. The first needs of a little child's life are light, and heat, and love, and joyousness. To *us* life is a stream whose banks we can see, and whose current we feel bearing us along to the infinite ocean; but to a child life is a calm and boundless lake, with no motion but

the dancing of its sportive waves, and no light but the rosy hue of perpetual sunrise. Who would not prolong for the young traveler the blessed season of unconsciousness and delight? Who knows how much strength for the future contest the little one is drinking in at every pore, while yet the arena of the contest itself is far out of sight? Every picture which delights the eye, every bright image which dances before the fancy, every toy which keeps the fingers or the limbs in joyous motion, every stimulant to a grateful curiosity, every pulsation of pleasure from sight or sound, is a source of power, and an instrument in the development of life. It is a main requisite then of a child's book, that it should give pleasure. If it does no more than this, something valuable is gained. So long as the pleasure is innocent, it is enough. Let us respect the happiness of children; let us acquiesce without grumbling in the decision of a child who prefers *Jack and the Bean Stalk* or the *Ugly Duck*, to a book on the properties of matter or the classification of animals. It is in the mental as in the physical digestion, the appetite is a pretty sure index of what is good for it. In rejecting what we call the valuable information, and in readily assimilating what seems to us useless, the nature of the child is asserting for itself the real requirements of an age which pefchance we have forgotten. It is wise to submit to this arrangement, however we may wish that it were altered. If we can find out what brings most enjoyment to the healthy young spirit, we find at the same time what it is which it is our business to provide. Better still, if we can find what pursuits tend to impart a tone of cheerfulness to the child's whole life, we may thankfully avail ourselves of the hint. For cheerfulness is the sunshine of the young soul, and in it all good and beautiful qualities are likely to thrive.

Of course, it is impossible to overlook the necessity of teaching as well as delighting children; and accordingly, a vast number of books professedly written for amusement are in their essence didactic. Just as for older persons novels are now written "with a purpose," so even fairy-tales and picture-books are apt to be considered incomplete unless they are duly furnished with a moral. It is wonderful to observe the manifold disguises under which the "instructor of youth" manages

with more or less success to conceal himself. George Cruikshank has contrived to tell the story of *Beauty and the Beast* so as to make a teetotal allegory of it; and we suppose that nine tenths of even the gayest and most attractive volumes in an ordinary juvenile library are designed to teach some lesson, or to inculcate some moral truth. In the present generation this is done more systematically and somewhat more skillfully than in the last. In the old editions of *Æsop's Fables*, the word "moral" at the head of the long paragraph which followed each fable gave a warning to the young reader, of which we believe he habitually availed himself; and that portion of the book was never read. At present so many ingenious devices have been discovered for insinuating moral or scientific truths into story-books, that children are never safe. The pleasantest picture of a fireside, and the most promising anecdote or conversation of some children with their papa, are too often only the prelude to a conversation on chemistry, or a discussion of the question, "Why does the water rise in a pump?" Children are so often entrapped in this way, that they learn to suspect that the inevitable schoolmaster is lying *perdu* under every variety of innocent disguise. It is true they acquire, after short practice, a surprising talent for skipping all the moral reflections and the scientific conversation, and selecting so much only as really is a story. But the fact remains the same, and it is on the whole more creditable to the conscientiousness and right principle of the writers of children's books than to their knowledge of human nature, that there is generally an educational aim even in those tales which seem to have been written most exclusively to entertain and amuse.

When will grown-up people understand that though truth comes to *them* often in an abstract form, *as truth*, that is not the form in which it is natural or even possible for a child to receive it? He does not analyze or infer. If he grasps principles at all, it must be in the concrete; he must hold them as sentiments, as impressions, not as propositions. In the order of logic, abstract truths are antecedent to all events, and explain them; but in the order of discovery, they come last. A child has as yet no sense of the value of a truth, *per se*. Though he infers, he knows nothing of inference.

His range of experience has not been wide enough to give him even a notion of the meaning of induction, or the use of general principles. To a man, the truth which lies hid in phenomena, or which is illustrated by historical events, is the great object of search. He studies, that he may discover it. He only values the knowledge of facts and appearances in so far as they can contribute to give him this. Hence he is apt to think it the highest triumph of art, if, in writing a child's book, he can succeed in leading up to some moral, or drawing some general inference. But the fact is, that the child seldom or never receives the moral at all in the form in which it is given. If the truth is latent, or held in solution, so to speak, in the story, it will indeed be duly received by the child, will sink in a concrete form, *with the story*, into the memory; will unconsciously influence his conduct, and will, at some future time, be reflected on, and found to be capable of shaping itself into words, as an abstract proposition. Then, perhaps, the proposition may prove valuable in this shape; but at present, the child, even if he seems to receive it, does no more than recollect it as a formula of words. It is by no means necessary that all a child's knowledge should come to him in the shape of knowledge; or that he should set consciously before him every inference which he draws. So long as the duty or the principle which an author desires to inculcate is either vividly illustrated in the story, or grows naturally and spontaneously out of it, it may safely be left to take its own course, and find its own way into the child's conscience. It need not be separately stated, or put into a didactic and abstract form. The great art of a story-writer, who wishes to make his book serve any moral, religious, or scientific purpose, is to secure that the principle to be taught is a genuine element in the story, and organically connected with it; not artificially attached to the end, or ostentatiously proclaimed by one of the *dramatis personæ*. The author of *Robinson Crusoe* does not profess to be a moral teacher. He says nothing about self-reliance, or industry, or forethought, or the duty of adapting one's self to circumstances. But he teaches these things nevertheless. And he does it the more effectually, because he never seems to be teaching them as abstractions. He is

content to let the story carry its own moral, and to leave the interpretation to work itself out in due time in his little reader's mind; and this is the wisest course. It is in harmony with the true requirements of a child's imperfectly developed nature. For in early life some of the best lessons which we learn are learnt unconsciously, and when we are least aware that they are lessons. The lessons which are conveyed in books of amusement, since they are intended to be acquired voluntarily, should all be of this class. Otherwise it may be safely predicted that they will not be acquired at all.

On the whole, we may conclude that the great purpose of children's books is not so much to impart instruction as to promote growth. We must not think of a child's mind as of a vessel, which it is for us to fill, but as a wonderfully organized instrument, which it is for us to develop and to set in motion. He will be well or ill educated, not according to the accuracy with which he retains the notions which have been impressed upon him from without, but according to the power which he puts forth from within, and to the activity and regularity with which the several feelers or *tentacula* of his nature lay hold on all that is to be seen and thought and known around him. We must be more anxious to promote individuality, than to see our own character and tastes reproduced in his. The teaching in our books should be less dogmatic than suggestive. It should seek rather to awaken appetite than to satiate it. So long as a book makes a child wakeful and interested, it is by no means necessary that he should comprehend it all. The thought, "I can not understand this now, but when I am older I shall be able to do so," is not only a natural one to a child, but one which at once betokens modesty, and provides a stimulus for future exertion. The excessive care to explain every thing clearly, which characterizes many modern books for young people, renders this thought unfamiliar to a child. We may, in fact, always measure the merit of a child's book by two or three very simple tests. Are the images it presents innocent and healthful? Will it raise them above their present level, or render them satisfied with what they have attained? Will it excite them to greater activity, and make them see or hear or feel more acute-

ly? Will it illuminate the conceptions already in the child's mind, as well as give him new ones? Above all, does it make the eye glisten and the cheek glow, and the limbs of the little one move with delight? For if it fulfills this one requirement, all the rest are likely to be included in it.

With these views as to the general conditions which the literature of childhood ought to fulfill, it will be interesting to name some of the more conspicuous examples of excellence in books which have been recently published, in each of the classes into which such books may for convenience be divided. Those classes are: 1. Domestic stories about possible events, but designed simply for amusement; 2. Books of pure imagination, as Fairy and Mythological Stories; 3. Stories or conversations, embodying some educational purpose; and, 4. Books of Poetry.

I. Perhaps the largest species of the genus "Juvenile Book" consist of those stories of home or school life, which are the *genre* paintings of the child's picture-gallery, and which are designed primarily for amusement, but incidentally to familiarize the little reader with the world in which he lives, and to make him understand his own position in it. We presume it is the largest class because it is that which is considered easiest to produce; certainly not because it is the most attractive or acceptable to children themselves. The descriptions of the ordinary scenes which surround children, and recitals of the sort of talk which they hear every day, soon become wearisome to them. Stories of real life and adventure are welcome to a boy, if they carry his thoughts into some new scene in which he can fancy himself the actor. It is by no means necessary that all such stories should be true; but it is essential that they should be truthful, and should describe events which are not only possible but natural. Hence a writer of a book of this kind needs little of creative power; it is chiefly necessary that he be an accurate and steadfast observer, and that he should never seek to excite interest by exaggeration. He should be an artist of the school of Wilkie, or Webster, or Frith, content honestly to paint some one corner, however small, of the actual world, and filled with a wholesome horror of lay-figures,

and of mere conventional beauty or deformity. *Sanford and Merton*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Swiss Family Robinson*, continue to be among the best types of this class. The language is transparent and simple, yet not childish. The incidents are perfectly natural, and the story captivating. The last-mentioned book has also a higher merit than either of its predecessors. There runs through it a quiet, unobtrusive, but still genuine recognition of religion and its claims, which can not fail to impress a young reader very strongly. The same, indeed, may be said of the simple but powerful narrative of Defoe. In this one respect, story-books of the naturalistic school are not unfrequently deficient. Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*, *Harry and Lucy*, and *Popular Tales*, were all deservedly admired in their day, and are still favorites with many children. They are characterized by great pictorial power, and there is a verisimilitude as well as a general tone of health and soundness pervading them which fully justify their high reputation. But it seems to us an objection to them that there is a coldness on the subject of religion, and a careful avoidance of the topic, even when the natural course of the story seems to demand at least a proof that the author acknowledges its supreme importance. This is rather a negative than a positive fault. But it is, in our judgment, a serious one. A true picture of life, whether of the family or of general society, can not fairly ignore the most important element in domestic and social life. We do not ask for dogmas or doctrinal teaching in

books of this class; but we have a right to ask for a fair recognition of the fact, that true religion is generally the motive power in a really beautiful and well-ordered home; and to be dissatisfied with the hard and frigid Deism, which constitutes the only faith ever alluded to in Miss Edgeworth's books. *The Evenings at Home* of Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld are not wholly free from the same fault; although in directness of purpose, good sense, and adaptation to the intellectual condition of children, this book has seldom been excelled. *The Parent's Cabinet of Instruction and Amusement*, some portions of which are generally attributed to Miss Edgeworth, and the whole of which is characterized by all the excellencies of her style and purpose, is now being republished by Messrs. Smith and Elder in a very attractive serial form. Some of its stories, such as that of *Brave Bobby* and others, have taken a permanent hold on the tastes of children, and have been reprinted a hundred times. But the book as a whole is not free from the fault of treating children in a somewhat pedantic and artificial way, and attaching a very exaggerated importance to their little acquirements in science or in self-knowledge. Miss Lamb's little series of stories for girls, *Mrs. Leicester's School*, although somewhat old-fashioned, is one of the simplest and most straightforward books of its class. It treats the readers as children, and yet without condescension or silliness.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

From the Westminster Review.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.*

THE attempt, however partially successful, to connect Europe with America by a continuous cable adapted to convey telegraphic messages across the Atlantic ocean between two stations, one in Ireland and

the other in Newfoundland, will probably be regarded in future as a great epoch in the history of science. Like the introduction of steam, at first awkwardly and with little economy, but gradually dis-

* *Physical Geography of the Sea*. By M. F. MAURY, LL.D., Lieutenant U. S. Navy. Third Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. London. 1855.

Deep-Sea Soundings in the North Atlantic Ocean,

between Ireland and Newfoundland, made in H.M.S. *Cyclops*, Lieutenant-Commander Joseph Dayman, in June and July, 1857. 8vo. London. 1858.

placing all other kinds of power for large classes of work, the progress of electric telegraphs has advanced by rapid steps, until men are inclined to believe that though checked for the moment, it must advance; and in this, as was the case with steam-power, mechanical and physical difficulties seem to vanish as the necessity for new inventions and modifications becomes felt. There was, perhaps, as great a distance to be accomplished in the way of practical advance between the conveyance of a wire on land from one station to another, and the obtaining a safe and permanent communication through a wide, deep, and unknown sea, as there was between the Marquis of Worcester's invention and the construction of a modern locomotive engine; and while all must regret the partial and temporary failure in the attempt to lay the Atlantic telegraph cable last year, few are perhaps aware of the real nature of the difficulties overcome, and the great amount of information that has been obtained in preparing for the gigantic and costly experiment and securing its success when it shall again be attempted.

A great deal of this information is of a scientific nature, and bears quite as much on physical geography and natural history as it does on telegraphs. Every step made in one department of science is certain to lay open some truths and laws that will be found useful and applicable in others, and the special investigations made for the purpose of laying the cable successfully, have already thrown a flood of light on the constitution of a large area of ocean floor, have discovered relations and differences between various portions of the earth's surface, have shown what are the marine animals influential in modifying or producing deposits in deep sea, and have proved that while the successful deposit of an unbroken cable across the vast breadth of the Atlantic is possible, there is still something more to be done before this whole question is solved, and a practicable communication established. On the other hand, the results already obtained, and the advances made in cognate sciences, can not fail to assist in the future attempts that must be made, and that will doubtless terminate in perfect success. Already have distinct propositions been made to carry electric communication by other totally distinct lines from Europe to America, and it has become a question merely of time whether we or our children

shall see the most distant parts of our own empire brought into instant communication with the central Government.

The electric telegraph, in its simplest state, requires that a wire should be so placed that an electric current passing through it shall not communicate with the earth except at will. In this state, the wire is said to be insulated, and the conveyance of an insulated wire is the great problem to be solved.

On land there is comparatively little difficulty in insuring insulation. The wire can be conveyed through the air, supported at convenient intervals on poles by porcelain or other non-conducting ledges, or enveloped in non-conducting casing of caoutchouc or gutta-percha; or it may safely be carried through the earth itself. A nearly similar provision enables the wire to be carried across rivers, and through tracts of water of inconsiderable depth, and for small distances.

When however, a sea, is to be crossed, the difficulties become magnified in proportion to the breadth and depth of the ocean to be traversed; and this is the case partly from the larger scale of the operation, but partly also because the seabottom and its irregularities of form can only be approximatively determined. A wire so placed is also subject to the mechanical action of the waves, especially at the two shores, where the stones and shingle constantly shifting, inevitably and rapidly wear the wire to pieces by constant rubbing and pulling. It must be evident, too, that the occasional storms that occur greatly increase the risk of injury; and that ships anchoring in the vicinity of a wire, and dragging their anchors, must always be regarded as possible events wherever the wire approaches a frequented shore. It thus becomes necessary to strengthen the line, and make it capable of resisting all these chances of injury; so that instead of a mere wire, a stout twisted cable of iron or copper of the strongest kind has been generally employed, and this cable is insulated by successive coatings of substances which are as bad conductors as possible of electricity.

A cable thus made is, however, a heavy and very unwieldy thing, and the quantity sufficient to cross a very few hundred miles of sea is a troublesome and even dangerous cargo for any ship even in fair weather, and one which is almost unmanageable when the sea is rough, and the

ship labors and pitches. The cable laid to communicate between England and France, by way of Dover and Calais, is an example of this. It weighs no less than eight tons to the mile, and thus even in the very narrow sea separating our island from the Continent, and easily crossed in two hours by a steamboat, the weight of cable required is nearly two hundred and fifty tons. Notwithstanding its weight and great strength, this cable has been frequently damaged, not only at its two ends but at various points across. The submarine cables in the Mediterranean are likewise of some magnitude and very unwieldy, but are less subject to injury when once laid.

If, therefore, the question should be asked, why a cable can not be carried across a wide, deep sea as easily and safely as across a narrow and shallow strait, it may be answered that the mere magnitude and weight of such cables as have generally been selected would render the conveyance of the line an impossibility; and when this difficulty is overcome by reducing the weight of the cable, many others still remain. The unknown depth of the water was for a long time a still greater obstacle, while the ignorance till lately of the nature and form of the sea-bottom under deep water, the possibility of the existence of deep currents that might drift a light cable, or prevent its sinking at once to the bottom, the chance of icebergs drifting over and grounding upon it, the questionable nature of the inhabitants of deep water, and numerous mechanical and electrical difficulties, all presented themselves to those engineers who first imagined, and ultimately carried out, the scheme of laying a telegraph cable across the Atlantic.

The mechanical and electrical difficulties, although of a very interesting nature, and requiring great ingenuity and perseverance to overcome, it is not proposed here to consider. Some idea may be obtained as to their extent, when we are told "a series of upwards of two thousand distinct experiments was carried out on the subject of signals and the rate of transmission alone, while as many as sixty-two different kinds of cable were tried before that ultimately adopted was decided on." Although, however, we do not here enter into details concerning these matters, and it is probable that in any future attempt a considerable modification will be made in

respect to many of them, it is necessary that a general outline statement of this very important part of the work should be given.

The cable ultimately selected consisted of six strands of pure copper wire, of one sixteenth of an inch diameter, twisted about one central wire of the same dimensions. All seven wires must break before contact would be destroyed; and this construction rendered the whole sufficiently elastic to stretch to the extent of one fifth of the total length without breaking.

The weight of the cable was as nearly as possible one ton per mile in air, (equivalent to fourteen cwt. in water,) and it was calculated that the greatest strain it was likely to have to bear was not more than two and a half tons. Much trouble and risk were anticipated and experienced in paying out the cable from the vessel in which it was carried to sea, and it is well known that several partial failures occurred in this matter before the whole of the line was completed. The various matters, whether mechanical or electrical, that had to be either tried beforehand or risked at the last moment, must not however detain us longer, as the main object with us at present is to explain the extent in which physical geography and natural history participated in the great work which was at last accomplished.

There are three divisions of inquiry that are more especially recognizable. They are:

1. The depth of the ocean in what is technically called blue or deep water, and the approximate form of the ocean-floor.

2. The temperature of the deeper waters of the ocean in various latitudes as compared with the surface; the set and force of currents acting at great depths, and the nature and extent of what may be called the deep drift, whether along the bottom by currents, or produced by the passage of icebergs loaded with detritus from high to low latitudes.

3. The actual geological condition, or the nature of the rock at the sea-bottom, whether hard, naked, and jagged, or smooth and soft; and also, if possible, the nature of the inhabitants of the bottom, if any exist, or, at any rate, the nature and state of organic remains at great depths.

First, then, as to the depth of the ocean and the contour lines of the sea-bottom.

The depth of shallow water is easily ascertained by suddenly dropping a heavy

weight attached to a marked line, and noting the point where the line ceases to run out rapidly. This is called at sea sounding, or "*throwing the lead*," and has been seen by every one who has been much on board ship. In this case the lead is frequently provided with a hollow cup-like depression on the lower side, in which a lump of tallow is placed. When the lead falls to the bottom, the tallow either fixes into small stones or mud, which adhere and are brought up with it, or else receives the impression of coral or hard rock, thus in some measure indicating the nature of the floor. It is only in moderate depths that these measures have hitherto succeeded, and until within a very few years, there were no more accurate means of ascertaining great depths than by throwing into the water a heavy weight to which was attached spun yarn, (coarse hemp, threads twisted together,) or silk threads. It was supposed that when the lead reached the bottom, either a shock would be felt, or the line becoming slack would cease to run out.

Beyond the depth of a few thousand feet (at the most six or eight thousand) these methods were exceedingly uncertain and could not be depended on; for, in the first place no shock is communicated when so great a length of line is out; and, in the next, it is quite certain that a very slight under-current of water will so act on such a line as to carry it out long after the weight has ceased to act upon it. Many ingenious inventions were then applied to obtain the depth, by ascertaining the pressure of the water; but though these succeeded beautifully in moderate depths, all failed when attempted in really deep water.

One person, for example, tried the effect of exploding heavy charges of gunpowder by dropping a shell, expecting that the distance would be determined by the time the sound took to travel, the moment of explosion being known by calculation. Another constructed a deep sea-lead, having a column of air where compression could be registered; a third constructed a delicate apparatus, marking the number of turns of a screw-propeller, which revolved once for every fathom of depth. But no sound from the explosion reached the air above; no instrument could be constructed to bear the enormous pressure of many hundred atmospheres, exerted by the vast column of water which it was ne-

cessary to penetrate; no machinery was at the same time strong enough, and manageable enough, to render available the action of the screw-propeller. Again and again were experiments tried, and as much as fifty thousand feet of line have been run out without any indication of a bottom. The parts of the ocean thus experimented on were spoken of as unfathomable, and mysterious enough, to all appearance, were those vast depressions of the earth occupied by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

It must be quite clear that no attempt could reasonably be made to sink a telegraph cable to the bottom of the Atlantic between England and America; no estimate even could be formed as to the quantity of cable that would be needed, until this first great problem as to the depth of the water was satisfactorily solved, and at length an approximate method was suggested. Special sounding-twine was constructed; one hundred fathoms of it weighing only one pound, and of strength sufficient to support a weight of sixty pounds in air. By a series of experiments, and using always a sinker of the same size and weight, it was found that a law of descent could be established, at least approximately, so that by watching the time the line took to run out one hundred fathoms, at each successive one hundred fathoms of descent, and tabulating the result, the final termination of the experiment could be obtained, and the instant of striking the bottom discovered, because then the weight of the sinker ceased to carry out the line, and the currents alone began to act. Thus it appeared that the average time of the lead descending from the depth of four hundred to that of five hundred fathoms was two minutes twenty-one seconds. Between one thousand and eleven hundred fathoms, the time was three minutes twenty-six seconds, and between eighteen hundred and nineteen hundred fathoms, four minutes twenty-nine seconds. Something like an approximation of the true depth could thus be obtained; but of course no idea of the nature of the seabottom was communicated, and the method was subject to considerable doubt.

At length a very simple and ingenious contrivance was suggested by Mr. Brooke, of the United States Navy, by which, when the bottom was reached by a heavy weight acting as a sinker and carrying down the line and an apparatus attached,

the sinker or weight was immediately detached by a simple mechanical contrivance, and the frame-work carried down, being lightened of its load, could be lifted back again through the water, and bring with it to the upper world some proof of its having really reached solid matter. The contrivance in question consists of a rod, at whose lower end is an inverted cup, provided with a valve, and from the upper end of which is slung a cannon-ball hollowed to receive the rod. The mode of slinging the ball and suspending the rod is such, that the moment the bottom of the rod rests upon the sea-bottom, and the weight is thus removed from the line, the ball is released from its sling and drops off. The rod, which is of no great weight, can be lifted with the line, and the cup carries up indications of the bottom, and a portion of the bottom itself when sufficiently soft.

With an instrument of this kind a number of soundings were made in various parts of the Atlantic, first by the American hydrographers, and since by the officers of our own navy; and in most cases with results exceedingly satisfactory. A modification of Brooke's apparatus by Mr. Massey has been generally adopted by English navigators, and weights varying from thirty-two to ninety-six pounds each are now generally used, the detaching apparatus itself weighing about thirty pounds. To sink these, three kinds of line are employed, one being the usual deep sea-line, weighing twenty-three pounds per one hundred fathoms, another a whale-line, weighing ninety-six pounds per one hundred fathoms, and the third, a light silk line, about one tenth of an inch in diameter, made in France. Supplied with an ample provision of the various kinds of line, (in all twenty-seven thousand fathoms,) and with eighty self-detaching iron weights, each fitted with a valve for bringing up the bottom, besides twenty of Massey's sounding machines to check the time-law, on which so much depended, H.M.S. Cyclops, Commander Joseph Dayman, set sail in the early part of June, 1857, to repeat and confirm the soundings of Lieutenant Berryman, in the United States steamer Arctic, who had discovered not long before the very important fact, that the Atlantic Ocean, so far from being generally unfathomable, was really of very ascertainable and uniform depth, for the greatest part of the distance between

Ireland and the coast of Newfoundland. His statement was, that a kind of depressed plateau existed for almost the whole way across, commencing about two hundred and fifty miles from the Irish coast, and terminating within about four hundred miles of the American shores; that for upwards of a thousand marine miles of distance, the average depth of this plateau was about twelve thousand feet, and with one exception, (nearly midway,) there was no difference of level to the amount of two thousand feet; that at the two ends there was a sudden and very considerable elevation, corresponding to steep submarine cliffs, rising on the European side seven thousand feet in a very few miles, and on the American side four thousand feet in about fifty miles. Moreover, it was stated, that the bottom consisted for the most part of soft mud. It will be interesting to follow the narrative of the operations, which, in confirming this statement, made the estimate of the length of cable required, and the mode in which it might be expected to rest, matters much more clear than many engineering operations for which contracts are readily taken.

The Cyclops was specially fitted for taking deep soundings. In addition to the apparatus and line already mentioned, she had a twelve horse-power steam-engine to heave in the line. She was also provided with six sets of Burt's buoy and nipper of very large size, by means of which the ship could be kept up to and over the lead as it went down, and by this means was enabled, with steam and sail combined, to keep her position without drifting the whole time of the descent of the line.

It was found on trial that soundings could be obtained not only in calm but in windy weather, and even in a fresh breeze with a high sea. Generally, however, the weather was fine and the sea calm during the trials actually made.

It was required that the soundings should be taken on the arc of a great circle, from Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in the island of Newfoundland. In deep water the intervals between each sounding were to be from thirty to fifty miles, and near shore a much shorter distance. Sixteen casts were taken before the steep cliff facing to the west (two hundred and fifty miles from the coast) was reached. Judging

from these, it is now known that the water deepens gradually from the west coast of Ireland to the depth of five hundred and forty feet, and every where with a sandy bottom. It then deepens more rapidly, until at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from land the depth is twenty-five hundred feet, with a bottom of hard rock. It then shallows gradually to a depth of eleven hundred feet, deepens rapidly to thirty-three hundred feet, and shallows again to thirteen hundred and twenty feet, and at a distance of twenty-two miles further west, the lead dropped at once to ten thousand five hundred feet, a fall steeper than that of the Alps on the Italian side. In this first really deep sounding the weight employed was fifty pounds not detaching; the line (an ordinary deep-sea line) was upwards of an hour running out, and required an hour and three quarters to haul in. The lead brought up, both in the receptacle intended for it and adhering to the rod and line, a soft, mealy, sticky substance, light-colored and mud-like, which is designated "oaze." On the return voyage, with the advantage of more experience, with a much heavier weight, consisting of ninety-six pounds of iron, with a deep-sea lead attached, in all one hundred and twenty-six pounds, a cast was taken at a distance of about twenty-five miles to the west of the same point. In this case the time of running out was only forty-two minutes sixteen seconds, but the depth recorded was the same and the bottom of the same nature.

From this starting-point the depth was taken and the nature of the bottom ascertained, at tolerably regular intervals, all the way across.

The existence of the plateau was fully determined, the depth being almost every where between ten thousand and twelve thousand feet,* and the bottom almost every where of the same peculiar oaze, which is presumed to be of no great thickness, as small pieces of rock were occasionally brought up with it. In two instances only, between the fifteenth and forty-fifth degrees of west longitude, was the bottom of any other material, and in

one of these broken shells, in the other two small stones were brought up. West of the forty-fifth degree of longitude, the water became gradually less deep as far as the fiftieth meridian, after which the depth is no where so much as twelve hundred feet.

The evidence thus obtained as to the form and depth of the bottom was fully corroborated by the actual laying of the telegraph cable, which was completed, as is well known, on Wednesday the fourth of August, 1858, the quantity of cable paid out amounting to two thousand and fifty miles, being about three hundred and fifty miles in excess of the actual shortest distance from point to point at the surface from Valentia, in Ireland, to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland.

It will be evident to any one who considers the subject for a moment, that the errors in depth as calculated by the observations recorded can only be in excess. In other words, the ocean is no where deeper than determined by soundings, when those soundings bring up specimens of the bottom, while, on the contrary, it is quite possible that the depth may really be very much exaggerated. Some confirmation, therefore, is needed to satisfy us as to the value of the estimate of these depths which we are told are equal to the height of Mont Blanc, and which are measured with so little difficulty and in two or three hours by a plumb-line. It is true that the uniformity of the result over so wide a space is some evidence that there can be no very enormous error, but it occurred on several occasions during the cruise of the *Cyclops*, that observations were made which tended in a remarkable way to give confidence to those occupied in the survey, and satisfy them that the error was really very inconsiderable. The repetition of the sounding as nearly as possible in the same spot where the sudden drop, already mentioned, occurred, and again under very different circumstances, with different kinds of lines, but still with the same result; and the obtaining identical results with double casts under precisely similar circumstances, gave ample proof that the error must be small and was at least constant. The employment of the sounding machine, as constructed by Massey, and the comparison of its results with those obtained quite independently, also constituted a satisfactory check. Moreover a remarkable occurrence is men-

* Only in one spot, between 32° and 33° west longitude, is the depth less than ten thousand feet, and a little to the east, in 56° west longitude, is the only great depression, the water being there nearly fifteen thousand feet deep.

tioned by Captain Dayman, which goes far to show that the effect of under-currents on deep soundings is so small as to render it very doubtful whether such things can exist.

The case was this: on an evening when the sea was too high to employ smaller lines, a cast was taken with tapered whale-line and a sinker of ninety-six pound weight. The depth, as given by the sounding machine, corrected from former observations, was two thousand one hundred and seventy-six fathoms, (thirteen thousand and fifty-six feet,) but on this occasion two thousand four hundred fathoms (fourteen thousand four hundred feet) of line had been paid out to make sure of detaching the weight, and the result was that two hundred fathoms of line next the sinker came up to the surface in a tangled coil. "The sinker itself was detached and the valve full of soft ooze, but that part of the line which had lain at the bottom as a coil was in many places covered with the same kind of ooze, which had adhered to it throughout its passage to the surface."

The amount of line, therefore, which had been out when the sinker was detached could only have been two thousand two hundred fathoms, or about twenty-four fathoms more than that shown by the machine. As the ship was throughout the sounding exactly over the line, and the depth marked by the sounding machine agrees so nearly with the quantity of line required to reach the bottom, it would appear that the line must have been carried down perpendicularly, and that, therefore, no under-current affected it.

It must not be supposed that a line can be sent down to these vast depths and brought back to the surface without showing some marks of the change of condition to which it had been exposed. The pressure of the air at the sea-level being fifteen pounds to every square inch of surface, the pressure of the water at the depth of fifteen thousand feet will be upwards of three hundred times that amount or nearly three tons to the square inch. About one ton weight of whale-line would be required to reach the depth of two thousand four hundred fathoms, and as the surface of that quantity of line is as much as two thousand four hundred square feet, the friction in lifting it through the water becomes enormously great. We are told that, starting with the twelve-horse engine

to haul in, "it was necessary to raise the steam so as to obtain a pressure of twelve pounds on the square inch before overcoming the inertia and moving the line." "The tar was forced out of the rope in an extraordinary manner, several of the splices started, and the rope was much stretched."

The mere determination of one line of soundings across the Atlantic, although a very important work and a great step in advance in the science of hydrography, is yet a very small fragment of the knowledge that must be acquired sooner or later of the great tracts of ocean covering so large a part of the surface of our globe. Much has been already done, chiefly by American authorities, in determining approximately the form of the ocean floor of the Atlantic generally, and obtaining contour lines of equal depth by which ultimately the maps of this ocean will be marked. As far as we know at present, the deepest part of the North-Atlantic is on the American side south of the great banks of Newfoundland, between the fortieth and thirty-fifth parallels of latitude. There appears here to be a great basin whose axis ranges east and west for nearly a thousand miles, and whose depth below the sea-level is believed to exceed the extreme elevation of the highest point of the Himalayan mountains. Far away east of this depression, the islands of the Azores rise suddenly out of deep water, and are separated from the shores of Portugal and Morocco, and the narrow entrance to the Mediterranean, by a trench varying in depth from fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand feet. South of the same great depression of the Atlantic, the coralline group of the Bermudas is separated in like manner from the more continuous land of the West-Indian Islands by more than twenty thousand feet of water. Parallel to the north-east coast of South-America is very deep water, apparently a continuation of the deep trench, already alluded to, off the west coast of Europe. The central part of the Atlantic is far less deep—a million of square miles at least having a depth of ten thousand feet, or less, and partaking apparently of the nature of a plateau, of which the so-called telegraph plateau forms a part, but is a little deeper. The Cape de Verde islands appear to rise abruptly out of exceedingly deep water, and on both sides of the mid Atlantic,

though chiefly on the western or American side, the water continues deep to within a short distance of the respective continents.

Such, in a few words, is the result of deep soundings in the seas of which we know most, as being most immediately within our range. Already does the complete form of that important portion of our earth begin to loom obscurely in the distance; already are engineers beginning to speculate on new lines for conveying telegraph cables; already does the geologist endeavor to trace the effect of forces of elevation and depression, in reference to these outlined valleys and depressed plateaux, so singularly corresponding to the mountain plains and elevated plateaux of the land. It is clear, however, that the line and plummet have still much work to perform; that great classes of facts have still to be accumulated; and that the outline, only shadowed forth at present, has to be filled up with innumerable details; but it is also clear that another department of exact science has been opened out for investigation, and that the results, whatever they may be and wherever they may lead, must, in the course of a few years, be subjects of careful study to practical as well as scientific men.

While experimenting on the depth of the sea, observations have been made at the same time concerning the temperature at various depths, and these are not without important bearings on the subject of telegraphy.

It has been known for many years that the temperature of deep water, especially in warm seas, is much lower than that of the surface; and so long ago as 1823, Colonel Sabine communicated to the Royal Society the result of experiments with register thermometers in tropical water supposed to be a thousand fathoms deep. In the case reported, the temperature at that depth was $45^{\circ}8'$, that of the surface being 83° . The temperature of surface water varies, as a matter of necessity, in different latitudes and under the influence of the numerous oceanic currents which flow like rivers through the great ocean.

Combined with the sounding operations of the Cyclops, systematic observations were made of the temperature of the bottom.

Seven such observations are recorded out of twenty-five soundings, and in four

of them the temperature varied only from 38.8° to 40.8° F., in differences of depth varying from three thousand to fourteen thousand feet. In a fifth observation, the temperature at eight thousand five hundred feet was only 37.2° ; and in a sixth, at eight thousand feet it was 44° ; while in the seventh and last case there was probably an error, the temperature at fifteen hundred fathoms (nine thousand feet) being recorded as 40.9° , and at two thousand fathoms (twelve thousand feet) 49.5° , no doubt a clerical error for 39.5° .

On the whole, as well from these observations as from others in different seas, the temperature of deep water in all latitudes appears to be very low, but not, as far as yet observed, nearly so low as that of greatest density of sea-water, which is 25.4° F. The temperature generally diminishes with considerable regularity in descending.

It has already been remarked that the evidence obtained by the Cyclops' soundings went to prove that they were either no important currents in deep water, or that if any such existed they were too inconsiderable to affect the observations made. As rarely more than an hour elapsed, and often not more than thirty or forty minutes, in reaching the bottom, the effect of a small current would not, perhaps, be very perceptible; but the conclusion arrived at by Captain Dayman is, that the effect of deep currents on the deep soundings may be regarded as inappreciable.

After what has been said of the nearly uniform depth of the great plateau over which it was proposed to carry the telegraph cable, and the very small rapidity of submarine currents, if, indeed, any such exist, it will hardly be necessary to say that no danger to the cable can arise, either from the chance of its being moved along the bottom after being once deposited or from the drifting of gravel along the bottom, nor yet from icebergs grounding on any part where the cable is laid. It is true that the magnitude and depth of these fragments of polar glaciers is sometimes sufficiently large to justify alarm, for some have been described measuring upwards of two miles in circumference, and rising as much as three hundred feet above the surface, corresponding to a depth of nearly two thousand five hundred feet. But nothing of this kind could

interfere, except, indeed, at the entrance of Trinity Bay, near the great bank of Newfoundland, and the most that could arrive in the vicinity of the wire would be such mud and stones as are deposited during the partial melting of the icebergs while traveling southwards many thousand feet overhead.

The material of the sea-bottom; the kind of surface on which the cable would have to repose; the possibility of the cable being exposed to any destructive influence from the presence of marine animals; these were all-important practical questions which needed some investigation. To all of them replies have been obtained by the experiments and observations already made, and not a little interesting are the facts determined.

By means of an ingeniously constructed valve adapted to the sinker, considerable quantities of the soft mud, shells, or small stones are brought up on almost every occasion when the bottom is reached, unless the bottom consists of naked rock, and in that case there is sufficient indication to place the fact beyond doubt.

We are indebted to the Americans for the first successful attempt to bring to the upper world and to the light of day the secrets of those deep, dark dwelling-places, till now so utterly without relation to human interests, but through which hereafter all the important events of the world will be communicated. By the aid of Brooke's sounding apparatus, about six years ago, samples of bottom from a depth of upwards of ten thousand feet were brought up, and being labeled and carefully preserved, were transmitted to competent naturalists for microscopic examination. Professor Bailey, of West-Point, United States, immediately detected their true character. These samples seem to have consisted of the same kind of tenacious mud since called ooze; and on examining the minute particles of which the mud is made up, it was found that a very large proportion was composed of little skeletons or shells constructed by minute inhabitants of the sea.

When, however, the soundings were taken systematically across the Atlantic at intervals of thirty or forty miles, and occasionally repeated, and in every case, with one or two exceptions, the same peculiar tenacious mud was brought up, it became evident that some important widely-acting cause had been at work,

and that the condition and nature of this mud, whatever it might be, was the ordinary condition of mud at the bottom of deep water, at least in the North-Atlantic Ocean on the great platform. And we have already seen that this platform occupies at least a million of square miles. The specimens obtained by the Cyclops were transmitted to Professor Huxley for examination, and he at once noticed a singular uniformity of character, all the specimens consisting of an impalpable powder with a mixture of slight grittiness. A large proportion of the whole readily dissolves in dilute acid, and the residuum is made up of angular fragments of some clear mineral, and frequently of a peculiar transparent green mineral. Of the soluble matter, composed of carbonate of lime, one portion consists of a multitude of very curious rounded bodies, to all appearance consisting of several concentric coats round a clear center, somewhat like single cells of the plant *Protococcus*; the rest, fully nine tenths by weight of the whole deposit, consists of the minute skeletons, rather than shells, of a class of animal beings known but little to the great mass of mankind, but certainly playing no unimportant part in the history of the world. These creatures are called *Foraminifera*, and it adds to the extraordinary character of this deposit that almost all the skeletons are but infinite repetitions of varieties of form of one single species.* The particles which are not calcareous, and are, therefore, insoluble in acids, are partly of vegetable origin and belong to the class *Diatomaceæ*, chiefly of the remarkable kind termed *Coscinodiscus*, and partly animal, being either *Polycistinae* or the spicules of sponges. A little information as to these forms of animal and vegetable life will be useful, and is, indeed, necessary to the right understanding of the nature of this deep sea-mud. The reader must not be frightened at the hard and unfamiliar names, and he will find that in this curious department of natural history there is abundant material of interest.

The study of those simplest forms of

* This species is called *Globigerina*. It has been found that in these early forms of life the varieties of species are so great that it becomes difficult to distinguish more than one species of a genus. The specimens not referable to *Globigerina* are many of them other *foraminifera*, referable to four or five different species.

existence which can only be recognized under the microscope, and which require all the perfection of optical knowledge, combined with mechanical skill, to render them visible even to the cultivated eye, is of very modern date, and has hardly yet become popular. It is, indeed, the case that very vague ideas are entertained as to the value of the evidence in microscopic investigations generally, and many intelligent and well-informed persons are to be found who, while they fully admit the accuracy of measurements as to the distance of the planets from the sun, and even of the nearest fixed stars from the earth, who can count the number and estimate the rapidity of the waves required to produce sounds of a certain pitch, and calculate the rate at which a message is conveyed along the wire of an electric telegraph, will still regard as fabulous the measurement and accurate delineation of objects of which thousands would be required to become perceptible to unassisted vision. Yet nothing can be more certain and satisfactory than the evidence offered by the microscope. The optical and mechanical improvements that have aided the astronomer have been no less efficacious when applied to this instrument, and the advance of natural history and physiology within the last few years has been mainly owing to the improvements in its construction and in the mode of handling and managing it.

Among the most curious of the investigations that have hence arisen are those to which we would now direct attention—namely, the forms in which life, or rather the result of life, organization, first shows itself in nature. The adaptation of inorganic or mineral matter to organic or animal and vegetable existence involves, no doubt, mysteries not yet solved, but vast strides are being made towards their solution. As at present known, the formation of a simple individual cell, or closed membranous bag, consisting of a solid cell-wall and fluid contents, is the foundation of organized existence. This cell, in the case of a plant, is inclosed by a double membrane—the inner one albuminous, and agreeing in its composition with animal tissues, (containing nitrogen,) the outer consisting of a substance nearly identical with starch, and containing no nitrogen. The fluid contained is albuminous near the cell-wall, watery towards

the interior, and often charged with some coloring ingredient.

In the simplest cases these various parts of the cell are not to be traced very distinctly, often passing from one into another, and in many of them the simple cell is an actual isolated individual, having separate existence. All degrees of combination of cells may be found in nature, and the largest and most complicated forms of vegetation are but multiplications of the cell. The cells themselves multiply by division, each one elongating, contracting in the middle, separating into two, and thus doubling, this being essentially the nature of *growth*.

The animal cell in its simplest form almost exactly resembles the vegetable cell, except that it has no outer coating of starch and that the fluid contents are without coloring granules. The simplest animal forms are thus even more simple apparently than those of the vegetable kingdom, but from their very simplicity they present marks of a higher organization. They are capable, by the mere wrapping round of the walls of the cells, of assuming the functions of a stomach. The vegetable cell obtains food—that is, matter by which it grows—by the absorption of inorganic elements by its surface; the animal cell is dependent for nourishment on organic compounds already formed, (whether animal or vegetable,) which it takes somehow or other into the interior of its body, either possessing a separate stomach or becoming a stomach for each separate occasion. This very brief outline of the state of knowledge on the subject of the lowest forms of existence will be sufficient to explain the nature of those animals and vegetables whose remains have been found at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Among the simplest tribes of simple plants there are two especially interesting to the microscopist, presenting the most remarkable forms, and an appearance of volition which has caused them to be regarded by many as animated. One of these tribes inhabits fresh water exclusively, the other occurs in the sea. Of these two the latter are further remarkable for having the firm external coating of the cell of which they consist consolidated by silex, this silicious or flinty envelope taking the form of two concave valves or plates, perfectly symmetrical,

closely applied to each other, and leaving a cavity between them for the fluid contents of the cell. The form of the cavity differs greatly, admitting of a marvelous variety of exquisitely beautiful patterns which these singular bodies present to the eye of the microscopic observer. As, however, some communication is required from without, apertures are provided along the line of contact of the two valves, presenting curious rows of dots wonderfully complicating the appearance of the valves and rendering it extremely difficult to determine. The multiplication of these cells is by division, and is very rapid, and each cell appears capable of assuming different forms in the various stages of its growth. Thus each peculiarity may be perpetuated, and the variety in detail is almost infinite. In their earliest states of existence such organisms possess a power of spontaneous movement, although no organs of locomotion have been detected.

These very singular vegetables are called *Diatomaceæ* or *Diatoms*, and amongst them the *Coscinodiscus* is exceedingly abundant in a fossil state, especially in Virginia, United States, Bermuda, and Oran, (Algeria.) It is also the genus which is found abundantly in the submarine Atlantic mud, at all depths over all parts of the great plateau.

The Diatoms, whose remains thus form a sensible portion of the silicious part of the ooze on which the telegraph cable rests, inhabit fresh water as well as the sea, and scarcely any water is without them. When circumstances are favorable they multiply so rapidly as to close up harbors and diminish the depth of channels. They are found not only in temperate latitudes, but in the arctic and antarctic seas inclosed in newly-formed ice, which they stain of a brown color. One deposit of mud, chiefly consisting of their valves, is mentioned by Dr. Hooker as being not less than four hundred miles long and one hundred and twenty miles broad, its thickness great and continually increasing. This bed exists on the flanks of Victoria Land, in 78° south latitude, and many others of large dimensions are known.

Let us next consider the nature of those forms of animal life of which the cases or skeleton frames are accumulated in such large proportions in the submarine mud. These include all the calcareous, (which, it will be remembered, form nine tenths of

the whole,) and part of the silicious particles. They represent three groups, into which the simplest forms of animated nature are divided, but they are not *Animalcules*, in the sense in which that word has long been employed, for under this name have been included a heterogeneous assembly of plants, zoophytes, minute crustaceans, (water-fleas, etc.,) larvæ of worms, and molluscs. Neither are they true *Infusoria*, or infusory animalcules, which are for the most part more complex and have no skeleton. The group we find at the bottom of the Atlantic is called by naturalists *Rhizopoda*, or root-footed animals, and they consist essentially of cells of irregular and very variable shape, vaguely extending long root-like appendages by means of which food is drawn within their range. Any part of the surface of each cell is capable of doubling over the food presented, thus forming a temporary stomach, but after assimilation the surface returns to its original state, or assumes some other form. In most of the animals of this group a kind of *carapace*, or shell, is formed in the cell-wall, either by the secretion or mechanical aggregation of mineral matter, generally the former, and the root-like projections then pass either through one opening of the carapace or through many perforations in it. Large compound structures or accumulations of individual cells exist, each cell to a certain extent independent, each secreting either a carapace or some silicious or horny frame-work, and together constituting a complex skeleton singularly resembling some of those shells which belong to the most highly organized of the testacea.

Under the name *Foraminifera* are included such of these singular beings as secrete many-chambered calcareous shells, the chambers of which do not communicate with each other, although all of them are perforated outwards. Every so-called shell is the habitation of a group of individuals, each having its own cell coated with carbonate of lime; and the compound animal, although its shape is often the same when formed under similar conditions, admits of almost indefinite varieties, a fact which will not seem surprising when the mode of accumulation is considered. Each individual extends its projecting root-like filaments irregularly into the water from every exposed surface, and at intervals divides itself and becomes two individuals, each coated with its shell.

Should the direction taken previous to this division be a straight line, the newly-formed double or compound shell is straight; should it be spiral, however, the shell is spiral. There seems no necessary limit either to the form or the magnitude attainable by this mode of increase, and thus these so-called shells, originating with individuals so minute that they require the highest powers of the best microscopes to perceive, are occasionally developed into habitations as large as a crown-piece, and composed of chambers whose numbers are beyond count. In one of the types of these singular animals there may be seen, when the calcareous shell is removed, a central mass of that peculiar animal matter which corresponds to the contents of the simple cell, nearly surrounded by a larger concentric mass of the same material, not adhering except at one point. From this are given off stalk-like processes, each terminating with a nodular mass, or bud, and from each of these others, so that the compound body is formed of a number of concentric rings, each made up of such buds, and each as it enlarges requiring an increased number of buds to complete it. Another type, (including the *Nummulites*, a well-known group exceedingly abundant in a fossil state,) is more complicated in the structure of the shell, each partition wall being double; but this does not prevent the root-like processes from being projected, nor is there any essential difference in the compound animal mass.

The species of foraminifer which composes, almost to the exclusion of all others, the deep Atlantic mud, is called *Globigerina*. It has been traced through a complete series of gradations from less than a thousandth of an inch in diameter, when it consists of only one or two cells, up to more than a sixtieth of an inch. In the single cell the wall is smooth and thin, but as it adds cell to cell the older ones become beset with tubercles, the wall thickens, and the whole appearance becomes modified.

The natural home of the foraminifers appears to be in the deeper parts of the ocean, commencing where the regular inhabitants of limited depths terminate. Whether, indeed, the unnumbered myriads, whose remains form the mud of the telegraph plateau, really inhabited in a living state the vast depths at which these remains are found, or whether, inhabiting moderately deep water, their skeletons

sank to the bottom after death, there is hardly sufficient evidence yet to say, although, according to Professor Huxley, the balance of probabilities inclines in the former direction. However this may be, it is certain that they have lived at no great distance, and that where they abound no animals occur capable of producing so marked an effect on the floor of the ocean.

Besides the foraminifers, whose calcareous skeletons form so large a part of the mud, there is another group of almost similar, but much more minute animals, who have the power of secreting flinty, instead of calcareous valves, and who have evidently played an important part in the waters of the Atlantic. Marvelous indeed, and fantastical almost beyond conception, are the forms assumed by these little bodies. Their shells are prolonged into spines, and the cell contents of the shell generally only occupy the upper part of it, being there divided into four parts. They appear to be very widely diffused, but are much less easily recognized than the foraminifers, owing to their smaller size. Notwithstanding their small dimensions, important beds are made up of them in many parts of the world. These are the *Polycistineæ* of naturalists.

Sponges are animal substances composed of a fibrous network, strengthened by spicules of flint, or more rarely carbonate of lime, and clothed with a soft flesh, consisting of a multitude of soft cells of the simplest kind. They are, however, provided with small hair-like filaments, which can be kept in constant vibration, and these filaments line canals or cavities in the cell, which commence in small pores at the surface and terminate in large vents. Through these canals, by the vibration of the filaments, currents of water are kept constantly passing, bringing in food, and carrying out matter not assimilated.

The simplest skeleton of the sponge is an irregular network of fibers. Sometimes these are horny, as in the common sponge used for domestic purposes, but more frequently they are stony, often extending in sets of three from a common center. In form they are sometimes knotted, sometimes conical, and sometimes perfectly straight.

It is thought that each spicule was originally a cell on which a case of stony matter has been secreted. A few of these sponge spicules complete the list of

substances which form the mud of the Atlantic, and cover the wide expanse of its vast floor between Europe and America.

Where, then, it may be asked, are—

“the thousand fearful wrecks;
The thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.”

Or where at least are the remains of those far larger and more important—as they seem to us—inhabitants of the deep? How is it that we do not find the bones, and teeth, and scales of fishes, the shells, star-fishes, corals, and other comparatively indestructible materials belonging to marine animals? Where are the drifted pebbles and sand that might have been anticipated, and what has become of all the hard materials that must have been accumulated in the course of time?

Now although the ocean abounds with life, yet it is certain that the conditions of deep water are altogether unfavorable for the existence of fishes, and even of most of the locomotive molluscs and crustaceans, provided with shells or carapaces. The actual limit of depth to which such animals can reach, even in ordinary cases, is not very well known; but there is no reason to suppose that below five hundred fathoms (three thousand feet) any large animals are constantly present.

On the other hand, the surface, and probably all depths of water in wide tracts of sea, abound with the lower forms of existence, often to such an extent as to manifest themselves by their phosphorescent properties, and it is only reasonable to conclude that where the requirements of existence are smallest, conditions the least favorable are still sufficiently favorable for the purpose. A few whales, some shoals of porpoises, and occasionally a few other fish, appear near the surface in mid-Atlantic; but most of these are confined to small depths, and certainly none reach those dark profundities where the mere difference of pressure would produce the instant destruction of animals so highly organized. On the death of these denizens of the upper waters, their carcasses become the prey of marine animals gradually lower in organization, until at length we reach those simple organisms just described. Long before the remains of the surface-animals could reach the bottom

they are, therefore, assimilated, perhaps passing through many transmigrations, and ending with the lowest. This may be the real explanation of the mystery.

There are not wanting some points of geological interest in the discoveries made with regard to the Atlantic sea-bottom. The material discovered—the fine mud described by Professor Huxley—closely resembles very fine chalk; and this is the case not only in mechanical and physical character, but also in the nature of the shells found in it. The kind of foraminifer which forms so large a part of the mud is abundantly represented in the chalk, the curious silicious skeletons and the sponge spicules are also present there, and in something of the same proportions. The thickness of chalk is, however, so great, that we can hardly assume that it was formed by deposits of this kind.

Too little is yet known of the contour lines of the Atlantic Ocean floor to justify any important generalizations in relation to the physical geography of the world. That on the whole the vast tract between Europe and Africa and the two Americas, presents deep depressions nearly parallel with the lofty elevations of the Andes on the West, and the great Alpine, Pyrenean, and Himalayan chains on the East; that there are large tracts approximately level; that from these rise lofty peaks at distant intervals, and numerous lesser elevations; all this, at least, seems abundantly proved, and thus we may be said to have discovered that the system of construction exhibited in that part of the earth's crust above the level of the sea is carried out also below that level. We have also penetrated one step in advance of this knowledge.

The outline of European ground, as marked at its contact with the water-line, would be seen to vary but little, were the whole of the water removed from the North-Atlantic Ocean, and the interval between Europe and America laid bare to our view. The land would be seen continued with a gradual slope for about two hundred miles to the West, and would then terminate with a steep cliff parallel to the present shore, towards a depressed plain, at least seven thousand feet below.

In the same way the American land would slope to meet another, but less precipitous cliff, the total amount of depression being nearly the same. Between these two cliffs, however, a new world

would be presented, the details of which require much careful investigation, especially in the large tract extending from about the 50th parallel of north latitude to the equator. We only know at present with certainty that the plateau commencing at a depth of 10,000 feet below the present sea level, is itself but one of a series of descending steps, the lowest of which is probably 30,000 feet deeper. The extreme difference of level between the lowest depression of the Atlantic and the highest peaks of the Andes and Himalayan mountains seems to be not less than 60,000 feet; but this interval, though certainly large, is small compared with the magnitude of our planet, as it would hardly be equivalent to a thickness of an inch of the surface of Mr. Wyld's great globe in Leicester square.

A little north of the 50th parallel of latitude at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, where the plateau already described is unbroken by any great depression, and on a soft bed of mud constantly thickening, and composed almost entirely of carbonate of lime, there lie now some 1500 miles of disabled telegraphic cable deposited last summer at a depth varying from 10,000 to 15,000 feet.

This cable is already perhaps covered with new coats of mud of the same kind, composed of the calcareous and silicious coverings of myriads of little animals brought into existence since it was laid. On this bed the temperature undergoes little change throughout the year, being constantly about that of an average winter's day in our climate. A perpetual calm exists there, undisturbed by the destructive storms that rage above; the icebergs, however large, float far overhead, and only occasionally let fall a part of their load of stones and sand. Even the whales, deep and rapid as their movements are, never approach these dark abysses; no deep drift is carried along, and no accident disturbs the monotonous level. But even the few days during which the cable was enabled to act, have shown that this apparent calm is not without its interruptions. The electric fire that circulates through the earth is found to exert here its full influence, and willingly makes use of the means that man has contrived to facilitate its progress. The electrician places the wire as a means of communication, and at once receives a message from nature herself, which baffles and confuses

him. The wire that has enabled him at Valentia to communicate with Newfoundland, serves also as an index of earth-currents and magnetic storms, of whose nature, frequency, and intensity he has still much to learn. Far away in America, within the Arctic circle, a broad bright beam of light shoots up from the horizon to the zenith, and is followed by flashes and coruscations. An *Aurora Borealis* is seen—a magnetic storm is commencing. At that same instant the news is transmitted along the floor of the ocean by means of our wire, forwarded by no human hands, and in accordance with no human code of signals. Backwards and forwards, as if endowed with some strange vitality, the telegraphic needle is seen to vibrate, and the electrician must stand by powerless, trembling, like Frankenstein, at the monster he has called into life. The magnetic storm passes through the earth, and the use of the telegraph by man is for the time suspended.

Even when completely established, there can be no doubt that the communication will be subject to various risks and interruptions. The wire that was made to convey the electric influence across the ocean was sufficiently thick to resist any strain it was thought likely to have to bear. Whether, however, it may not, where partially injured, have become melted by the intense heat evolved during the passage of magnetic storms, and even of the strong magnetic currents employed in communicating the early messages, is a question that has not yet been answered, but at any rate it is in the highest degree probable that in the course of time the copper would have become reduced to the crystalline state, and the cohesion of the metal reduced so as to render it incapable of resisting even a very small strain. These and other practical difficulties may arise and will have to be overcome. Meanwhile the great problem of telegraphy is solved, and the question of extending telegraphic communication is chiefly limited to monetary considerations as to whether any particular line would be of sufficient political or commercial importance to justify the expense.*

* The following statement of the actual number of messages that passed across the Atlantic during the time when the condition of the line was still doubtful, will show clearly how complete was the

We now know that the deep-sea soundings can be taken at comparatively small cost, and with sufficient certainty to act upon, and that they will reveal to us the depth and nature of the sea-bottom in any part of the ocean; we know that, with certain precautions, a cable of small wires, inclosed in gutta-percha, weighing seven ounces per linear foot, can be sunk on the sea-bottom at a depth varying from ten to fifteen thousand feet, without material injury, and that a wire thus sunk can convey intelligible signals in an almost inappreciable space of time. We have succeeded in gauging the depths of the ocean, in learning the shape and na-

ture of its bottom, in determining its temperature, in satisfying ourselves as to what animals live and die there, and in bringing into a tangible and practical form the various results of these investigations. The power that attracts the needle to the pole, and has for centuries guided the navigator across the surface of the water, is now rendered available in providing means of communication through its hitherto unfathomed depths, and the girdle is being put round the world which will at no distant time unite all civilized nations into one great brotherhood.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LITERARY SUBURB OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Every reader turns with pleasure to those passages of Horace and Pope and Bollean which describe how they lived and where they dwelt.—Rogers.

THE first half of the eighteenth century may be justly regarded as the Augustan age of English literature. Civilization in our country had been previously advanced by men of greater mind, by deeper thinkers, by writers of more lasting influence on mankind, than any that then appeared; but the literary craft had never been in so high repute, never had the man of letters, the professional author, been the subject of such general admiration or occupied so large a space in the public attention. Literary men were deemed the brightest ornaments of the courts of Queen Anne and her successor: there was no one with any pretensions to rank or fashion, from the richest manorial lord to the meanest

parasite of the palace, who did not feel honored by their acquaintance and proud of their intimacy. To have spent a day at one of their villas was a source of worthy boasting to the most distinguished in arms and in politics as well as in learning. And now for a century have the longing thoughts of a nation hovered round this golden period of literature; not satisfied with merely reading the written works of those wits, we find a pleasure in re-peopleing the brilliant scenes, in recalling the *noctes cœnæque deum* amid which some of the most agreeable efforts of human wit and genius were produced; not antiquaries merely, but readers of every class, re-peruse with all the enchantment that distance contributes, those periods in which for the first time the little actions of life, the ordinary events of private history, the quarreling and heart-burning of political party, the ruling tastes, the prevailing follies, were raised from their vulgar insignificance by the pointed sallies of wit and the elegant graces of epigram.

For in those days to be lively, if not to

success and how great the certainty that submarine lines will ultimately be laid. Exclusive of conversations amongst the clerks, 97 messages, consisting of 1002 words and 6176 letters, were sent from Valentia to Newfoundland, and duly comprehended, while 269 messages, of 2540 words and 13,743 letters, were received from Newfoundland in Ireland. This gives a total of 366 messages, consisting of 3942 words, made up of 20,219 letters, actually transmitted.

be witty, to be able to turn a *bon mot*, always to have a smart saying on the tongue, was the aim of all who wished to sparkle in the fashionable world; and there was an inner circle of professed wits to whom all looked up as their intellectual models, who never said a fine thing or published a line that was not repeated a hundred times within the next twenty-four hours; their works were not read alone in libraries or the closets of the studious, but graced every boudoir and lay open on every toilette. Their names were in every one's mouth; their latest effusions were the common subject of the politer gossip, and they are now the classics of England. Of this circle Alexander Pope became the center—

"An intellectual ruler in the haunts
Of social vanity."

His groves at Twickenham were the resort of nearly every one of note for wit, for valor, even for beauty: they were the Dodonian oracles whence emanated the productions for which the world seemed so madly eager. While St. James's was the capital of political England, Twickenham was its literary center. In that age this village appears less as some secluded country parish selected for the beauty of its scenery and the salubrity of its air, than as the most rural, most embellished, most literary district of the crowning city of the empire.

In tracing how it became so, we must regard the biography of Alexander Pope. The son of a Roman-Catholic trader in Broad street, London, who had retired to spend his earnings in Windsor Forest, he nurtured his mind with books, roaming about among them, as he expressed it, just where his fancy led him, like a boy gathering flowers in the woods and fields. He read them not for their language but for their thoughts, and paid them the highest and truest of all worship—the worship of imitation. He thus formed his own mind by the great mind of antiquity. Nor was he deficient in any of those external requisites for achieving greatness which are enumerated in the well-known passage of Pliny: "*Neque enim cuiquam tam clarum statim ingenium est, ut possit emergere, nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam commendatorque contingat.*" The taste for exact and polished literature, especially the poetic, was every day increasing. His hereditary for-

tune was sufficient to keep him from poverty till his own efforts should become lucrative. Nor was applause wanting to his verses, for his father, whom it was difficult to please, commended what he called "good rhymes," and encouraged the boy in making them, and he found a flatterer—"the most shameless of all flatterers"—in himself. At fifteen, an age when, carried away with the brilliancy of our designs, satisfied with the rude models that we make, we are blind to the difficulties of execution, Pope believed himself the greatest genius that ever existed. Such of his early poems as are preserved to the reader, coldly judging of another's self-conceit, scarcely support this opinion, and one is inclined to surmise that he became a great man because he thought himself one. At this early age one admires the precocity and flexibility rather than the loftiness of his genius. An accident would have made him either a painter or a poet. He liked either art, but practiced most and was best satisfied with himself in poetry; and a late posterity that shall enjoy the *Dunciad* and the translation of the *Iliad* after the paintings of Kneller and Hogarth have perished, will be grateful for the accident which, more than any natural inclination, led Pope to be the pupil of Dryden rather than the pupil of Jervas.

I know few more touching passages in the life of men who have achieved greatness than the early youth of Pope. Unknown, proscribed, deformed, living apart from the gay and busy world in Windsor Forest, he urged himself to almost superhuman exertion by visions of fame and glory which he lived to see fully realized. With a turn for versifying and a conviction that he was gifted with a higher genius than had ever been known before, he determined to make the world of his opinion. To that end he had, at so unripe an age as twenty-eight, published the *Essay on Criticism*; the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Windsor Forest*, and the *Temple of Fame* shortly followed. Encouraged by the approval they had met with, he was not slow to exercise his talents again, and by exercising to increase them. But his translation of Homer was not made without the greatest effort. From his own lively description we gather that at first (for practice gave him ease) he could never get the *Iliad* out of his thoughts. When people talked of going

to church he went to sacrifice and libations. He addressed every parson as Chryses; and instead of the Lord's prayer began "God of the silver bow." It lay so heavy on his mind that he often dreamt of it, and the poor brain-sick poet at last wished himself hanged to be rid of Homer. But his readers were not at all anxious to get rid of his Homer. So extensively was it sought after, that Pope was the first of our authors who by the mere sale of his writings, with the aid of no patron, the smiles of no monarch, was enabled to live in independence and comfort. It was with the money that he received for part of his *Iliad* that, in 1717 and 1718, he built his villa at Twickenham. This was the first home of genius erected by the independent support of the English nation.

"Mr. Pope, the poet," was, at the time when he came to Twickenham (late in 1718,) a study-worn, self-taught, and lately somewhat rakish young man of thirty. His health had always been of the most delicate, he spoke of his life as a long disease. He was so feeble that he could not dress or undress himself, and was always wrapped in fur and flannel. He derived from his father a crooked spider-like body, protuberant before and behind, and from his mother an aching head. His complexion was sullied with the sallowness of habitual ill-health and the sickly hue of thought. He had nothing great about him but his mind, nothing fine but his thoughts and his eyes, nothing beautiful but his voice and his numbers. In his youth he was called the little nightingale, because his tones were remarkably melodious; and in later times the harmony of his verse has made him remembered by the name of the nightingale of Twickenham. There is perhaps no one among English authors whose literary character has been more often sketched and better understood than that of Pope. Industrious and learned, he was endowed with that only not morbid sensibility which is the stock in trade of a poet; but the exercise of this faculty induced him to act in a manner so contrary to the tender feeling displayed in his poetry, that the vulgar accuse him of being capricious. He who spared no pains to torture his literary adversaries, who was described by one of them, not without show of reason, as

"A crooked, petulant, malicious wight,
Unfit for commerce, friendship, love, or fight,"

was to be seen weeping over the tenderer passages of history and works of fiction. But it was because he was thus capable of intensely participating in the feelings and sentiments of others, and at the same time so keenly alive to their faults and their envy, that he regarded every slur on himself or his writings as just cause for the severest injuries he was capable of inflicting. A duller man would neither have sympathized so fully with others, nor been so tender of his own reputation. But the world has seldom seen a more irritable member of the proverbially irritable race of bards. It was a source of immense gratification to him to find that before the keen edge of his satire shrank those who feared nothing else—

"Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

His skill as a literary artist arose rather from the exercise of a strong judgment than from the force of genius. We can discover truth, though in a very disagreeable disguise, throughout the repeated assertions of Pope's parricidal editor, Mr. Bowles, that he was too much the poet of art, too little the poet of nature; that he chose for his subject the "arts of man," to the exclusion of the "works of God;" and in the violent contradiction of Lord Byron—the fervent admirer but not the imitator of Pope—in his extravagant preference of our poet to those loftier minds beside whom he must be regarded as a mere rhymers—may be traced the defects of one who owed every thing to genius, nothing to judgment. For this frivolous contest, maintained by the petulance of his adversary, the chivalrous devotion of his supporter, and the servile echo of reviewers, the celebrated grotto at Twickenham appears to have been the chosen scene.

The small tract of land between the high road and the river occupied by the house and lawn, was connected with a garden of five acres across the road by a subterranean communication. Those who repel the charge that Pope was a mere indoor ethical poet who could think and write of nothing but man, cold to the beauties of uncultivated nature, and alive only to the wisdom, or that more fertile theme, the follies of mankind, not content with proving it from his writings, take us

through his grotto into his garden. In the first they commend to our admiration the elegant and tasteful disposition of the splendid crystals, returning in a hundred prismatic hues the light reflected from the sparkling river; they beg a testimonial to the romantic skill which, at the expense of a thousand pounds, converted this tunnel—a mere hyphen between the house and garden—into so magnificent a “hall of shells,” and asserting that Pope’s poetic genius was seen not less in the adjustment of his grotto than in his best poems, they present to our notice the lines of its constructor—

“Thou, who shalt stop where Thames’ translucent wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent medals innocently glow;
Approach! great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold;
Approach, but awful! Lo! the Egerean grot
Where nobly pensive St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Windham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont’s soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.”

Adding, too, his description in prose, written in 1725:

“I have put my last hand to my works of this kind in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto. I there formed a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in a rustic manner, and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a camera obscura; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene: it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place.

“There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river of smooth stones full of light and open; the other toward the gardens shadowed with

trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like the beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of:

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ;
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora,
somnum
Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavare, tace.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave;
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.

“You’ll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.”

From the grotto we are conducted to the garden, where the quincunx, the vineyard, the orangery, the bowling-green, “the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination at the cyresses that lead up to his mother’s tomb,” (the words are those of Walpole,) are appealed to as a proof that he was, as the elegant French poet called him, “*Bien-fauteur des jardins ainsi que du langage.*” And here we are triumphantly asked whether he can be justly said to have been insensible to nature who in that little spot made more variety and scenery than had ever been before contrived within five acres, he insensible to nature who having first ridiculed the formal notions of gardening adopted from France and Holland, and formed the taste of William Kent, to whom our nation is indebted for those correct notions on landscape-gardening for which the nations of the Continent honor us, made his own little garden at Twickenham so perfect that it was chosen as a model for the gardens of Frederick Prince of Wales, at Carlton House, and professed himself, with a pardonable affectation, more proud of his garden, laid out so as to show the “*amiable simplicity of unadorned nature,*” than of his poems.

His opponents are content to overlook the doctrine that all true poets are gardeners, (a proposition of which I believe the converse is not always correct;) and

finding no traces of poetical genius in his lawns and groves, or maintaining that all this dressing of nature was as artificial and unnatural as the poems they complain of, on that or similar grounds confine themselves to the grotto, and with their polemic Prebendary condemn it as puerile and affected, or with the Fleet street hero say that "vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage," quoting, too, the coarse lines in Lady Mary W. Montagu's description of the Court of Dullness:

"Her palace placed beneath a muddy road,
And such the influence of the dull abode,
The carrier's horse above can scarcely drag
his load.
Here chose the goddess her beloved retreat,
Which Phœbus tries in vain to penetrate;
Adorned within with shells of small expense,
(Emblems of tinsel rhyme and trifling sense),
Perpetual fogs inclose the sacred cave,
The neighboring sinks their fragrant odor
gave,
In contemplation here she passed her days."

Who shall settle a controversy so entangled and so frivolous? Must we think of Pope as a sublime philosopher, and a poet as much of nature as of art, retiring under ground (as they say Demosthenes did for two or three months while incubating a speech) to a beautiful cave built of nature's sparkling gems, opening on one end to a delightful garden, and from the other commanding a view of the river, there to enjoy contemplation, drink Helicon, and be quit of the cares, the passions, and the vanities of this world; or are we to picture him a little fretful cripple, inhumed in a cellar under a road, patching it up with sea-shingle, a mere literary mechanic, with thoughts as earthy as his habitation, and as malignant as any other underground reptile? Or shall we not rather, dismissing alike extravagant praise and scurrilous detraction, allow Pope to have been in every thing he undertook a consummate artist? The nephew of Cooper the painter, and the pupil of Jervas, he only wanted practice to have rivaled Kneller in his own art; he needed nothing but a good figure to have had all the acquired graces of an actor or an orator; and even as it was, he gave lessons in them, for he was one day found instructing Lord Mansfield in the histrionic part of oratory: he exploded by his taste and judgment an ugly fashion in gardening; nor was he without some good notions on

architecture; and he gained his high fame in poetry not more by the force of natural talent than by the practice of literary artifice. He was master not only in the legitimate arts of literary composition—it was only by intense study, continued imitations of good authors, and constant practice in verse-making, that he polished to perfection that rude turn for rhyming which he had when he "lisp'd in numbers;" not only was he master in that judicious method of adopting the thoughts of others, which is just beyond the line of plagiarism, but also in all the less honorable devices of literary chicane; he omitted no contrivance for keeping his writings and his reputation before the public. There was always something fresh from Mr. Pope. His friends were always prepared with an answer of tantalizing mystery to the question—What is Mr. Pope employed on now? It became the fashion to attribute to Mr. Pope any good piece published with a manifestly false name, or without any name at all; and of all the feats of literary diplomacy, certainly the most skillfully contrived and the most successful, was the way in which the artful poet got his letters published apparently without his consent by the bamboozled bookseller Curll, who by a trick of fame will be as immortal as the illustrious men whom he admired and cheated. Must we not then regard Pope less as a mighty genius than as an accomplished artist in poetry? To him be all the praise of a successful artist. While universal consent admits him into the rank of the great, the candid and unprejudiced scrutinizer of his acts will deny him a place among the few—the remarkable few—who have not mixed trick and chicane with the merit that has raised them not only to but above that proud eminence.

But he was a poet of the school of those who rely for their success on the practice of correct elegance; as such, his name has been a watch-word in that smoldering contest that exists in all critical ages, at times almost extinct, at others breaking out into fierce warfare between the Homerists and the Virgilians, between the champions of what is called natural poetry, an unpolished diamond, and the admirers of elegant, correct, or, in the dislogistic term of the Homerists, artificial verse. Those who for one fine and lofty stroke are content to pardon a dozen inelegancies and defects, and if a poet sometimes de-

bases himself below mediocrity forgive him because he often soars above it, maintain, if they be Frenchmen, the excellence of Corneille and Crébillon; if Italians, of Dante and Ariosto; if our own countrymen, Cowper, Dryden, and still more Lord Byron; while those who can never bring themselves to admire any thing that fails in correctness of language, that wants the harmonious and chastened elegance of Virgil, gave the palm to Racine and Voltaire, to Tasso, to Pope, and Crabbe. The two classes of bards may be distinguished in a manner more suited to the taste of the last than the present century, as those upon whom the muses descended at their birth, who have the power without the show of art, and those who with much toil and much display of art have succeeded in climbing Parnassus. The dispute will always continue: so long as there are men who love the bold, the reckless, the soaring, and the eccentric, there will be Homerists; while there shall remain a taste for polished harmonious poetry, for bards who "stooped to truth and moralized their song," there will be Virgilians.

That Pope was deficient in originality, is a not less erroneous notion than those which we have already discussed. But while it is acknowledged that he has enriched the language with many new and original turns of speech, it can not be denied that he was about the most consummate literary adopter we have had. Scarcely an elegant turn is to be found in our language which he has not somewhere introduced into his writings, and very many he naturalized from the ancient or from foreign authors; but he was no vulgar plagiarist, he never appropriated ready made; if he stole, he stole only the raw material, and molded the idea, refitted the phrase, till he had made it his own. To be selected out of a second-rate author and put into one of Pope's lines was the apotheosis of an expression.

Pope finished his house and his Homer much about the same time. An elegant poem by Gay, written "to welcome Mr. Pope from Greece," celebrates not less the fame of his translation than the number and distinction of his friends. They are supposed to be assembled on the banks of the Thames, anxiously awaiting the return, after six years, of the modern Ulysses, and giving him a hearty welcome as he approaches. One object of the poem is to enumerate those who at this period

enjoyed Pope's intimacy, and it proves that the *Personæ Popianæ*, like the *Personæ Horatianæ*, contain the name of almost every distinguished man and woman of the time.

It was no vulgar reward of his genius, that at his house authors such as Thomson, Mallet, Gay, Swift, Hooke, Glover, Arbuthnot, Voltaire, artists like Kneller and Jervas, met Cobham, Bathurst, Lyttelton, Chesterfield, Marchmont, Mansfield, Peterborough, Bolingbroke, the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Mary W. Montagu, many other lords and ladies, and untitled worth like that of Ralph Allen. In his little territory, poets sometimes furnished themselves with patrons, and hostile partisans met on terms of social intercourse; nor was it altogether a fable that from his grotto the passions and disquietudes of life were banished. It was no mere love of learning, no longing for retirement, no ambitious, no sordid motives that drew these bright assemblages to Pope's villa, but a mingled homage to genius and fashion; to genius, because under his roof were to be met all the most eminent of his brother authors whose hearts beat high for praise; to fashion, because literary men were in those days the acknowledged chiefs amid minds endeavoring to be congenial with theirs.

In the spring of 1726, Dean Swift came over from Ireland, and staid two months in Pope's house at Twickenham. He was then in the very height of his popularity, in his native country the oracle of public opinion. The people only knew what they wished when they read it in the pamphlets of Swift, as at this day some enlightened politicians are not conscious of their opinion till they find it expressed by the editor of a daily paper. During his previous sojourn in England, he had been a prominent supporter of the Harley Administration, and a very dutiful subject of Queen Anne. From being a courtier to kings and ministers, he became a courtier to the mob, and with them, the man who is once admitted a consul to advise, soon becomes a dictator to command. Swift had just succeeded in forcing, for it is an abuse of terms to call it persuading, the frantic Irish to reject the half-pence coined by William Wood, the issue of which he represented in the Drapier letters to be an usurpation of English ministers over Ireland, and their rejection to be the Irishman's "first duty to God next to the

salvation of their souls." The people loved him for deceiving them, and accorded him all the glory that awaits on unexposed misrepresentation and clever effrontery, and though a private man, he boasted, not vainly, that before his attack the proudest ministry would fall. But for him, who in his writings dared God and man, an overturn or a hole in the wall had terrors insurmountable. The raging demagogue, the destroyer of ministries, the threatener of kings, all the way from London to Windsor kept his head out of window, shouting to the postilion to be cautious of an overturn, and nothing could induce him to venture through the aperture of the wall at Rochester ruins, where children were playing and women exploring.

I had once some thoughts of drawing out a character of Dr. Swift quite different from that which usually adorns his biographies, which yet must have been held of unimpeachable accuracy, if I could have obtained the reader's assent to one postulate—namely: "Let it be granted that when a man attributes a characteristic to the whole human race, he possesses that characteristic himself." It has been suggested that some men are fiends of God's making; some of their own. Swift had the advantage in the maker.

The Dean was allied to Pope by that firmest tie of friendship—a community of sentiments, of interests, and of hatreds. Pope, from his religion, was a Jacobite Tory, but believed himself more a Whig. Swift was in matters ecclesiastic an Hanoverian Tory, but in matters political sided with the Whigs. He turned the scale to either side as occasion required; but whichever he supported, he supported and fought for violently. Whether he was a member of the church spiritual, grave doctors question, with more reason than if they were to doubt that he was a divine of the church militant. In fact lubricity contended with vehemence for being the chief characteristic of his politics. The Tory opposition was almost annihilated; office was in the hands of the Whigs, whose leader, Sir Robert Walpole, governed the country with the spirit of a tradesman and the power of a despot. Literature was too much connected with the Tories to gain favor with a minister in whose mind there was no distinction between his own and his country's interests. Nevertheless it was alike the object and

the bent of Pope and Swift to make what use they could of the little court influence that their literary fame might yet retain for a member of a proscribed creed ill-affected to the government, and the high churchman whose promotion had been prevented and whose unprincipled revenge had been excited by the powerful and unforgiving minister. They were bound also by literary ties. At the house of Pope, Swift could renew his familiarity with brother authors whom his invitations could not induce to visit the willows of Laracor or the Deanery of St. Patrick. He affected to think he had need of Pope's judgment and advice in preparing some works he had by him for the press. Their literary enemies were the dunces of Grub street, who had chosen for generalissimo in their battles with the Twickenham *littérateurs*, Dennis, a critic endowed with skill enough to make him terrible, if his ungovernable temper had not made him ridiculous. In addition, they were both attacked by the few literary men of the Whig party who were among the doubtful friends of Swift and the avowed enemies of Pope. At the poet's villa, Swift met many of his former friends and allies—Arbuthnot, Gay, and Bolingbroke, whom posterity condemns for his philosophy and applauds for his oratory, though not a speech of his has reached us. They received him with a joy perhaps the more sincere because they no longer were members of the party in power, and had to look for friends to other motives than those of political interest. Swift was no longer the patron of Pope; they met on terms of equal friendship, and the Dean lived in Pope's villa at Twickenham nearly the whole two months he spent this year in England. It was honorable to Pope that an acquaintance begun in Queen Anne's reign, ripened into friendship when Swift had ceased to have ministerial influence. But one cause that facilitated their literary partnership was the total absence of rivalry, of which any danger was excluded by the perfectly independent objects of their ambition. They never crossed each other's path. The aim of Pope was to be one of the despots who are ever reigning in the miscalled republic of letters; that of Swift to be an English bishop. The poet succeeded, though repeatedly obliged to repel the attacks of small critics and mediocre satirists; and nothing could have prevented the author

of the *Tale of a Tub* from being a bishop, if only he had believed the religion which he preached. Pope was in character and pursuits a literary man; his whole energies were directed to achieve immortal fame as an author. His literary reputation was what he labored to found, support, and defend in the hours of seclusion which with him, precluded from taking an active part in the gayeties of life by his weakness and deformity, and in professional employments by the penal restrictions under which he labored, formed the greater part of a life which must have been spent, if not in such occupations, in an unlettered and necessitous indolence. The fame of his works was cherished by him with a sensitiveness only not morbid; hence arose the irritation with which he received the attacks of the dunces, and the trouble he took to expose those whom it would have been more becoming his dignity to have left to silent contempt. Himself, not time, was to be the silencer of every dissentient voice to his glory. Swift's views were all political. Disappointed ambition sharpened the edge of those satirical powers with which he seems to have been early gifted, and whose early use mainly impeded the attainment of his ambition. But though a satirist of surpassing merit, so little tender was he of his reputation as an author, that no attacks on his literary efforts annoyed him unless they interfered to prevent the end which his writings were designed to accomplish. He would have despised to pass his life in the fastidious composition of sentences, or to flatter the ear, but when he despaired of otherwise addressing the reason; and as for his critics, he contented himself with invariably consigning them all to the special care of Beelzebub. Literature was to Swift nothing but a field whereon he might display in many colors the extent, the variety, and the brilliancy of his genius. Temporal power was the reward which was to crown his victories. He longed more for the fear than the admiration, still less the love, of his fellow-creatures. To be a formidable and dignified partisan, dreaded by friends and foes alike, was the ungratified ambition of this highly-gifted and detestable man.

It is instructive to observe the different tactics which the critics used in their wars against Swift, callous to his fame as an author, and against the sensitive poet. There yet exist a few copies of a scur-

rilous volume called *Gulliveriana*, full of criticisms of which one would rather be the object than the author; where capital letters, italics, and notes of admiration serve instead of sense or humor. The writer was evidently actuated by equal hostility to the poet and to the satirist; but what he says of Pope almost entirely consists of attacks on his deformity and calumnious falsehoods, while the accusations against Swift are most of them proved facts. To speak the truth was the deadliest revenge of Swift's enemy. The Grub street worthies knew well where the sensitiveness of their opponents lay. Pope's verses they profess to be an abomination—the most arrant trash in our language. Swift's prose was the object of their applause, though not of their imitation.

These were among the causes of Pope's unbroken intimacy with Swift—an intimacy which was shared by a third wit who resided with Pope during the time the Dean was in his house. This was John Gay, an early and dear friend of Pope. Of the same age, though of dissimilar dispositions, they continued a most intimate intercourse, which was never interrupted till the death of Gay. The world generally regards a poet as a wild child of nature caroling the lays with which she has inspired him, and totally inattentive to all sublunary things that fail to afford him pretty images or fine similes. Although this notion partakes itself of the poetical, there is truth in it so far that avarice is a passion alien from the true bardic breast, yet a lively anticipation of transactions with the bookseller is believed to be an excellent generator of inspiration. Though Pope was far from deficient in attention to these matters, he was yet surpassed by Gay in that keen love for those commercial ceremonies which seldom fail to gild the laurels to which a poet aspires. Six years before, he was thrown into a colic by the loss of some South-Sea stock which had been given him by Craggs the younger; and he was only restored to the disconsolate Muses by the skill of Arbuthnot and the tender care of his friends, among whom Pope was particularly conspicuous in his attentions. Though Gay, always afraid to offend the great, was constantly in hope of some good fortune that was to happen to him, and was consequently exposed to continual disappointment, his

constitutional cheerfulness and good temper never deserted him, and the wits with whom he associated loved his childlike simplicity, and gratified at once their affection and their vanity by correcting and assisting in his writings. They treated him more as a sister than a brother author. In 1726 he made the third of the illustrious trio of wits to whom Lord Bolingbroke wrote an epistle most re-

membered for its address: "To the three Yahoos of Twickenham—Jonathan, Alexander, John, most excellent Triumvirs of Parnassus." They employed themselves in criticising each other's works with friendly severity; and we know that in this conventicle of wits some of the most celebrated pieces in English literature were either planned or received the finishing strokes.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A M A N ' S W O O I N G .

You said, last night, you did not think
In all the world of men
Was one true lover—true alike
In deed and word and pen;

One knightly lover, constant as
The old knights, who sleep sound:
Some women, said you, there might be—
Not one man faithful found:

Not one man, resolute to win,
Or, winning, firm to hold
The woman, not all women—sought
Herself and not her gold:

Not one whose noble life and pure
Had power so to control
To humble loving loyalty
Her free but reverent soul,

That she beside him gladly moved
Both sovereign and slave;
In faith unfettered, homage dear,
Each claiming what each gave.

And then you dropped your eyelids white,
And stood, a maiden brave,
Proud, sweet; unloving and unloved
Descending to the grave.

I let you speak, and ne'er replied;
I watched you for a space,
Until that passionate glow, like youth,
Had faded from your face.

No anger showed I, nor complaint:
My heart's beats shook no breath,
Although I knew that I had found
Her who brings life or death;

The woman, true as life or death;
The love, strong as these twain,
Against which seas of mortal fate
Beat harmlessly in vain.

"Not one true man;" I hear it still,
Your voice's clear cold sound,
Upholding all your constant swains
And good knights underground.

"Not one true lover;" woman, turn;
I love you. Words are small;
'Tis life speaks plain: In twenty years
Perhaps you may know all.

I seek you. You alone I seek:
All other women, fair,
Or wise, or good, may go their way,
Without my thought or care.

But you I follow day by day,
And night by night I keep
My heart's chaste mansion lighted, where
Your image lies asleep.

Asleep! If e'er to wake, He knows
Who Eve to Adam brought,
As you to me: the embodiment
Of boyhood's dear sweet thought,

And youth's fond dream and manhood's hope,
That still half hopeless shone
Till every rootless vain ideal
Commingled into one.

You; who are so diverse from me,
Yet seem as much my own
As this my soul, which formed apart
Dwells in its bodily throne;

Or rather, for *that* perishes,
As these our two lives are
So strangely, marvelously drawn
Together from afar;

Till week by week and month by month
We liker seem to grow,
As two hill streams, flushed with rich rain,
Each into the other flow.

I swear no oaths, I tell no lies,
Nor boast I never knew
A love-dream—we all dream in youth—
But waking, I found *you*,

The real woman, whose first touch
Aroused to highest life
My real manhood. Crown it then,
Good angel, friend, love, wife.

Imperfect as I am, and you,
Perchance, not all you seem,
We two together, garner up
Our past's bright, broken dream;

We two together dare to look
Upon the years to come,
As travelers, met in far country,
Together look towards home.

Come home, the old tales were not false,
Yet the new faith is true;

Those saintly souls who made men knights
Were women such as you.

For the great love that teaches love
Deceived not, ne'er deceives:
And she who most believes in man
Makes him what she believes.

Come! If you come not, I can wait;
My faith, like life, is long;
My will—not little; my hope much:
The patient are the strong.

Yet come, ah! come. The years run fast,
And hearths grow swiftly cold—
Hearts too: but while blood beats in mine
It holds you and will hold.

And so before you it lies bare—
Take it or let it lie,
It was an honest heart; and yours
To all eternity.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SONG OF THE EVENING STAR.

WHEN the sun glides on like a golden swan,
With his crimson wings all furled,
Till he sink in a sea of transparency,
The lake of the upper world!
Then the spheres ring a chime to the march
of Time,
As the dying day expires;
And earth's guardian powers in their high
watch-towers
Light heaven's ethereal fires!
And I come from my rest in the burning
West,
The queen of the starry choirs!

My light is fair 'mid the dreamy air,
The delicious air of even,
While the sphere-clouds around, in a sleep
profound,
Are glassed in the blue of heaven!
Then the moon from afar, like a silver bar,
Spans the breast of the waveless sea!
And the forests deep lie hushed in sleep
As still as eternity!
But every eye in the earth and the sky
Is gazing alone on me!

Oh! the west is blest when my diamond crest
Is set in its sapphire shade,
While there I spy from the folded sky,
The tints of daylight fade!
Thus might angels keep from heaven's golden
steep,
Their watch over all below;
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Through the endless blue where orbs shine
through,
Which mortals ne'er can know!
And lovers say that the orb of day
Hath not half so soft a grace,
As I, when I shine, with light divine,
From my holy dwelling-place!

The blackbird sings with folded wings,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
But 'tis I inspire with the burning fire,
For his eye is fixed on me!
The stream receives through its margin leaves,
Mine image sweetly there,
Till the small birds between their folds of
green,
Gaze in wonder at thing so fair!
But I look most in love from my throne
above,
On the child at evening prayer!

But when Night draws near through the at-
mosphere,
As no other spirit may,
The glory's too bright for my raptured sight,
And I faint and faint away!
And I sink down through the dissolving blue,
Upon ocean's liquid wave,
Till eve once more its sapphire floor,
With her gorgeous colors pave,
Then I shine from afar—heaven's loveliest
star—
Love triumphing o'er the grave!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

THESE Thoughts which I present to you, my reader, I call "New and Old." Yet I should find it hard to say which were New, or which were Old. Each thought is nearly wholly new to *me*, wrought out in the mind for itself. *You*, doubtless, will have worked your way to many for yourself: perhaps even you will have met them long since in books that I have never seen. Let that be: we are not now contending for prior possession, we are not wrangling over patents. Let who will have the honor, if so be I help you, though ever so little, in your journey towards the goal of Truth.

There are some men who believe, that though God lives, he has ceased to reign; though a King *de jure, de facto* he is deposed and utterly without power. The earth is not the Lord's, they say; some devil's, rather; and though the everlasting doors should unfold, no King of Glory would come in. To such men all devotion is impossible; all religious service a dreary tale. Lauds and litanies are equally heartless. A public benefactor would they deem him who should introduce and render fashionable the praying-machines of Japan, improved by all the modern appliances of steam-power.

Some men, called authors, have an eye to business even in the deepest sorrow. They put out their griefs to interest, by making them known to the whole world. They melt down the gold and silver statues which they once worshiped, and coin them into current money.

Style is the body; thought is the soul. As there are persons in whom the animal portion of their nature predominates, so are there sensuous writers who think only of the graces, and neglect the subject of composition. On the other hand there are authors who profess to disregard style, literary spiritualists, who are ever repeating that "the letter killeth."

Each of these errs. The error of the former is manifest. The fault of the latter is not so obvious, and deserves a word of comment.

Setting aside the fact that beauty in itself is good, without respect to ulterior effects, it should be remembered that beauty of style is to a book what beauty of face is to a woman. For both beauty is the master of ceremonies who introduces them to the world. A woman may not claim attention from those around her; a book can not. The one trusts to personal grace and attractiveness of form and feature to win the admiration, the respect, the love, which she must not seek. The latter, if heavy, though good, will not command a general notice, for the public, unaware of the goodness, soon become sensible of the heaviness, and decline further acquaintance. The public is not compelled to read books, however good they may be. It must be allured by the enticement of clear and vigorous thought, simple sentences austere graceful; words that are always strong, and never redundant.

But this is not all. As beauty with women will lead to nothing more than an introduction, if there be only beauty, so, mere elegance of style will cause the reader to lay aside the book, if he do not find the sense corresponding to the words. Mere grace fails, when the more substantial qualities are absent. On the other hand, there are books, even as there are women, which will make themselves known by their own intrinsic merits, in spite of such disadvantages as the want of beauty or elegance. Straightway the style is forgotten in the thought. Nay, even as in course of time we become actually attached to the physical defects of a woman endowed with all bright gifts of mind and spirit, so the very clumsiness and awkwardness of a great and powerful book become endeared to us by the sentiment of long association. We would not change the ungraceful face for the cheeks of a Helen, or the bust of an Aphrodite; we would not barter the ungainly style for all the smoothly-flowing periods of an Addison or a Chesterfield.

Two negatives in theology do not make an affirmative, but, as in Greek, only make the negative stronger. Protests against

false doctrine are no substitutes for a right belief; and Anti-Anti-Christ is not the true Christ.

"The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love," says the Latin grammar. In this case the parties concerned fall out, in order that they may experience the bliss of reconciliation. Quite different is it with some people: these will make up an ancient difference for the sake of creating a new one. To heal up old wounds, for the pleasure of cutting them open again, is their "*Religio Medici*."

The caricaturist holds the very lowest rank in literature. He is a witness to the existence of men with sense so dull, that they can perceive only the magnified and the distorted object. He takes it for granted, that those for whom he writes will fail to appreciate the real measure of character, and therefore he dwells exclusively on some prominent, though quite unimportant and superficial traits. Dickens pays his reader a poor compliment, when he makes the individuality of his characters depend upon some physical peculiarity, as, for instance, the possession of prominent teeth; the habit of snorting like a steam-engine; and other such like accidentals. But, while the author of *Dombey and Son* and *Little Dorrit* is thus too prone to imitate the school-boy making a rude sketch of his preceptor, by means of slate and pencil, the author of *The Newcombes* is a true artist, faithfully sketching every feature in its true proportion; aiming at the perfect delineation of the men and women that pass before him. In a word, the one writer is an artist, the other only a caricaturist.

It seems as if, in this world, thought and action were ever to be separated. The most practical man is almost invariably the one-sided; the narrow-minded, he who walks by the faith of prejudice, rather than by the sight of reason; he, who having once formed his opinions, is never moved from them, either because he can not understand opposing arguments, or because he obstinately shuts his eyes against all reason.

The many-sided man is always fearful of being over-hasty or illogical in his decisions. He must have made acquaintance with and have thoroughly answered all possible objections before he will accept any proposition as a principle of action.

Too late he learns that Art is long and Life is short, and that inaction is a worse evil than illogic. The man of thought is open to another danger. When he comes to converse upon disputed points with those who are not oppressed with too much brains, he is often disgusted to find that they have made up their minds without having studied the points at issue. True, they have arrived at a right decision. But this is not enough; the goal should have been reached by the right path. If the logical man endeavors to show that there are strong and weighty arguments on the other side of the question, he is sure to be met by a storm of indignant reproaches from men who have never learnt that "it is lawful to be taught by an enemy." Instinctively he shrinks from association with such narrow-minded sectaries. He hates the profane vulgar, which, says Sir Thomas Brown, "is opener to rhetoric than to logic," and delights itself in the tawdry tinsel of platform oratory. Unwittingly he sympathizes with an error that has been slandered, and is proportionably estranged from a truth that has borne false witness.

Is such a man, therefore, wholly truthful, or even merely useless? By no means. Were he merely a safety-drag upon the chariot-wheels of society, he would fulfill a necessary purpose. But he is more than this; for while by *doing*, is commonly meant the active, bustling, vigorous exertion of life, such as delights in velocity of motion, variety of occupation, frequent change of place, there is another species of action, unobtrusive, quiet and often invisible. Such is the action of the student who devotes himself to the study of nature's laws, deduces from thence their effects, and so attains to certain sure rules of action by which the "active" man is the first to be benefited, but for which he is the last to be thankful.

Let those who honestly believe and avow their conviction that man ought to give up his reason to God and his church, consider that the Almighty hath never delighted in maimed sacrifices. The work that he has created he would see perfectly acting, not shattered in one part that the other may act more easily. He would not have man destroy his intellect, under pretense of doing sacrifice, but would rather that it should be devoted to his service in its perfect entirety.

So likewise as regards man's social position. The chosen saints of God have not been the most recluse, but the heads of families, of armies, of nations. The most perfect man, considered socially, is he whose relations are most diverse and numerous. The brother is a more perfect man than the brotherless; he who has a friend than the friendless; the husband than the celibate; the father than he without offspring. All these relationships afford scope for the performance of duties; and therefore give room for trials and temptations, and therefore furnish a field for battle and for victory. To the man who feels that there is danger in thus joining himself to the world, duty is plain. Let him flee from it; only let him always bear in mind that he is inferior, and not superior to his fellow-man who discharges all the manifold duties of husband, father, friend. The hermit ranks very far below the hero, for, if the truth be spoken, he has run away from the field of battle—wisely, if he can not fight, but certainly not gloriously, since, though discretion is a part of valor, only Sir John Falstaff would call it the better part.

Total abstinence, celibacy, seclusion, though virtues, are by no means the highest virtues; except, indeed, they be practised, not for our own safety, but for the good of others. Viewed from one standpoint, they are manifestations of cowardice and of the bondage that engendereth fear. Always (excepting as above) they are contrary to the "perfect liberty" wherewith the God-Man came to set us free.

Man is never so afflicted as when he does not feel his sorrows. Want of feeling is want of life. Corruption sets in when pain has ceased.

All approach towards political perfection must be made by means of steady adherence to and improvement on principles already established, rather than by the adoption of new theories. Talleyrand declared that he had "sworn 'eternal allegiance' to eleven constitutions." And had he lived a few year longer, he would have had opportunity for vowing loyalty to well nigh the square of eleven. Systems of government, French polished, "warranted sound," beautiful-looking Pantisocracies, somehow do not answer. The great truth that what is to endure must have a gradual growth, a truth

which Nature herself teaches in her living monument, the thousand-year-old oak, can not be violated. Well said Sterling:

"How slowly ripen powers ordained to last,
The old may die, but must have lived before.
So Moses in the vale an acorn cast,
And Christ was shadowed by the tree it bore."

It has been affirmed again and again, and it is a lesson hardly learnt through many a sad experience, that every civilized country contains in its laws and constitution the seed and germ of its own advancement; and that every violent revolution not only does not hasten on the consummation, but seriously retards it, and even in some cases endangers it altogether. As when the child impatient that the seed does not at once become a plant, digs it up, ere it has laid hold of the ground, in order to see if it is growing.

The gradual growth of English liberties, through Plantagenet strifes, Tudor despotism, Stuart impotence, and Hanoverian stupidity, is a trite illustration of this principle. The last seventy years of French history would form another illustration *e converso* no less obvious.

Laymen should be very cautious how they undertake matters which are usually conducted by regularly authorized individuals. This proposition involves the very important principle of "*division of labor*." In a world where there is so much to be done, and so many people to do it, let each choose his own part, thoroughly master that, and then, when he comes to give the world the benefit of his experience and knowledge, he can speak with the authority necessary not only to support his own claims to proficiency, but to put down the pretensions of presumptuous and ignorant upstarts. Nevertheless, though based on an elementary principle of political economy, our proposition will sound narrow and exclusive to those who love to sneer at "state-craft," "priest-craft," and all other "crafts."

Most illogical are such people in their objections. The very word which they use as a term of reproach should teach them better manners. For what is *craft* but *power* or *skill*? And, therefore, state-craft is merely a practical knowledge of state affairs; priest-craft, skill in all matters that relate to the priestly office. The

craftsmen of mediæval times were the men trained to one or other of the various crafts, and who, having been tried and found able, were admitted to the fellowship of those who had gone through the same education, and were thus endowed with authority to reject or accept fresh candidates. You say that there are often men not recognized by the craftsmen who are quite as skilled and competent as the most venerable member of the guild. It may be so. If it be so, it is the "outsiders'" own fault or misfortune that they have not obtained recognition from those who alone can issue the royal letters patent of orthodoxy. Certain it is that for one case where the community suffer from refusing to avail themselves of the skill of a competent though unauthorized practitioner, there are twenty cases where the public, deluded by loud vaunts of omnipotence, receives great injury from resorting to ignorant quacks. The advantage of a corporation that possesses powers to examine and approve or reject candidates is too great, viewed as a precaution, to justify any person in resorting to the services of those who have not been thus approved, however skillful they may be.

The sharpest pain which we feel at the loss of a friend, springs from the thought that in a short time this very sorrow will have ceased to be. We can not bear to think that our love, which we deem boundless and infinite, should be outlived by time and space, the finite. Our grief becomes selfish, for it is mingled with self-contempt; we would nurse and strengthen it, in order that we might attain to something of the heroic. Our sorrow is not the anguish of a Constance, mourning for her murdered Arthur, who could truly say:

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form."

We must do more than plead guilty to Philip's charge. We are *fonder* of our grief than of him for whom we grieve. "So was it with me," says St. Augustine, when his friend was taken from him by early death; "I wept most bitterly, and found my repose in bitterness. Thus was I wretched; and that wretched life I held dearer than my friend."

What, then, do we learn from this? That even in our purest and most "disinterested" affections, self is the base and crown of all. Cæsar gathered his robes around him that he might fall as became Cæsar. We, when we grieve, would grieve forever, that so the intensity of our passion might be worthy of—our friend? nay, rather of ourselves.

It is a very common error to suppose that love and friendship are based upon identity of dispositions and ideas. Similar minds, like parallel lines, never meet. There must be divergence if there would be convergence; and then the two lines meeting, make a *right angle*.

How comes it to pass that perverts are always the bitterest of opponents? Is this rancor a partially assumed hatred, to be paraded before the world as an excuse for desertion? Or is it a natural antipathy, which is always felt to a cause which we have betrayed? Each supposition may be partially true. Certain it is that we never like to look upon the party that we have abandoned. It seems as if they might justly accuse and condemn us; and we hate the accuser and the judge. But charity suggests another hypothesis, which is probably the most correct. It should be remembered that when change of opinions is honest, and proceeds from deep conviction, there must have been a painful struggle between the conscience and old ties, old predilections, old associations, old prejudices, old friendships. Especially hard to overcome must have been the feeling of dislike to the confession that hitherto we have been in error. To vanquish all these strong objections, the force of truth must have been great indeed. Men do not lightly turn their backs upon their kindred, nor easily forget their father's home. Not for the sake of any vain caprice will they encounter fearful entreaties, bitter reproaches. No foolish whim would ever induce them to acknowledge that they are so very fallible. If, in spite of all these deterring circumstances, the honest man becomes converted, or perverted, or what you will, must we not infer that conviction must have been very, very deep? And if so, no marvel that for the future, the convert is fierce in defense. Most marvelous would it be did he not thus treasure that pearl of great price, for which he has sold all he once had.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SEA DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A CITY clerk, but gently born and bred;
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years
old;

They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the
sea:

For which his gains were docked, however
small:

His gains were small, and hard his work; be-
sides,

Their slender household fortunes (for the man
Had risked his little) like the little thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,
And that one unctuous mouth which lured him,
rogue,

To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gained a
coast,

All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,
At close of day; slept, woke, and went the
next,

The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,
To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed:
For sideways up he swung his arms, and
shrieked

"Thus, thus with violence," even as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great Angel; "Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;
Then comes the close." The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world;
He at his own: but when the wordy storm
Had ended, forth they moved and paced the
sand,

Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce be-
lieved

(The sootflake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies) that they saw the sea.
So now on sand they walked, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Until the sails were darkened in the west
And rosed in the east: then homeward and to
bed:

Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"
Said, "Love, forgive him:" but he did not
speak;

And silenced by that silence lay the wife,

Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost
rocks

Touching, upjetted in spirits of wild sea-smoke,
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs
Heard through the living roar. At this the
babe,

Their Margaret, cradled near them, wailed and
woke

The mother, and the father suddenly cried,
"A wreck, a wreck!" then turned, and groan-
ing said:

"Forgive! How many will say, 'Forgive,'
and find

A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer! No; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.
It is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a riper first;
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.
Ah! love, there surely lives in man and beast
Something divine to warn them of their foes:
And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,
Said, 'Trust him not;' but after, when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less;
Fought with what seemed my own uncharity;
Sat at his table; drank his costly wines;
Made more and more allowance for his talk;
Went further, fool! and trusted him with all,
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years
Of dust and desk-work: there is no such mine,
None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,
Not making. Ruined! ruined! the sea roars
Ruin: a fearful night!"

"Not fearful; fair,"
Said the good wife, "if every star in heaven
Can make it fair: you do but hear the tide.
Had you ill dreams?"

"Oh! yes," he said, "I dreamed
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from out the boundless outer deep
Swept with it to the shore, and entered one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness: then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. 'What a world,' I thought,
'To live in!' but in moving on I found

Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond :
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pickaxe in her hand : then out I slipped
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings :
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me."

"That was then your dream," she said,
"Not sad but sweet."

"So sweet, I lay," said he,
"And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced
The broken vision; for I dreamed that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walked upon the brink :
I wondered at her strength, and asked her of it :
'It came,' she said, 'by working in the mines :'
Oh ! then to ask her of my shares, I thought ;
And asked ; but not a word ; she shook her
head.

And then the motion of the current ceased,
And there was rolling thunder ; and we reached
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns ;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trode out a path : I followed ; and at top
She pointed seaward : there a fleet of glass,
That seemed a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine : right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seemed gold : and I was glad at first
To think that in our often ransacked world
Still so much gold was left ; and then I feared
Lest that gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off ;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have died to save it) neared,
Touched, clinked, and clashed, and vanished,
and I woke,

I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life ; the woman honest Work ;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wrecked on a reef of visionary gold."

"Nay," said the kindly wife to comfort him,
"You raised your arm, you tumbled down and
broke

The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it ;
And, breaking that, you made and broke your
dream :

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks."

"No trifle," groaned the husband ; "yester-
day

I met him suddenly in the street, and asked
That which I asked the woman in my dream.
Like her, he shook his head. 'Show me the
books !'

He dodged me with a long and loose account.
'The books, the books !' but he, he could not
wait,

Bound on a matter he of life and death :

When the great Books (see Daniel seven, the
tenth)

Were opened, I should find he meant me well ;
And then began to boast himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest

friend,
Have faith, have faith ! We live by faith,'
said he ;

'And all things work together for the good
Of those'—it makes me sick to quote him—last
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you
went.

I stood like one that had received a blow :

I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his God-bless-you : then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

"Was he so bound, poor soul?" said the
good wife ;

"So are we all : but do not call him, love,
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, for-
give.

His gain is loss ; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned :
And that drags down his life : then comes what
comes

Hereafter : and he meant, he said he meant,
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well."

"'With all his conscience and one eye
askew'—

Love, let me quote these lines, that you may
learn

A man is likewise counsel for himself,
Too often, in that silent court of yours—
'With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true ;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crow's-foot round his eye ;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain ;
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snake-like slined his victim ere he gorged ;
And oft at Bible meetings, over the rest
Arising, did his holy oily best,
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the word by which himself had
thriven.'

How like you this old satire ?'

"Nay," she said,

"I loathe it : he had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind.
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
But will you hear my dream, for I had one
That altogether went to music? still,
It awed me. Well—I dreamed that round the
north

A light, a belt of luminous vapor, lay,

And ever in it a low musical note
Swelled up and died; and, as it swelled, a ridge
Of breaker came from out the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reached a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that
Which lived within the belt) by which I saw
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one: and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt and swelled again
To music: ever when it broke I saw
The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall;
Then from the gaps of ruin which it left
Came men and women in dark clusters round,
Some crying: "Set them up! they shall not
fall!"

And others: "Let them lie, for they have fallen."
And still they strove and wrangled: and I
grieved

In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find
Their wildest wailings never out of tune
With that sweet note; and ever when their
shrieks

Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, though none marked it, on the crowd
Broke, mixed with awful light, and showed their
eyes

Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deeps together: and I fixt
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crowned with stars and high among the
stars—

The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of the dark minster-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mixt with little Margaret's, and I woke,
And my dream awed me: well—but what are
dreams?

Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,
And mine but from the crying of a child."

"Child? No!" said he, "but this tide's roar,
and his,

Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,
And loud-lunged Antibabylonianism
(Although I grant but little music there)
Went both to make your dream: but were
there such

A music, harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dreamed about,
Why, that would make our Passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician. No—
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of
heaven:

True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune
With nothing but the Devil!"

"'True' indeed!

One of our town, but later by an hour
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the
shore;

While you were running down the sands, and
made

The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,
Good man, to please the child: she brought
strange news.

I would not tell you then to spoil your day,
But he, at whom you rail so much, is dead."

"Dead? who is dead?"

"The man your eye pursued.

A little after you had parted with him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease."

"Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had
he

To die of? dead!"

"Ah! dearest, if there be

A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough
voice

(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep
Without her 'little birdie?' well then, sleep,
And I will sing you 'birdie.'"

Saying this,

The woman half turned round from him she
loved,

Left him one hand, and reaching through the
night

Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half-embraced the basket-cradled head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, swayed
The cradle, while she sang this baby song:

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

"She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear
And I shall sleep the sounder!"

Then the man:

"His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:
I do forgive him!"

"Thanks, my love," she said,

"Your own will be the sweeter," and they slept.

From the London Review.

RECENT RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.*

WE say, then, that in principles, in process, and in results, (so far as time permits of their development,) the identity of the recent revivals with that of the last century is manifest. Hence we are disposed gratefully to regard them as being to the cause of truth and righteousness in our day what that was in the day of our forefathers—the opening of a new era of life and beneficent victory. The revival of last century was the answer to the infidel cry of the day, that Christianity was to be swept away, to make place for the new empire of reason. In our time a quieter but more subtle infidelity was telling of the advanced age, the decrepitude, and ultimate demise of our blessed religion. Her commission was almost expiring; her sword had no edge to pierce the well-tempered armor of modern foes. Soon her old Book, instead of being her charter of universal empire, would be the curiosity of her successors, and her pulpit remembered as the oracle of Delphi, as the liturgies of Thebes, or else occupied by brighter substitutes, who even, already, under the names of “philosophy,” “literature,” “spirit of the age,” had to some considerable extent replaced her. Has an answer to all this been begun? such as, if its accents do not falter, will drown the voice of all her enemies, and make her call to repentance, her Hallelujah of triumph, sound alternately like trumpet and diapason, till the world arises to sing with her in chorus?

The deadliest argument of modern infidelity was the practical one drawn from the social condition of Christendom. We were reminded of our godless and miserable crowds, festering, forgotten in the large cities which Christianity had long called her own—of the vile sensuality which in fair rural districts reveled to the music of church-bells—of the crimes of the low, the frauds of the middle, and the excesses of the higher class. Would a religion sent from heaven to save men

from their sins have left them, after all these years, in such a condition? This is an argument to which there was but one answer: Let Christianity save the people from their sins! Paper answers went no way here. When Napoleon wrote a dispatch from Waterloo, announcing that he had defeated Wellington, of what use would have been a dispatch in reply? The only answer possible was to defeat him. Do we already hear the first accents of the answer to the question: Why Christendom was not regenerated? How many have exclaimed within the last year, when looking around on their own neighborhoods: “I never saw before how the world could be converted!”

Those who object to revivals of religion fasten on the violent impressions which are made on people's minds; and look on the burning sense of sinfulness whereof they complain, as not only unnecessary, but highly objectionable. We write only for those who believe in sin—in the actual crossing of two wills, the one in the right, the other in the wrong; the one in authority saying, “Thou shalt not;” the other, in dependence, yet saying, “I will!”—the one saying, “Thou shalt;” the other answering, “I will not!”—the one backed with almighty power; the other by no resources but those drawn from the patient bounty of Him it disobeys. The crossing of wills, up to the point of breaking express commands, is never a slight matter. He is heartless who, even in ordinary human relations, acts as if it were. Whose sleep would not be broken, whose breast not filled with pangs, if a long course of offenses against a powerful benefactor or a worthy parent were suddenly brought to mind? And where the relation is so close, that “in him we live, and move, and have our being”—our debt so unmeasured that it includes all we are, have, or can hope for; and yet the distance so great that we are unable “to make one hair white or black,” and he is God—is it possible that a life-long course of neglects and offenses can be

* Continued from page 407.

brought to our view in such a light as the Spirit of God would show them in, without filling the soul of man with anguish? The wonder is not that persons cry out. If a light truly divine shows them their sins, as seen from above, is it not wonderful that they can do any thing else? David was no weakling; yet there are no tales of revival penitence which can not be told in his words. The spirit of Luther was strong; yet what horror fell upon it in his days of conviction! Bunyan was not feeble-minded; yet what sloughs and burning mountains, what loads and woes, was his soul made acquainted with! Sin is exceeding sinful; and happy they who see it most clearly, while yet there is room for repentance.

In a village visited by the revival, we heard this statement given by a rough young man. His fellow-workers, his overseers, the manager, and the proprietor of the establishment where he worked, were all present. He said, in substance: "Friends, I need not tell you what I was. You all know me. You know I was a 'curser,' a drunkard, a cock-fighter, a dog-fighter, a card-player, and every thing that was bad. I often played cards on a Sunday; and sometimes slept with them under my head, for fear my father would take them away. When this work began, I mocked it. I did not care whether it was from God or the devil; but I mocked it. One day I was passing such a one's door," (naming the person,) "and I thought I would go in and see if there was any praying going on. I found Nancy — and another girl praying; and I mocked them. But I had not been long there before I felt something, and thought I had been too long. Then I went away up to some of my comrades here; and I swore a great 'curse' against their souls, and asked if they would not come and hear that praying, the most wonderful praying ever they heard in their lives. But they wouldn't come. Then I swore another oath against my own soul, and said I would go down and hear that praying. I hadn't been there long before I felt again I had been too long, and I was wanting to go away. But I could not go away. Something kept me. And then the Lord struck me! O friends! it was dreadful! I was in a horrible pit! All my sins came 'fore-nest' me," [that is, 'right before my eyes.'] I couldn't get rid of them. They

were all there; and the cards, and especially them I had played on Sunday! Oh! it was terrible! And I was that way for [we forget whether one or two days;] and then the Lord had mercy upon me, and took away my sins, and made my soul happy; and oh! I have been so happy ever since! And so, friends, take warning by me."

Now is there any thing in this to be deplored? If all the "roughs" in the three kingdoms were thus "struck," and laid prostrate for a time; if their voices, instead of bawling oaths or lewdness, did for a day or two bawl supplications for mercy, and then forever after talk gently and purely; would it be a cause of sorrow? And if all the polished sinners of Mayfair had their deeds brought before their eyes, and felt, "oh! it is terrible!" and repented, and sought absolution at the throne of mercy, and brought forth in holy, happy lives fruit meet for repentance, who need grudge if they had to pass through "strong crying and tears?" Who need desire a smoother path for them than that by which this youth was led? For our own part, all we should do as to choosing between silent and quiet penitence, and this overwhelming conviction which makes men cry aloud, would be to say: Whichever God will please to send; only may sinners repent!

A worthy dean* holds up the case of the Prodigal Son, as "a model instance of conversion," in contrast with these attended by such pungent convictions. He affirms "there was nothing to offend the most fastidious taste." But the very reverend preacher forgets that even in that case there was an elder brother, whose sense of propriety was seriously offended; and who was rather hard upon his father's family for being so excited about a conversion which was not sufficiently reputable to satisfy his *taste*. And whenever prodigals have been gathered home, there have been elder brothers who thought the whole proceedings of doubtful propriety. Any excitement that is the pure effect of deep conviction of sin on the part of penitents, is not to be put down. Even if it break out into strong cries, as at Pentecost, so be it. We have seen prayer-meetings where men by force of vociferation and confusion seemed resolved to

* In a Sermon reported in the *Belfast Newsletter*, July 12th, 1859.

excite consciences; and this kind of noise is bad and mischievous. It is quite another thing when men with reverent, sober, but intense and believing zeal, are conducting services; and the sharp instrument that "pricked to the heart" the hearers of Peter again is applied, and those who feel it cry: "What must we do?" We do not say that, in the recent revivals, cases of the former kind have not occurred; but of this we are sure, they have been exceptional, and where there was little felt of extraordinary power from on high.

Another ground of objection is the confident persuasion of being forgiven, which the revival converts commonly, not to say universally, cherish. This is a fact not to be got over. They do preach the Gospel to their friends on the one principle, that they have experienced it to be "the power of God unto salvation." What tales of sons hasting to their parents, to tell how the pardoning love of God made them so happy, that they must urge them to seek it too! of neighbor passing whole nights in prayer for neighbor! of poor creatures, lately at the door of utter destruction, mildly, and with beaming faces, seeking to bring their fellow-sinners to taste the comfort of knowing that God had accepted them! Yes, happiness, bright, singing happiness, in their new-found Saviour, in his love, his forgiveness, his promises, and the hope of eternal glory, is a part of the very life of the new converts. It shines in their eyes, and covers their faces with tranquillity—often with beams of warm light; as if behind that transparency a rare lamp had been kindled. It sets them upon preaching to all, on working for all, on doing any thing they can do to bring all to enjoy what they enjoy. If this happy sense of the favor of God is not a part of Christian life, the revivals are totally condemned.

Another strong objection is against the large numbers affected at a time. Has it been revealed that salvation is a private grant, in which no participation is allowed to nations, to the great bulk of Adam's sinning sons? What is there in the repentance of three thousand to make it less hopeful than that of three? or in that of three millions to make it less hopeful than that of three thousand? Each man is but a man, with the same world of passions encircled in his bosom, whether a multitude or a few unite with him. The Great Voice who made all the nation of

Israel, man, woman, and child, at the same moment hear the law and tremble, was no less Divine than that which spoke to Moses alone. A shower is none the less from heaven because it falls upon a whole range of country at once. Each volunteer now enrolling himself is no less a true man because every town is yielding its band. If righteousness is never to flourish on the earth; if iniquity is always to abound; if the kingdom of God is not to cover and renew the face of the world—then this aversion to the change of multitudes is reasonable. But if all this is to take place, how else can it be effected? Some day or other wonderful things must occur in the way of regenerating society; and why not in our day? It may be that the unaccountable disbelief shown by so many in the practical intention of Christianity as a redemption from sin for the common run of mankind, is now receiving its Divine rebuke. If tokens of the supernatural are not to be entirely withdrawn, some works must be wrought which the common perceptions will trace to a power above that of men. How the change in their neighbors, in tens and hundreds of them near their own doors, has battered down the walls which shut men in from any sense of Divine operation, and opened their hearts to a resistless impression that this is the mighty power of God! And no exhibition of that power is so worthy as that wherein practical effect is given to the mission of Christ, when men who have been "carnal, sold under sin," are released from their life slavery, and, being made free from sin, become servants of God. This is the great standing evidence of Christianity. All other evidences are steps in the argument; this crowns the demonstration. All human consciences will feel, can not help feeling, that a religion which restores multitudes of men to the image of God is from heaven.

Dr. Morgan, one of the most sober and revered clergymen of any church in Ulster, has related, that one morning he was called to visit a family belonging to his own congregation. He found two persons who had been "struck" prostrate, and in deep distress of mind, with their relatives praying about them. When he left that house, he was called to another, where he found just the same state of things. When he left that, a third call, a fourth, and so on, till he had in succession visited twenty houses, in each of which

penitents were crying: "God be merciful to me!" And could he have gone to them, he might have found one hundred houses that day, with persons thus repenting. If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, what joy over such scenes! And surely, surely, this work is not less likely to be from a higher hand than man's, because, instead of such a number being brought to repentance in thirty years, it was in one day!

But are those apparent conversions likely to prove stable? Will not the majority fall away when the excitement subsides? If the majority did, still the gain, as compared with the ordinary progress of religion, would be immense. But is there ground for the idea, so generally prevalent, that persons converted in revivals are less stable than others? Where men "get up" revivals, force an excitement, and tease and hurry persons into professing faith and peace, we should expect instability enough. Where, on the contrary, men are overwhelmed under a Divine influence, and efforts are directed not to raise excitement, but to secure devout order—not to urge a speedy, but to seek a thorough healing of the penitents—then we believe the converts of revivals are not inferior in stability to others; and, as a rule, they have more fervor, and far more faith in the power of grace to renew all hearts. The early Methodists were not an unstable race; and how were they converted? There is not in the mission-field a steadier, more learned, or better body of men than the American missionaries; and yet a very large proportion of them are the fruits of revivals among college boys. The Methodists of West-Cornwall know more of revivals than any other section of British Christians. The social statistics of that district, compared with other mineral districts, speak trumpet-tongued as to the result. Dr. Smith, of Camborne, is a sober and careful witness, and he gives no credit to the alleged instability of revival converts, as compared with others.* On this point we have now been observing and gathering testimonies for many years; and our persuasion is, that little ground exists for the prevalent impression on this head. In fact, all the reasons whereby we half content ourselves with a state of things which leaves the

world, the great, broad world, full of unconverted men, are to be seriously suspected.

So far as the recent revivals are concerned, the results hitherto appear to be wonderfully permanent. But should numerous defections come, let no man's heart fail him! One thing, however, may be laid down with absolute certainty, that young converts will be steady in proportion as they are carefully trained in the study of the Scriptures. "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath;" but is only his breath. We can no more live on breath than without it. We must have daily bread. Prayer for vitality; the word for substance; singing for joy and spirit; fellowship for practical experience! These are the elements of Christian training. The Ulster converts are well taught to study and lay up in their hearts the living words of the holy and blessed Book. All their prayer-meetings, all their social exercises, abound with scriptural teaching. It is in this respect that arrangements for the nurture of new converts, in the various revivals among Methodists, have been most defective. Prayer, the nurse of faith—singing, that of feeling—fellowship, that of social Christian life—have all been called fully to do their office; but the nurse of thought, learning the word of God in quietness and patience, has not been equally regarded.

We now approach what has been the vexed question of the revival—the physical affections. These have been prominent in only one out of the three countries which have all shared in religious excitement, and recorded moral results precisely similar. In America and Wales bodily prostrations have not occurred; in Ireland they have. This fact sweeps off the ground a litter of popular reasons for them; such as the excitability of the Irish temperament, and so on. In America and Wales religious fervor has been common. There, for congregations under the stimulus of powerful feeling to heave, and give voice, is no uncommon thing. Among the people of Ulster it was unknown. Their assemblies were sober as death. Even in Methodist congregations an "Amen" was a rarity. Had any one beforehand been told that the American Methodist Church, and the Ulster Presbyterian one, would both be visited with a wonderful religious excitement, and that probably bodily af-

* *History of Methodism*. Vol. ii. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D.

fections would occur in one of them, which would he have guessed? The mercurial temperament of the Western States to be untouched, and the "cold Presbyterians" to fall smitten like birds by a fowler, would have seemed the most impossible of impossibilities to any man who had witnessed the religious meetings of both. Ulster congregations are far less excitable than American, than Welsh, than English. We do not know Scotch ones well enough to compare them with certainty. And it was not the excitability of Irish temperament which accounted for the bodily affections in Bristol and Kingswood last century, in Scotland in earlier times, or in America and Cornwall at different epochs. Ireland and Ulster are different words, and the people of the latter are not an Irish race. But in all parts of Ireland stillness is characteristic of Protestant religious assemblies. We know a preacher whose voice has been drowned by the outbursts of his audience, both in England and America; but who, in Ireland, never saw more than quiet tears. Yet had the "striking down" occurred in the South, some color would have been given to the idea that national temperament accounted for it; but, occurring in Ulster, that is swept away.

It is, perhaps, not unworthy of remark that, in America and Wales, revivals accompanied with bodily affections had previously occurred; and that, in spite of any feeling against the bodily affection, most religious men were what would elsewhere be called "revivalists." In Ulster, on the other hand, the prevalent feeling was of the opposite kind, and that very strongly. It is here that the physical affections appear.

No means of accounting for such affections is so natural as by sympathy. One person, under deep religious feeling, from constitutional weakness, sinks into a state of prostration; others see it and follow by sympathy, exhibiting much the same symptoms. It is impossible to define limits where the power of sympathy ends. We can allow much, even wonders, and things at first sight unaccountable, to be set down to this cause. But when we face the facts, all the facts of the revival, our faith in the power of sympathy is shaken.

In such affections as have been known in America by the name of "jerks," and elsewhere by similar terms, the distinguishing feature has been *action*; some-

thing in which the *voluntary muscles* (even though, so far as the patient knew, without or against his will) were called into play. The propagation by sympathy of any such movements—of any thing, in fact, that implies action, and may be related to will—is very intelligible. But the characteristic cases of this revival are marked by the opposite physical symptoms. According to all testimony, the effect was prostration, often amounting to insensibility. According to the professional diagnosis of Dr. Carson, "the person affected sinks down with a partial loss of power in all the voluntary muscles."* Of the scientific accuracy of this statement there can be no doubt. It is harder to account for this by sympathy. Sympathy, like strychnine, tends to the voluntary muscles, and those of motion, and any thing they can do may be done through it. But the failure of their power by sympathy is something more difficult to be accounted for. Gesticulation by sympathy is intelligible. Persons throwing themselves off the Monument of London by sympathy, is also believable. Fainting by sympathy, *in the presence* of persons who faint, is likely among women; but paralysis, total or partial, by sympathy, when miles from any one so affected, is, we submit, a much more difficult phenomenon.

After these two reasons comes the physical one, that they are cases of hysteria. The great champion of this view is Archdeacon Stopford. One can not read his pamphlet without loving him. He writes well, and is plainly a warm-hearted, devout man. He is full of good faith, and too outspoken to cover his defect. It is not so much a man's fault as his misfortune, if he has only one eye. But, after all, Belfast is not a city of girls. We do assure Archdeacon Stopford's readers we have seen men in it. Of those men, numbers have been "struck;" and you might as truly, in a medical point of view, call their affection epidemic colic, as epidemic hysteria. An old woman in that town gave it another name. Dr. H— had been sent for in haste to her daughter, who "was taken very bad." Before seeing his patient, he asked what was the matter: "Och, sure, sir," said the mother,

* The voluntary muscles (in sympathy with the voluntary nerves) carry out the impulse of the mind; the nerves of sensation, on the contrary, convey information or impulses to the mind.

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"In hysteria we have *the ball in the throat* as a prominent symptom; but nothing whatever of the kind in the revival. In hysteria we have laughing and crying at the same instant, or in succession; nothing whatever of the kind in the revival: but an overwhelming, intense, and earnest anxiety in supplicating mercy for the soul. In hysteria there are convulsive movements of the extremities, which I have never seen in the revival, as the person affected sinks down with a partial loss of power in all the voluntary muscles. There is one other fact, however, to be mentioned, which, of itself alone, is sufficient to convince any rational man that the cases are not identical. Hysteria is *almost entirely confined to the female sex*. This is a point beyond dispute. It is very common in the female, but *so extremely rare* in the male, that the late Dr. Hooper, and the present Dr. Watson, of London, in their immense practice, have seen only *three cases* each, which they could at all compare to hysteria, and these cases occurred in debilitated subjects. I have been twenty-one years in practice, and have never yet seen a case of hysteria in the male subject, either old or young. Unlike hysteria, it occurs chiefly amongst the lower or middle classes of society, who are obliged to earn their subsistence by their daily labor. It is to be found as readily amongst the hardy inhabitants of country parishes and mountain districts, as in towns and cities. If all ages are included, there are very nearly as many males affected by it as females. I have seen and known of an immense number of instances in which the strongest, stoutest, and most vigorous, healthy, and lion-hearted men in the country have been struck down like children, and have called, with the most agonizing entreaties, for mercy for their souls. How could all this be hysteria? Would any medical practitioner disgrace himself by saying it was? Even if he were so very thoughtless as to do so, how could he account for the fact that more cases of the revival have occurred in the *MALE* subject in *one town*, within *three months*, than are to be found, under the head of masculine hysteria, in the whole records of medicine, over the whole world, since the days of Hippocrates?"—Pp. 8, 9.

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The disease may become more or less violent and fatal in its character; but it *never* loses its *distinctive* symptoms. This is, in the very nature of things, an utter impossibility. The moment the *distinctive* marks cease, the *identity* ceases. Every disease has a given number of features, by which it is usually known. Some of these may occasionally be absent, but they are never all absent—some of the *leading* features are *invariably* present. For example, it is possible that scarlatina might exist, although the eruption failed to come out on the skin; but no man on earth ever saw a case of scarlatina where there was neither eruption on the skin nor redness in the throat. Such a thing never happened. Further, the presence or absence of one or more symptoms does not depend, in the slightest degree, upon the isolated or epidemic form of the disease. Typhus fever will be typhus fever, whether there be one case or a thousand. It will have its distinctive marks in the one case as certainly as in the other, and *vice versa*. The same holds good with regard to cholera, small-pox, measles, scarlatina, and all other diseases. There is not even the shadow of an apology for supposing that hysteria, which has now stood the test of ages, could change its character in the way some people seem to imagine. It could no more make a change of this description, and continue to be hysteria, than I could lose my essential personal qualities, and still continue to be the same individual."—Pp. 15, 16.

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Another class consists of those who, feeling conscious of "something coming over them," resolve to resist it, and leave the place or company where they may be, but yet are overcome. This is a very common occurrence. We remember hearing a sedate man, between thirty and forty, of lymphatic temperament and good muscle, with a quiet voice and strong bust, who had been a Unitarian, say that, when something passed through his frame, that he had never felt the like of before, he set his will against it, got up and left the chapel; but in the open air he fell down, and had to cry for mercy. Another, a Roman Catholic, about twenty-five, a bony, tall, dark-haired artisan, said, "that something went through his body, while he was at work;" but he was able to hold up for some time. He resolved to drink it off. After taking three glasses, (and he said, "Those that know me, can tell that eight would hardly make me unsteady,") he tried to get home, but could not drag his limbs. Then came the crisis. "I was struck; and won't say what state I was in, for twenty-four hours: them that visited me can tell."

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by the plow, as if a rifleman had hit him. In another, a farmer going home from the market counting his money, is laid on the road, and his coins scattered far and wide. Here is a case related by the Rev. John Baillie, which, from its resemblance to what we heard in the neighborhood, we believe occurred in Aboghill:

"There was a boy whom the whole community used to know as 'one of the most wicked and abandoned characters that ever troubled a place.' Cursing and blasphemy seemed a kind of second nature to him; he was a mocker of all prayer, and used to mimic the cries of poor awakened sinners. One Sunday, in particular, he stationed himself near the church as the people were assembling for worship, and, in language of the grossest obscenity, reviled each as he passed in. 'Ha! ha!' he cried to one, 'the devil will get hold of you to-day!' To others he said: 'Run fast, or you'll not get the touch.' Within an hour he was struck to the earth as by a thunderbolt, falling prostrate and senseless upon the very scene of his iniquity. It was at first supposed that he had been summoned to final retribution at the bar of the Omnipotent; but the visitation was in mercy, not in judgment. Animation was restored, and with it came the soul-piercing stings of an awakened conscience. His despair was exhibited in words and gestures too horrible for description. But Jesus drew the prodigal to his feet; the dead one was alive again,—the lost one found."

In this case the mind was evidently turned to the revival; but take another, for the facts of which we are responsible. A man of forty years of age, dark-haired, five feet eight inches high, twelve stones in weight, of firm visage and good head, is visited on the Tuesday afternoon. He has been up that day; but is now lying on his bed, still weak; he was struck on Friday morning. How did it happen? "I was working in the loft," a large open apartment in a linen-bleaching establishment, "and I was struck." He is reserved, disposed to say little. "Of course, you had been thinking a good deal about your soul before?" "No, indeed, sir." "But you had felt concern about your salvation?" "So far from that, sir, I was thinking bad thoughts at the moment." On surprise being expressed, and a desire shown to find a clue to previous mental exercises: "Well, sir, to tell you the truth, that morning I had had one glass of whisky already, and was then just scheming how I could get the children to

get me another, unknown to Mary—that is, the wife." "And what then?" "Why, then I was struck." "And after you were struck, what did you feel?" "I knew nothing till I found myself in the hands of the other men; and I was calling upon the Lord to save me from that pit. They say it was five minutes."

Here we pause only to remark on the single feature common to all cases of "striking;" and that is, the "calling upon the Lord." As unfailing as an instinct this appears in every case of persons wounded by this mysterious sword. In one hot and thronged room we watched for cases, saying: "If it be hysteria, this is the place." Presently we saw one falling; there was a slight, very slight movement; and a quiet whisper: "It's only weak she is!" Afterwards, a gentleman said: "How instantly these converts distinguish between a case of 'striking down,' and fainting, or hysterics! You saw that young woman. I thought she was struck. They said, 'No,' she only fainted with the heat. 'How did you know?' 'Sure, as she was sinking, she asked for her sister.'" This meant to say, that whoever was struck, never thought of human help; but of the soul, and of its Saviour alone.

Another case was as follows: A young woman, of good character, was in the "lapping-room," with a number of work-fellows. She declares that she had not attended revival meetings, nor had her mind turned to religious subjects. They were discussing a point likely to fix and fill the thoughts of a set of young women,—their spring dresses. She said it seemed as if something passed down her spine. She fell, was carried home, and remained in a state of complete prostration, yet sensible of what went on around her. When persons prayed with her, she seemed resolved not to be converted. One day, two ministers were together by her bedside. The same feeling of opposition to religion still struggled in her mind. But at length they sang the hymn:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

As they went on, a change passed over her, and when they came to the line:

"Crown him Lord of all!"

she broke from her deep prostration, clapped her hands with joy, and sang:

"Crown him, crown him Lord of all!"

A gentleman who heard this stated by the clergyman to whom she related it, said: "Watch that young lady." For six months she has been watched, and she walks in the new path into which she was thus strangely called.

As to modes of accounting for all this, the idea that it was got up on the part of preachers, and affected on that of patients, soon went to the winds. The natural explanations of temperament and hysteria fail. That of sympathy is shift and insufficient, an easy escape from a real problem. Two explanations remain: First, the one generally adopted on the spot; that the affection is a direct messenger of God, as much as a pestilence or famine. If so, is it by a physical agent, as an epidemic, or by a simple impulse of the supreme will on the frame? Persons generally do not care to inquire. They argue, it is not fictitious, it is not diabolical, it is not natural; then it must be divine. Where its physical cause begins is little matter to them; God's hand sends and directs it. This we take to be a fair statement of the popular view in the "revival districts."

The moral design of the affections, judged in this point of view, is taken to be two-fold: as to the individual, as to the community. To the former it is a call, such as a special affliction; to the latter, a sign of supernatural powers, a remembrancer of invisible things. Nothing is more common than to hear good men say, that just as the Lord may send a fever, or an accident, to lay a man low, and call him to think of his soul, so he sends this affection. And again, that so great is the indisposition of men to believe in any thing spiritual, and so strong the impression of physical appearances which force into the mind a belief in an invisible cause, that in mercy to human dullness and weakness the Lord may thus sound a peculiar alarm. On this point, Dr. Carson, one of the most intelligent physicians in the north of Ireland, thus writes:

"Why, simply to excite such a degree of attention to spiritual matters as, *humanly speaking*, could not be done by any other means. No person but the man who has witnessed them could have any idea of the awful effects produced on the public mind by a number of revival cases. A scene like the one which took place on the night in which the new hall in Coleraine was first filled with these cases, has perhaps never been equaled in the world. It was so like the day of judgment, when sinners will be call-

ing on the mountains and the rocks to hide them from the storm of God's wrath, that it struck terror to the heart of the most hardened and obdurate sinner. The whole town was in a state of alarm, business was forgotten, and the revival was the only subject of conversation. A French invasion could not have produced so great a panic. I have been present at executions; I have seen much of the accumulated misery of bodily disease and mental distress; but I never in my life saw any thing to be compared, for one moment, to the harassing scenes in the Coleraine Town Hall. It would be quite impossible to imagine any agency more powerful for drawing the attention of men to the state of their souls. I heard many people mocking and scoffing, before that night, about the revival; but when I saw the same parties examining the cases in the Town Hall, their mocking was at an end, and they looked like criminals whose hour was at hand. No other sort of a revival could have had the same effects. If one half of the inhabitants of Coleraine had been converted in a minute, in the ordinary way, the other half would not have believed it—they would have laughed at it as a vision. It would have had no effect upon them. In truth, the people of England do not yet believe that the people of Ireland are being converted, because they have not witnessed the scenes which have occurred. But if they had one hour of the revival, they would soon change their tune. Their skepticism would speedily vanish. When I heard of the revival being at Ballymena, I did not believe it. I even went the length of saying it would soon be stopped in its progress by the coldness, formality, and narrow-minded bigotry and sectarianism of Coleraine. My skepticism on the subject, which was very great, all vanished in a night. Wherever the physical manifestations broke out, in town or country, they put terror into the heart of all who saw them, and at once convinced the onlooker that there was a great reality in them, let them be explained as they might. Deception was considered to be out of the question. No person who witnessed it could doubt the reality. One case in each end of a parish would set the whole parish in a state of excitement."—Pp. 12, 13.

The other view is that presented best by Dr. McCosh, in his masterly and judicious paper—namely, that the bodily affection is simply the result of a sudden shock of mind, as when he saw a woman fall into convulsions by witnessing the shipwreck of her son; or others, by learning from the Doctor's own lips, that the husbands whose return from sea they were awaiting, were lying in the sailor's grave.

"Now, suppose that these same persons had been assembled to hear the preaching of the word, and that by a gracious movement of the Spirit of God they had been led to see their sin in its true colors, I apprehend that precisely similar bodily, or, as they should be called, phy-

siological, effects would have followed, and that these would have varied according to the nature, and depth, and intensity of the sorrow for sin cherished, and according to the peculiar temperament of the individual."—Page 4.

As respects the amount of divine agency concerned in the affection, this explanation does not, as it seems to us, differ from the other; though it does as to the kind of that agency. Here it is purely spiritual. But, on this explanation, the spiritual operation is assumed to be of greater force than on the other. By a purely spiritual agent, the mind must have set before it a purely spiritual danger, as plainly as the physical horror of the struggling ship was presented to the mother's mind by the physical agency of light and the eye. Moreover, this danger has been heard of, and in a certain sense believed in, for a long time. No announcement of any thing new has been made. It is old ideas turned into perceptions, old names and notions suddenly turned into beings and things; all within the soul, all by a light directly Divine, and with such a power upon the emotions, that the frame feels it in all its members.

If so, He who knows our frame, and with his own hand strung every chord which is ready to vibrate under the sound of his still small voice, knows as well the effect upon that frame of the impression he is about to make, as any bearer of the tidings to families of shipwrecked men would know that he must witness here tears, there stupefaction, and elsewhere fainting or convulsions. Therefore, both as to the amount of Divine operation, and as to the fact that its natural result must enter into the design of him who directs it, the theory of Dr. McCosh is not a whit less spiritual than the other. In one sense it is more so. It has many advantages; it is simpler, and more easily accords with our highest ideas of the workings of the Divine Spirit upon the human mind, and the connection between the latter and its body.

But we confess that—though Dr. McCosh's explanation is the same as we had adopted before we saw and investigated facts—we read it, after that process, with one qualification to our profound admiration and general concurrence. It did not clear up the question: Does every case of physical affection admit of this explanation? Is it always preceded by the mental awakening? We do not

mean those sudden cases which occur in a meeting where other cases have preceded them; these might be by sympathy. But in every case of a person struck down at home, on the road, in the field, at work, or (strange as it may sound) in bed; was there an antecedent mental view of the soul's danger? This point is not cleared up by Dr. McCosh. So far as the testimony of some of the persons concerned goes, it is that the bodily affection as surely preceded and produced the inward alarm, as Dr. McCosh's voice in the case of the sailors' widows. They felt God's hand laid on their body, and cried out for salvation. Such is the account of their case, rendered to many by their own consciousness. We know how insufficient that test is, in such a matter; for not one man in a million could be trusted correctly to recall the sequence of emotions through which he passed at such a crisis. Here comes the question: Are the symptoms such as mental distress would account for? In numberless cases they are. But in all? in the sudden and the characteristic cases? Here the denial of Dr. Carson is strong. He says: "Whatever I may have been disposed to think at first, I am now fully satisfied that the symptoms of a revival case do not correspond to the effects which are manifested as the result of mere mental impressions. The unearthly tone of the intense, melancholy, and subdued entreaties for the soul, and the partial prostration of muscular power, are very different indeed from the wild and indefinite screams and convulsive paroxysms which arise from sudden mental anguish, in connection with great temporal distress. . . . Besides, if the prostrations were owing to mere mental excitement, they would invariably be found, in the same sort of constitutions, wherever the same sort and amount of excitement was in operation."

Another difficulty in the way of believing the extraordinary influence to be wholly on the mind, is that all the inward effects, accompanied with the same moral results, have taken place in thousands of cases where the outward show has only been a downcast countenance, a flood of tears, or ordinary signs of sorrow, without that failing of the body's functions, which in Ulster is called being "struck down," and in Cornwall has often been called being "taken down." The facts will not admit the explanation, that all the

persons prostrated were those most likely to be so by natural constitution.

Another material point is this, that while thousands have been converted in the places most visited with cases of prostration without that affection, many of

those who have undergone it have proved unconverted after all; have come out of it without the clear sense of God's favor, and been like many who in sickness call upon the Lord, and on recovery forget him.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MACAULAY AS A BOY.

DESCRIBED IN TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HANNAH MORE.

THE originals of the two following letters are in the possession of the Rev. Arthur Roberts, Woodrising Rectory, Norfolk. Mr. Roberts inherited them from his father, William Roberts, Esq., a friend of Hannah More, and the author of the *Memoirs of her Life and Correspondence*, which appeared in four volumes in 1834. Among the numerous letters of Hannah More included in that work are several addressed to Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay; but the two following letters, then omitted by the biographer, are now published for the first time.

To understand the letters, the reader has to fancy Hannah More as she was in the years 1812-14, residing, at the age of nearly seventy, at Barley Wood, near Bristol. To this neighborhood (pleasant to her as that of her birth and her early associations) she had retired many years before, leaving the literary world of London, but carrying with her all the celebrity she had there acquired, and her ample store of recollections of Johnson, Burke, Walpole, Garrick, and the other notables of the eighteenth century. A living link between that past Johnsonian era and the new men and interests of the nineteenth century, she was still adding occasional new publications to the long series of her writings which had begun while Johnson was alive to dispense praise and blame; but much of her time was occupied in correspondence on religious, moral, and philanthropic subjects with eminent persons of the day—bishops, politicians, and others—who either liked to exchange views with her, or sought

her advice and the influence of her name in matters in which they were concerned. Among her friends was Zachary Macaulay, then a man of between forty and fifty years of age, but already for the last fourteen or sixteen years known (as he was to continue to be known during the rest of his life) as a conspicuous member of that group of religious philanthropists and anti-slavery politicians to which Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton belonged. From Mr. Roberts' *Memoirs of Hannah More* it appears that Zachary Macaulay was one of her correspondents as early as 1796. What may have given greater intimacy to the friendship then already formed was that the lady whom Zachary Macaulay married about that time was a Miss Sarah Mills, who had been a favorite pupil of Hannah More while yet she and her sisters kept a ladies' school in Bristol—a school celebrated in its day as the best ladies' school in the West of England. For this reason as well as for others, Hannah More seems to have taken an unusual interest in the fortunes of the Macaulay family; and from the twenty-fifth of October, 1800—on which day her former pupil presented Zachary with the son who was afterwards to be so famous—little Tom Macaulay seems to have been often in her thoughts. She had probably seen him occasionally in infancy and early childhood; she could regard him as derivatively, or by only one remove, a pupil of her own; for till his thirteenth year Lord Macaulay seems to have been educated entirely at home and chiefly by his mother; and there may have been correspondence between the anxious mother

and so high an educational authority as Mrs. More, respecting the little fellow's training. At all events, before the year 1812, the boy must have been well known to Hannah More both personally and by reports of him from his parents, and must have been not only a great pet of hers, but really remarkable to her as a little prodigy of acquisition. So much is implied in the letters which we proceed to quote.

The first is dated "August seven, 1812," at which time the boy was eleven years and nine months old. A question it seems had then arisen with his parents as to the place and manner of his farther education; and his father, inclining, on the whole, to the plan of placing him as a day-scholar at Westminster School, had written to consult Hannah More. Here is her reply:

"MY DEAR SIR: I snatch the occasion of Mr. R. Grant being here to convey a line under his cover, so that it must be a hurrying one. As far as my poor judgment goes, it appears to me that, if all other things can be brought to suit, you can not do better than adopt the plan of which you have conceived the idea, of removing to Westminster for the purpose of placing Tom at school there *by day*. It is only with this limitation that I should think it a safe measure. Throwing boys headlong into those great public schools always puts me in mind of the practice of the Scythian mothers, who threw their new-born infants into the river; the greater part perished, but the few who possessed great natural strength, and who were worth saving, came out with additional vigor from the experiment. Yours, like Edwin, 'is no vulgar boy,' and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with any thing but kings. Such a place as Westminster School (with the safeguard of the paternal hearth during all the intervals of study) will tie down his roving mind, and pin his desultory pursuits to a point. At present, conscious that he has no rival worthy to break a lance with him, he may not pursue the severer parts of study with sufficient ardor, sure as he must be of comparative success. Next to religion, there is no such drill to the mind, no such tamer, as

the hard study and discipline of these schools. In all other respects, I think sufficiently ill of them. Nor would I, for all the advantages which the intellect may obtain, throw his pure and uncorrupted mind into such a scene of danger. Your having him to sleep at home, as well as to inspect in the evenings, I trust will, with the blessing of God, protect him from all mischief of this sort. I never saw any one bad propensity in him; nothing except natural frailty and ambition inseparable perhaps from such talents and so lively an imagination; he appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted, and affectionate. I observed *you* have a great ascendancy over him. Your presence restrained the vehemence of his eloquence without shutting up his frankness or impairing his affection. You are quite his oracle; I trust you will always preserve this influence. I observed with pleasure that though he was quite wild till the ebullitions of his muse were discharged, he thought no more of them afterwards than the ostrich is said to do of her eggs after she has laid them.

"Our love to Mrs. M. and Tom, and pray tell the latter that the huntsman, or whipper-in, I am not certain which, of Childe Hugh* is actually dead of the injury he received from falling into the cauldron in which he boils the meat for the hounds. If he was, as we are told, the instrument of Sir Hugh's vengeance, it is a very awful providence. I suppose your young bard will lay hold of it for a second *fit*. I wish he would correct the other, and send it me in a legible [form]. Tell him I have been dining at Mr. Davis', and he is to dine here on Friday. I have told him what a champion Tom is in his cause. I read to him Tom's fable, which I inclose.

"Yours, my dear Sir,
"Very sincerely,
"H. MORE.

"BARLEY WOOD, August 7, 1812."

From independent information, we are able to add that the boy did not go to Westminster School, (in which case that school would have had another great name to add to that long list of her ornaments which includes Camden, Ben. Jonson, George Herbert, Cowley, Dryden, and Cowper,) but was sent to a select

* Probably some poem of the boy's, which his father had sent for Hannah More to look at.

private academy, kept by the Rev. Matthew M. Preston, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, at Shelford, near Cambridge. It was probably during one of the vacations at this academy that he paid the visit to Hannah More at Barley Wood, which is referred to in the second letter. The letter, which is very striking and full of detail, bears unfortunately only the date "twenty-first July," without the year being named; but, from internal evidence, it seems to refer to a slightly more advanced stage of Macaulay's boyhood than the preceding, and Mr. Roberts has furnished us with grounds for thinking that the year was 1814. If so, Macaulay had not quite completed his fourteenth year when it was written. He had been staying for some weeks under Hannah More's roof, and is on the point of departing, when she thus conveys to his father her impressions of him.

"MY DEAR SIR: I wanted Tom to write to-day, but as he is likely to be much engaged with a favorite friend, and I shall have no time to-morrow, I scribble a line. This friend is a sensible youth at Woolwich: he is qualifying for the Artillery. I overheard a debate between them on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals. The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Harry Savile's notion that the poets are the best writers next to those who write prose. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper. He recited *all Palestine*,* while we breakfasted, to our pious friend Mr. Whalley, at my desire, and did it incomparably. I was pleased with his delicacy in one thing. You know the Italian poets, like the French, too much indulge in the profane habit of attesting the Supreme Being; but without any hint from me, whenever he comes to the sacred name, he reverently passes it over. I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and, what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination. I like too that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and

that the *child* is still preserved; I like to see him as boyish as he is studious, and that he is as much amused with making a pat of butter as a poem. Though loquacious, he is very docile, and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing any thing when he saw we did not approve it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gayety and rationality in his conversation. It was a pretty trait of him yesterday: being invited to dine abroad, he hesitated, and then said: 'No; I have so few days, that I will give them all to you.' And he said to-day at dinner, when speaking of his journey: 'I know not whether to think on my departure with most pain or pleasure—with most kindness for my friends, or affection for my parents.'

"Sometimes we converse in ballad rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at tea we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. I encourage him to live much in the open air; this, with great exercise on these airy summits, I hope will invigorate his body; though this frail body is sometimes tired, the spirits are never exhausted. He is, however, not sorry to be sent to bed soon after nine; and seldom stays to our supper.

"A new poem is produced less incorrect than its predecessors—it is an excellent satire on radical reform, under the title of *Clodpole and the Quack Doctor*. It is really good. I am glad to see that they are thrown by as soon as they have been once read, and he thinks no more of them. He has very quick perceptions of the beautiful and the defective in composition. I received your note last night, and Tom his humbling one.* I tell him he is incorrigible in the way of tidiness. The other day, talking of what were the symptoms of a gentleman, he said with some humor, and much good humor, that he had certain infallible marks of one, which were neatness, love of cleanliness, and delicacy in his person. I know not when I have written so long a scrawl, but I thought you and his good mother would

* Heber's poem of that name.

* Mr. Roberts informs us that in 1814 Zachary Macaulay set his son to make the Index to vol. xiii. of the *Christian Observer*; and the "humbling" note received by Tom at Barley Wood, may have been the order for this task, accompanied by a paternal lecture on tidiness and exactitude.

feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. I hope it will please God to prosper his journey, and restore him in safety to you. Let us hear of his arrival.

"Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"H. MORE.

"BARLEY WOOD, 21st July.

"P. S.—To-morrow we go to Bristol."

In 1814, Mr. Preston removed from Shelford to Aspeden, near Herts, taking young Macaulay and his other pupils with him. A fellow-pupil of Lord Macaulay's at Aspeden, from 1815 onwards, informs us that here he was the same studious, extraordinary boy, that Hannah More had found him—rather largely-built than otherwise, but not fond of any of the ordinary physical sports of boys; with a disproportionately large head, slouching or stopping shoulders, and a whitish or pallid complexion; incessantly reading or writing, and often reading or repeating poetry in his walks with companions. The same fellow-pupil has favored us with the following verses, carried in his memory yet, as written by young Macaulay for the entertainment of the school. The persons named were men then of note in the world of public gossip—Marsh being the bishop of that name; Coates the famous Romeo Coates; Bennett an aristocratic prison-reformer, and Lewis Way (we suppose) some advocate of Jewish rights.

"Each, says the proverb, has his taste. 'Tis true:

Marsh loves a controversy; Coates a play;
Bennett a felon; Lewis Way a Jew;
The Jew the silver spoons of Lewis Way;
The Gipsy Poetry, to own the truth,
Has been *my* love through childhood, and in youth."

From Mr. Preston's academy, Macaulay proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1818, from which date the steps of his career are well known. His father died May thirteen 1838, having lived to see his son a public man. Hannah More had departed this life five years before, (1833,) at the age of eighty-eight—having seen her young prodigy making her predictions good. It is pleasant to add that Lord Macaulay cherished a warm recollection of Hannah More, and used to acknowledge his obligations to her, and the influence she had had in directing his reading, and that as late

as 1852, when himself driving as an invalid past the house near Clifton where she had spent her last years after quitting Barley Wood, he pointed out the house to a friend, (our informant,) and spoke of her with affection. One ought to remember also that, through Hannah More, as through a second memory, Macaulay had a more vivid tradition of the English literary society of the eighteenth century, and of the personal habits of Johnson and his cotemporaries, than might otherwise have been possible, and that something of this may be traced in his works.

As we revert to the two letters, there is something very touching just now in the light which they throw on the dawn of the remarkable career which has just closed. Westminster Abbey, and the public funeral: here is the fitting end. We turn from it; and the quiet country home at Barley Wood, with the bright boy reciting poems, writing fables, and conversing in ballad rhymes, or Johnsonian sesquipedalians, with his gentle, pious, clear-sighted hostess, is a sight which should do us good. Here was the beginning. There never was a better instance of the truth that the child is father to the man; the special charm, however, of the letters is, that while giving a very lively idea of his great gifts, they bring out all the lovable side of the boy's character so freshly and clearly. The writer excuses herself for penning such long scrawls by the thought that his father and mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. She scarcely thought how wide a circle would one day be thankful for her trifles. One can only heartily hope that all future Englishmen of mark may fall under equally loving and judicious supervision. One can not help hoping also that there may be other equally loving and graphic sketches of the young historian scattered up and down the country, which may now come to light.

It is most curious to observe how the mind of the little Macaulay, as seen in Hannah More's letters, is already full of exactly the subjects on which the grown man was never weary of laboring, and on which his fame rests. Ballad poetry, biography, history, oratory, and politics, are as much the objects of his devotion at thirteen as they were afterwards.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

VICTOR HUGO'S LEGEND OF THE AGES.

It has long been a subject for abstract discussion, whether the riches of poetry be not exhausted; whether it be not impossible for any gifted and adventurous diver to plunge under the sunlit billows of poetic conception, and add a fresh pearl to the coronet of song. Like other abstract questions, *solvitur ambulando*. The year 1859 has supplied an answer in England and France. In England, Tennyson has given us the *Idylls*, and endowed our poetic treasures with a work, as calm and strong, as fresh and deep, as the best of our Elizabethan singers could have produced, with the richer coloring and subtler analysis which belong so peculiarly to modern times. In France, M. Victor Hugo has published the first installment of a gigantic work, which the most competent critics of his country almost unanimously consider to stand in the very first ranks of its poetical annals. Neither of the poets is young: it would almost seem from their cases, and that of Burke, as if the imagination, not less than the judgment, were ripened by the mellowing influence of years; as if figures and images were amassed in greater profusion, while the associative faculty acquired a subtler and more delicate tact in their employment. In other respects, these great writers are rather to be contrasted than compared, in these latest monuments of their genius. Mr. Tennyson has chosen for the form of his *Idylls* one of the oldest and best established measures of English poetry; to this he has adhered with unswerving resolution, almost appearing to grudge us the one or two exceedingly short rhymed pieces, which are the golden flowers upon the sternly beautiful granite of his work. In M. Hugo's *Légende*, while there is a preponderance of the classical French Alexandrine, there is yet an intermixture of other tones and measures, and the poems vary from the bold sweep of lyrical elevation, to the majestic but somewhat monotonous cadence of epic poetry. He has opened out a new vein. The world knew before his

rich and colored lyric strains; it knew also his eloquent and passionate dramatic style—full of sobs and broken interjections as a Greek tragedy; but this mixture of the lyrical and dramatic is peculiar to the present production. Mr. Tennyson's work is narrower in its range, less astonishing in variety of knowledge, less eloquent, less calculated to sweep the whole scale of passion, rising from fierce hatred and withering contempt to gentle pity and noble love; but then it is more self-contained, much less disfigured by eccentricities, repetitions, and ugly blemishes, infinitely more tender and holy, and actuated by profounder if less pretentious thought. M. Hugo is more surprising; Mr. Tennyson more beautiful. M. Hugo is the more brilliant and "interesting" writer; Mr. Tennyson is the greater poet.

It is our purpose, in the following critical sketch, to give the general outline of the intention of the *Légende des Siècles*, which the writer himself has put forward—to bestow a rapid survey upon the poems in the first volumes, reserving the second for subsequent notice—and to conclude with an attempt to appreciate the author's characteristic excellencies and defects.

I. Of this work, its author tells us, that it is not so much a fragment as a leaf. It is to his entire conception, to the purpose which looms dimly in the sunny mist of his imagination, and is only beginning to shape itself in the severer light of his judgment, what the first page is to the book, the peristyle to the edifice, the tree to the forest, the overture to the symphony.

His object then, he announces is to represent Humanity as one moral being, Progress being the real though sometimes almost impalpable link.

Humanity has two aspects, the historical and the legendary, of which the last is philosophically, ideally, if not factually, as true as the former. Homer may be taken as the representative of the one, Herodo-

tus of the other. It is the legendary side of the profile which is to be exhibited in the *Legend of the Ages*. Yet the historical coloring is carefully preserved, as the author intimates with a just and pardonable pride. Certain apparent disproportions of perspective will, he maintains, be adjusted when the work can be regarded as a whole. Riant pictures are rare in the poem, because, as the illustrious exile sadly and pointedly remarks, they are exceedingly infrequent in history.

His project then, in its "totality," would appear to be a great Hegelian poem, "envisaging" Existence under its great triple category, Humanity or Progress, the Relative or Evil, the Absolute or God. Each is to have its giant epopée. *La Légende des Siècles* represents the first; the "End of Satan" will adumbrate the second; and "God" will be the title of the third. It is significant to remark that this programme indicates that the poet belongs to the philosophical creed which would consider evil as only partial and relative good.

Tested by its vast and extraordinary aims, this great poem must be confessed to fail. But we have not the slightest doubt that this piece of magnificent ambition is an after-thought. The poet is a great historical student. We have here a long gallery, not only hung with portraits, but tapestried round with scenes, exquisite in coloring and perfect in finish. But the generalizing tendency of a Frenchman will not allow Victor Hugo to have it supposed that he is only turning out a vast series of historical *études*.

II. We pass on to review the work in detail.

The first set of poems are grouped together as "D'Eve a Jesus," and, with two exceptions, are upon Scriptural themes.

The "Consecration of Woman," whose heroine is Eve, is one of those "few riant pictures" of which the poet has spoken in his preface. To us it seems one of the poorest in the volume. The beauty is natural and physical rather than spiritual. One's head aches and one's eyes are heavy after studying it. It is like coming out of a banquet-room hung with glaring calico and radiant tinsel, or from a theater with its gilded columns and glass chandeliers. The very fogs and shadows are illuminated. Avalanches of gold melt into the blue of heaven. The flowers can

not nestle among their green leaves in unobtrusive loveliness: they are isolated, and stand out from the landscape like blotches of light—

"The young world knew no wrinkle in that hour.
Call not the lily pale—'twas light in flower."

The figure of the mother of all living is unworthy of this great genius. Eve is simply a voluptuous blonde, a primitive Duchess of Fitzfulke, "presenting her holy nakedness to the blue sky." The angels who float around her are not the spiritual creatures who float in the magnificence of shadow round the protoplast in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. They are larger editions of the gnomes who haunt Belinda's toilette-table. They are copied from the saloon of a steamer, or of a restaurant, rather than from the Old and New Testament, or from the frescoes of Michael Angelo. The tall, green palms overshadow Eve herself. She is smothered in pinks, in blue lotuses, in myosotis, in roses with half-closed lips. She is rather a flower in flesh and blood than any thing else—

"As if, of all those soul-like blossoms grand,
The fairest into woman might expand."

Indeed the adoration of woman in Hugo is rather of her physical than of her moral nature, he apostrophizes "the *flesh* of woman, ideal potter's clay—sublime interpenetration of spirit with the earth which the Ineffable kneaded—matter where soul glimmers athwart its shroud—mire where one sees the fingers of the Divine statuary." In his first volume he has produced no figure of woman worth looking at. She helps to fill up a corner in "Eve" and in "Booz Endormi." In "Eviradnus" Mahaud is a mere rash and good-natured coquette, a foil to the horrid forms of Joas and Zeno, and to the majestic sovereignty of the white-bearded Knight. In the "Marriage of Roland" the fair Aube, with white arms, is but the toy which stops the fight. Those who recollect Esmeralda in the *Hunchback* and her passionate devotion to the stupid but beautiful Captain, may suspect that M. Hugo's delineation of Eve is the deliberate expression of his convictions in reference to the feminine nature.

Cain, or "Conscience," has a dark magnificence and shadowy horror. It is the same sort of conception which haunts the poet in the "Parricide." A black, inex-

piable guilt hangs over the soul of the transgressor. The chamber of his memory is haunted with everlasting echoes. Evermore, through all eternity, the eye of an angry God glares into the recesses of his being. We venture to attempt the piece in verse:

"When, with his children, clothed in skins of beasts,

Disheveled, livid, rushing through the storm,
Cain fled before Jehovah. As night fell
The dark man reached a mount in a great plain,

And his tired wife and his sons, out of breath,
Said: 'Let us lie down on the earth and sleep.'

Cain, sleeping not, dreamed at the mountain's foot.

Raising his head, in that funereal heaven
He saw an eye, a great eye, in the night,
Open, and staring at him through the gloom.
'I am too near,' he said, and trembled, then
woke up

His sleeping sons again, and his tired wife,
And fled through space and darkness. Thirty days

He went, and thirty nights, nor looked behind;

Pale, silent, watchful, shaking at each sound;
No rest, no sleep, till he arrived the strand
Where the sea washes that which since was Asshur.

'Here pause,' he said, 'for this place is secure;
Here may we rest, for this is the world's end.'
And he sat down; when, lo! in the sad sky,
The self-same eye on the horizon's verge.
And the wretch shook as in an ague fit.

'Hide me,' he cried; and all his watchful sons,

Their finger on their lip, looked at their sire.
Cain said to Jubal, father of them that dwell
In tents: 'Spread here the curtain of thy tent.'
And they spread wide the floating canvas roof,
And made it fast, and fixed it down with lead.
'You see naught now,' said Zillah then, fair child,

The daughter of his sons, and sweet as day.
But Cain replied: 'That eye; I see it still.'
And Jubal cried, the father of all those
That handle harp and organ, 'I will build
A sanctuary;' and he made a wall of bronze,
And set his sire behind it. But Cain said:
'That eye is looking at me ever.' Henoah cried:

'Then must we make a circle vast of towers,
So terrible that nothing dare draw near;
Build we a city with a citadel;
Build we a city high, and close it fast.'
Then Tubal Cain, instructor of all them
That work in brass and iron, built a tower—
Enormous, superhuman. While he wrought,
His fiery brothers from the plains around
Hunted the sons of Enoch and of Seth.
They plucked the eyes out of whoever passed,
And hurled at even arrows to the stars.

They set strong granite for the canvas wall,
And every block was cramped with iron chains.

It seemed a city made for hell. Its towers,
With their huge shadows, made night in the land.

The walls were thick as mountains. On the door

They wrote: 'Let not God enter here.' This done,

And having finished to cement and build
In a stone tower, they set him in the midst.
To him, still dark and haggard, 'O my sire!
Is the eye gone?' said Zillah, tremblingly.
And Cain replied: 'No, it is even there.'
Then said he: 'I will live beneath the earth,
As a lone man without his sepulcher.
I will see nothing; will be seen of none.'
They digged a trench, and Cain said: 'It is well.'

Then he went down alone into the vault.
But when he sat down, ghost-like, in his chair,
And they had closed the dungeon o'er his head,

The eye was in the tomb, and looked at Cain."

"Christ at the Tomb" is most disappointing. Hugo, indeed, seems to have felt, with a poet's tact at least, if not with a Christian's reverence, the propriety of giving the words of "Him who spake as never man spake" precisely in the form which they bear in the sacred page. It is not merely that they are each hung round with beautiful dew-drops and scents of association, which handling, even when it is ostensibly for the purpose of setting them better, shakes off and brushes away; it is that eternal wisdom inclosed its gifts in a casket of speech so adapted to its contents that they can not be transferred to any other, however rare or gorgeous, without losing some nameless grace, some magic and indescribable effect, without being torn or ruffled. But the machinery of this poem forces Victor Hugo, upon one or two occasions, to place words in the Saviour's mouth. For instance:

"Who followeth me is equal to the angels.
When one hath walked in sunshine all the day,

By roads that have no well, no sheltering roof,
If he believeth not, when evening comes
He weeps, he cries, he falleth down and pants.
If he believe in me, an he but pray,
With triple force he may fare forth again."

Some instructive thoughts are suggested by a passage so little remarkable in itself. The words of our Saviour have not been intrusted to oral tradition. Outside the four Gospels, but one of the sayings of his ministry upon earth has been recorded.

Outside the volume of the New Testament but two, we believe, have, with any thing which approaches in the faintest degree to respectable authority, been assigned to that august source: "Be ye approved money-lenders," and the words supposed to be addressed to a man working on the Sabbath: "O man! if thou knowest what thou doest, happy art thou; but if not, thou art a transgressor of the law, and accursed." It would seem as if rude tradition had paused awe-struck before the impiety of assigning language to that Divine mouth, while the hardier spirit of deliberately concocted legend shrunk from the felt impossibility of coping with such a task. Into the clear depths of these words eighteen centuries have gazed down, and never yet seen the bottom. Those diamond expressions have new lights to throw off to every eye and in every age. It is no exaggeration to find "Le Christ et la Tombeau" another proof of the authenticity of the Gospels and of the character of Christ. A man of superior genius essays to put a few words into our Redeemer's lips: who does not feel that he utterly fails? Will *these* words, *could* they, under any circumstances, have taken possession of the heart of Christendom? Who does not feel that they are unworthy of the speaker; hollow, unreal, exaggerated, unsuited to that quiet truth and divinely human simplicity? A poet of the highest order, celebrated for his dramatic faculty, has a subject of the highest kind given and made to his hand. In the case of one character, very many of whose words have been recorded, he tries a few sentences, and fails not less signally than when he represents Allah himself as the interlocutor. But was John the Evangelist such a master of dramatic discrimination as Victor Hugo? Yet we are expected to believe that he, or such as he, invented, not one or two sentences, but a whole chain of dialogues, conversations, soliloquies, and prayers which have been inspected under the telescope of history and the microscope of criticism for eighteen hundred years, and have never been proved to possess one flaw or one speck, one inconsistency with physical, moral, or historical truth. We willingly leave this section of the *Légende*. The author is plainly not at home upon sacred ground. The "heavenly muse"—we will not say of David and Isaiah—but of Dante, Calderon, Klopstock, Racine, Mil-

ton, Heber, and Keble, has never visited him. If he knows the Bible, it is but as he knows Herodotus or Ossian, Sismondi or Cantemir. The section entitled *Decadence de Rome* contains the noble poem of "Androcles and the Lion." Its position in the volume is, in itself, a stroke of art. The corruption of Rome stands out in contrast with the grand and holy shapes of the first era. This piece alone is quite sufficient to stamp its author as a master. Thus might Tacitus have written had Tacitus been a poet. The whole essence of Roman history is here distilled into a vial, not of fragrance, but such as one might conceive to have been held by one of the Apocalyptic angels who poured the wrath upon the guilty city. Lesbia, with the elegant Catullus at her feet, pricking with her sharp golden pin the breast of the Persian slave who was arranging her tresses; Delia walking forth with Tibullus, six thousand gory shapes on either side of the road; the infamies of the Imperial harlot, Messalina—these are the bloody and lustful figures that lower out portentously, carved, as it were, into the dark sunset sky of Rome's decline, by the fiery glare of coming judgment, and which occupy the places from which Eve and Ruth have glided away into the golden summer of the holy past. But if Mrs. Poggson, in *Adam Bede*, considers that "women were made to match the men," we have here, inversely, the men to match the women—Epaphroditus breaking the limbs of Epicetetus for a jest, and the ruffian-ery of "Christianos ad leones." What a picture this!

"Whilst the bear growled, and whilst the elephant
Fearfully trod on children, small and fair,
The vestal dreaming in her marble chair."

Passing over the third section—"Islam"—with its wild tales, we come to the fourth, the "Heroic Christian Cycle." The "Paricide" opens the series. It is a composition of high and terrible power. Canute, in order to obtain the kingdom, has murdered his father, an old man, ripe for the harvest of death, inviting the blow, and hardly conscious of it. This usurper, like others, adorns the crown which he has won by a crime of such enormous dimensions. He exhibits himself as a noble and generous prince, a hero who sweeps the sea with his fleets, a man of genius in the arts of peace, an earnest

and sincere Christian. But death at last overtakes the gentle tyrant. The Bishop of Aarhus chanted his solemn obsequies. The priests professed that they had seen his beatified spirit at God's right hand. But when the tapers were extinguished and the cathedral wrapped in gloom, a naked, guilty, shivering spirit, spotted with blood, walks forth to seek the expiation which it needs. We venture to attempt a translation of the greater portion of this magnificent poem, with a painful feeling of inadequacy:

"He died; in a stone coffin was he laid.
The Bishop Aarhus came to say the prayers,
And sang a hymn upon his tomb, and said
That Canute was a saint. Canute the Great,
That from his memory breathed celestial perfume;
And that they saw him, they the priests, in glory,
Seated at God's right hand, a prophet crowned.

"Night came. The organ that had mourned the dead

Was silent in the holy place; the priests,
Leaving the high cathedral, left the king
Dead in sepulchral peace. Then he got up,
Opened his eyes, girt on his sword, and left
The tomb, for doors and walls are mist to phantoms.

He passed across the sea, the sea that shows
The domes of Altona and Elsinore,
And Aarhus on its face, with all their towns.
Night listened for the steps of the stern king;
But he walked silent, being himself a dream.
Straight to Mount Savo went he whom time gnaws,

And Canute greeted his strange ancestor,
And said: 'Let me, O Mountain Savo! by the storm

Ever tormented, for a winding-sheet,
Cut me a morsel of thy cloak of snow.'
And the hill knew him, and dared not refuse,
And Canute took his sword that never failed,
And from the mount that shook before the warrior

He cut some snow, and made himself a shroud.
Then he cried: 'Old Mountain, death tells little,
Where shall I go to look for God?' The mountain,

With all its yawning chasms, and its sides
Diffomed and black, hid in a flight of clouds,
Answered: 'I know not, specter. I lie here.'
He left the icy mountain, and alone,
Brow raised, and white in his snow winding-sheet,

Beyond the isles, and the Norwegian sea,
Passed into the grand silence of the night.
Behind him the dim world went slowly out.
He found himself a ghost, a soul, a king
Without a kingdom, naked, face to face
With an impalpable immensity.
He saw the Infinite, that porch horrible

Receding, where light dies if it should enter.
Dies sad and slow, and darkness, that strange hydra

Whose vertebrae are nights, appears to move
Formless amid the blackness of the clouds.
There nor a star, and yet there fell a gleam
Across that motionless and haggard chaos,
And not a sound but the lugubrious chime
Of the deaf waters of obscurity.

"He passed on, saying: 'Tis the tomb: beyond
Is God.' When he had made three steps, he called.

But night is silent as the sepulcher,
And nothing answered. Under his white shroud
Went on Canute. The whiteness of the sheet
Gave hope to the sepulchral journeyer,
And he went on, when suddenly he saw
Upon that strange white veil, like a black star,
A point that grew, and grew slowly. Canute
Felt with his spectral hand, and was aware
That a blood-drop had fallen on his shroud.
His haughty head, that fear had never bent,
He raised, and terrible looked at the night,
But he saw nothing; space was black—no sound.

'Forwar,' said Canute, raising his proud head.
There fell a second stain beside the first,
Then it grew larger, and the Cumbrian chief
Stared at the thick vague darkness, and saw naught.

Still as a bloodhound follows on his track,
Sad he went on. There fell a third red stain
On the white winding-sheet. He had never fled,

Howbeit Canute forward went no more,
But turned on that side where the sword-arm hangs.

A drop of blood, as if athwart a dream,
Fell on the shroud, and reddened his right hand.

Then, as in reading one turns back a page,
A second time he changed his course, and turned

To the dim left. There fell a drop of blood.
Canute drew back, trembling to be alone,
And wished he had not left his burial couch.
But when a blood-drop fell again, he stopped,
Stooped his pale head, and tried to make a prayer.

Then fell a drop, and the prayer died away
In savage terror. Darkly he moved on,
A hideous specter hesitating, white,
And ever as he went, a drop of blood
From the implacable darkness broke away
And stained that fearful whiteness. He beheld

Shaking, as doth a poplar in the wind.
Those stains grew darker and more numerous:
Another, and another, and another.
They seemed to light up that funereal gloom,
And mingling in the folds of the white sheet,
Made it a cloud of blood. He went, and went,
And still from that unfathomable vault
The red blood rained upon him drop by drop,
Always, forever—without noise—as though

From the black feet of some night-gibbeted corpse.

Alas! who wept those formidable tears?
The Infinite—toward Heaven of the good
Attainable—through the wild sea of night,
That bath nor ebb nor flow, Canute went on,
And ever walking came to a closed door,
That from beneath showed a mysterious light,
Then he looked down upon his winding-sheet
For that was the great place, the sacred place,
That was a portion of the light of God,
And from behind that door Hosannas rang.
The winding-sheet was red, and Canute stopped.
This is why Canute from the light of day
Draws ever back, and hath not dared appear
Before the Judge whose face is as the sun.
This is why still remaineth the dark king
Out in the night, and never being able
To bring his robe back to its first pure state,
But feeling at each step a blood-drop fall,
Wanders eternally 'neath the vast black heaven."

The three or four following poems are in a lighter strain. Roland and Oliver fight two or three days. It is a perfect hurricane of single combat. At last Oliver, "the dove-eyed eagle," quietly exclaims: "Roland, we shall never end. Were it not better that we became brethren? Harken, I have my sister, the beautiful Aude, with white arms. Espouse her."

"Pardieu! I will it well," cried Roland. "And now let us drink, for the affair was hot."

"And thus it was that Roland espoused the lovely Aude!"

"Aymerillot" is an account of one of those strange and sudden mutations of fortune which, in rude ages, so often exalt the adventurous soldier of one day into the peer and captain of the next. The good Emperor Charlemagne, in dolour for Roncevaux, and the fall of his nephew Roland, and the twelve Peers, wishes to take the strong fort of Narbonne, to wipe away the stain, and to encourage his army. His tried captains shrink before the danger of that dreadful attack. Aymerillot, "le petit compagnon," boasts that he can take it, amidst the laughter of the soldiers. It reaches the King's ears. He asks his name. "Aymery. I am as poor as any poor monk. I am twenty years old; I have neither hay nor straw; I can read Latin, and I am a bachelor. That is all, sire. It pleased fortune to forget me when she was distributing hereditary fiefs.

"Two miles would cover all wherein I have a part,
But all the great blue heaven could never fill my heart.

I shall enter into Norbonne and be victorious. I shall afterwards punish those who ridicule me, if any remain." And Charles, more radiant than one of the heavenly host, exclaimed: "For this high purpose thou shalt be Aymery of Narbonne, and Count Palatine, and people shall speak of thee civilly. Go my son!" The next morning Aymery took the town. "Bivar" brings out at once the unconquerable pride, the filial obedience, and the majestic poverty of the Cid. But "Le Jour des Rois," is a longer and more characteristic poem. It opens with one of those grotesque pictures which the creator of Quasimodo delights to draw. It is a beggar on a Spanish bridge in the year 360, squatted between two battlements, spectral, shivering in the horror of his monstrous rag—so abject that man and woman, sorrow and joy, burials, nuptials, beasts, sweep by him without touching him. Crested soldier, shaven monk, love, murder, battle,

"Know not this cinder, mock then at this straw."

Suddenly fire in every quarter of the horizon! On a given day the kings swoop down from the mountains, wrap the country in flame, and water it with blood. The very daughters of the Cross are not spared.

"O fury of the kings! not even at Reus Spared they the daughters of the Holy Cross. As some rude hand impatient to unfold A rare old missal, breaks the clasp of gold, The drunken soldiers forced the convent-gate. Alas! Christ held within that jealous grate Pure virgin hearts, souls uncontaminate, Pages where Mary's blessed name did shine, With Aves written over; words divine, Clasp with gold, and bound with ivory, Of maiden vow, and virgin purity. They sweep the cloisters, through the bursted gate.

The poor nuns trembling, by the altar wait. In vain the convent shakes her somber shroud, And old Rome thunders on the threshold loud; In vain the Abbess fair, in her black frock, Stands, cross in hand, to guard her frightened flock.

Saints are but women to the vile and base, They fling defiance in God's very face. The altar, and the horror, and the blood, The cloister's night, the Abbess with her rood, All have passed by in one ferocious war; And this was done by Blaise el Matador."

The return of the soldiers with their spoils is a wonderful picture. One sees them winding away along the mountains, reddened with the setting sun—drunken, blooded, bloated hell-hounds—trailing their spears, and the west, burning like blood, before them. But how does the poem close? Not with the deep curses of men and the wailings of women, but with the fierce and withering contempt from the foul and hideous beggar. The bridge, moistened with blood, is lonely and deserted. The mendicant shakes his obscene serge towards the Pyrenees, and cries out in the immensity of night:

— "Confront thyself, and own fraternity.
O mountain beautiful! O rags! O filth! O driven
snow!

Compare beneath the winds of heaven, which
shake them as they blow,

Thou thy black clouds, O mountain! O beggar!
thou thy rags!

Hide thou thy lice in tatters, and thou thy
kings in crags."

The fifth division is headed "Les Chevaliers Errants." The general description of chivalry attains the point where the highest philosophical generalization meets with the highest power of poetical expression. M. Hugo brings out the salient points of chivalry, its mysterious and (so to speak) exceptional agency in a savage age. It is, as Bacon says of revenge, a wild kind of justice. It is, as Victor Hugo calls it, with inimitable fineness, "a magistracy of the sword," "an arm thrust forth out of the darkness, with this cry to the evil-doer, 'Thou shalt perish.'" This thought at once poetically and historically true, is perfectly carried out in Roland's sudden apparition to deliver the boy king, and in Eivoradus overhearing the hideous project of Sigismund and Ladislas.

"Le Petit Roi de Galice" opens with a description of the wild and savage ravine of Ernula. The ten princes are there, surrounded by troops of the blackest wolves and scoundrels in Spain. "Mau-regat has no bullies more savage, the Corsair Dregat no worse galley-slaves, and Gaffier has not in the troop which follows him any thing more infernal—

"Of steel their casques, their hearts are all of
bronze."

Their nephew, the young king, is taken by those monsters, and their debate is given: one recommending the cloister,

one the well, sealed with the heavy stone, as the safer and less tell-tale seclusion. The murderous uncles think themselves secure; but

"Hist! a gallant cavalier there passes by that
way."

The Cavalier in high and stately fashion, intimates that there is a sort of panther-odor about the spot, and that he considers the place and the company any thing but respectable. Who is the boy, and what are they going to do with him? The violent Padecho blurts out all.

"The horseman raised his vizor haughtily -
'My name is Roland, peer of France,'"

said he. Then ensues a terrific battle and the work of the good sword Durandel. We can not help thinking the fight rather a failure. It is overdone. It is impossible to take more interest in a contest so utterly disproportioned, than in the battle-pieces of Milton, where rebel angels and archangels fall of necessity before Almighty power. Here, upon any hypothesis of human prowess, Roland must have fallen in a few minutes before the ten princes, and their bandit swarms. But one feels that they are doomed men, and has no pleasant anxiety about the result. The combatants in Mr. Tennyson's "Enid" are infinitely more thrilling, with less blood and fury. One shudders for that sweet pale lady with the quiet eyes, and in the poor garment. But even in the *Idylls* there is nothing superior to the boy-king's flight. Beautiful is the prayer under the evening sky, where the white taper burns before the crucifix; beautiful, too, the lesson of nobility, justice, and reverence for the unhappy, which sinks into his soul:

"While far away, no need of spur or rein,
The good horse flew o'er river and o'er plain.
The child, half-rapture, half-solicitude,
Looks back anon, and fears to be pursued.
Shakes lest some raging brother of his sire
Leap from those rocks that o'er the path aspire.

On the rough granite bridge, at evening's fall
The white steed paused by Compostella's wall,
(Twas good St. James that reared those arches
tall.)

Through the dim mist stood out each belfry
dome,
And the boy hailed the paradise of home.

Close by the bridge, set on high stage, they
meet
A Christ of stone, the Virgin at his feet.

A taper lighted that dear pardoning face,
More tender in the shade that wrapped the
place.

And the child staid his horse, and in the shine
Of the wax-taper knelt down at the shrine.
'O my good God! O Mother Maiden sweet,'
He said, 'I was the worm beneath men's feet,
My father's brethren held me in their thrall,
But thou did'st send that Paladin of Gaul.
O Lord! and show'dst what different spirits
move

The good men and the evil: those who love,
And those who love not. I had been as they,
But thou, O God! hast saved both life and soul
to-day.

I saw thee in that noble man, I saw
Pure light, true faith, and honor's sacred law,
My father - and I learned that monarchs must
Compassionate the weak, and unto all be just.
O Lady Mother! O dear Jesus! thus
Bowed at the cross where thou did'st bleed for
us.

I swear to hold the truth that now I learn,
Leal to the loyal, to the traitor stern.
And ever just, and nobly mild to be
Meet scholar of that Prince of Chivalry,
And here thy shrine bear witness, Lord, for me.
The horse of Roland, hearing the boy tell
His vow, looked up and said: 'O king! 'tis well.'
Then on the palfrey mounted the child-king,
And rode into the town while all the bells did
ring."

"Eviradnus," the longest composition
in the volume, begins with a mysterious
word of crime, spoken by Sigismund to
Ladislás:

"Qu'est ce que Sigismund et Ladislás ont dit?"

hoarse with horror; dark with mystery;
black with the shadow of death. The
description of Eviradnus, the aged knight,
is admirable. It is the author's profound
appreciation of the knightly mission and
ethical tone, painted in actual flesh and
blood:

"Peoples sore pressed by kings he doth redress
With a superb, intrepid tenderness.
Where in their horrid scale the princes cast
Treason, and violence, and fiery blast,
Iniquity and horror, sin and blood,
His grand sword was the counterpoise of God.
Woe to the evil action that shall feel
The hand him, the champion clad in steel.
And death . . . from him in the battle stir,
As water falleth from the glacier."

The old Donjon of Corbus is a perfect
castle-piece. The poet seems to have the
architecture by heart, and to have watch-
ed and listened in such places, till every
grim figure carven in stone, every cranny
and gargoyle, and every clump of ivy and
lichen on the walls, like rust on a sword,

has told them its story. There is a
strange custom of Lusace, that the inher-
itor of its coronet shall sleep a night in
the tower. Mahand, the present Marquise,
is a fair young girl:

"Without the gift of beauty a queen is not a
queen.

What boots to have a kingdom if royalty be
not seen?

And, as 'twixt rain and darkness, the rain-
bow laugheth fair,

And as the young doe plays between the
tiger and the bear,

So, 'twixt Allemagne's dark Emperor and
Poland's ruthless King

Is she, the weak and beautiful, the pure and
stainless thing!"

And, having spoken of the Emperor
and the King, be it known that two mu-
sicians—a German and a Pole, Zeno and
Joss—have lately arrived, and made
themselves specially agreeable to the
Marquise; so much so, indeed, that when
the time comes for the coronation, and
for the custom of Lusace, the minstrels
accompany her to the donjon. Thus the
story proceeds, with a wonderful descrip-
tion of the hall, where the lonely feast is
spread:

"But that which makes that ancient hall more
ghost-like and more drear,

'Tis not the torches, or the dais, or the tables
set with cheer;

But in the lines of arches stretching far be-
yond the lights,

Those two long rows of horses with their
two long rows of knights.

Each leans against his pillar, and holds his
lance in rest,

The right arm raised in silence, they sit there,
breast to breast,

With harness laced, and visors down, and
cuisses barred below,

And a poniard in a burnished sheath at every
saddle-bow;

The gorgets and the breastplates are buckled
on with steel;

Each horse stands full caparisoned, with
housings to the heel.

With battle-axe and dagger, and broad-sword
at each side,

With foot in stirrup, hand on rein, booted
and spurred they ride;

'Tis terrible to see them all, with nodding
helm and plume,

For no one stirs and no one speaks in all that
awful room.

Beneath their monstrous housings loom the
horses, huge and grim;

If Satan kept black cattle, this were a herd
for him.

Such shapes in an uneasy dream across the
brain might flit,

So grave, and cold, and horrible their armed
riders sit.
If hell should take those close-shut hands
and ope them suddenly,
Methinks some dreadful missive in every palm
would lie.
All down the misty chamber they grow larger
in the shade;
The very pillars are a-cold, the darkness looks
afraid;
O night! what are those livid hosts so fear-
fully arrayed?

"Then history tells her story from these empty
armors cold,
Of those who did her glorious deeds in the
great days of old,
Seems a vision of a chieftain in all those
archéd nooks:
There sit the savage marquises, and there the
bloody dukes
Who bore upon their pennons, athwart the
battle's din,
The good saints gilt and painted, upon a
fish's skin.
There Geth, who led his wild Slavonians to
the field;
Mundiac, Otocar, and Guelph, who bore
upon his shield
'No fear have I;' and Ladislav, the first in
every list;
Great Otho, of the darkened eyes; Zultan,
and Nazamys.
From Spignus down to Spartibor, they pause
in long array,
As if, upon the verge of time, some voice had
bade them stay.

"And through that line of horsemen runs a
pathway dark and straight,
To the dais, where stand the table and the
lonely chair of state;
The marquises are left hand, the dukes are
on the right,
And till that crumbling roof shall fall, they
sit there day and night,
All face to face, and side to side, alike in all
but height;
And just outside the double row, his high
head backward thrown,
The sculptors of the olden time had carved a
knight of stone.
He stands before that funeral host to lead
them like a king;
That host that shall not waken till the last
trumpet ring.
'Tis Charlemagne, who his twelve peers so
true and peerless found,
And made, of all the earth, for them one
glorious table round."

Meanwhile, Eviradnus, with Gasclin,
his squire, watches by the old castle.
The knight bids him observe those three
shapes advancing in the moonlight, and

thus Mahand and the two minstrels are
most picturesquely described. Eviradnus
dismisses his squire and watches undaunt-
edly alone. He goes into the hall where
the feast is ready, takes down a suit of
armor, seats himself on a saddle, and re-
mains there like a statue. The voice of
one of the minstrels sounds a wild song
of love in the moonlight. He is hand-
some, but in that beauty,

"A devil there grimaces evermore,
Such flowers hath April that the slug crawls
o'er!"

So Joss and Zeno and Mahand sup in
that chamber. The Marquise, after some
raillery at Zeno's littleness, sinks to sleep,
having had a medicated potion given to
her by the priest, according to the custom
of those who slept in that sepulchral place.
Then the cloven foot comes out. They
dice. Joss wins the kingdom, Zeno the
girl. He resolves to murder her, in re-
venge for her raillery. Then Eviradnus
comes down from his saddle. At first he
acts the part of a specter. Afterwards
he knightly tells the Emperor and King
(for such they are) who he is; kills the
Pole first and then the tall German, with
the little king's corpse. The poem cer-
tainly verges upon melodrama too much,
but it is of intense interest, and closes
thus charmingly:

"He bears the lady back again to the fatal
ducal chair,
Shuts down the spring of iron, and shuts out
the dungeon air.
He sets all things in order, and mutters, soft
and low:
'It hath not cost one drop of blood; 'tis well
it should be so.'
But suddenly the tocsin sounds for morning
far away,
And a long thread of scarlet lies on the
mountain gray.
Dawn breaks; the hamlets are astir, and
bearing branches green,
A joyous people come to greet their lady and
their queen.

"And rosy with the rosy dawn awakes the fair
Mahand,
Looks round, and deems the glamor of the
place has changed things so,
That for her two fair minstrels she meets an
old man's glance,
And there's a shade in those sweet eyes
regretting them, perchance;
But courteously drew near to her that prince
of honor bright,
'Madam,' said Eviradnus, 'How did you
sleep last night?'"

The "Thrones of the East" is the title of the sixth epoch. It is introduced by "Sultan Mourad." This monster's character is of the most hideous and infernal complexion. Once only does he perform an act of kindness. He sees a hog, wounded by the butcher's knife, lying in the burning heat, the sunshine piercing its gaping wounds like coals of fire. He pushes it under the shadow of a gateway. That night his soul is required. A dreadful catalogue of his crimes is spread before Eternal Justice, and the angels call for the sentence upon the guilty soul. But suddenly, in the midst of all the terrors and glories of the infinite spaces, the unclean beast stands forth, and Mourad is pardoned! "Zim-Zizimi" we reserve for another notice.

III. It remains for us to conclude with some remarks of a more general nature upon this splendid volume.

In the first place, then, we venture to observe that M. Hugo's imagination is wider and more varied on its pictorial than on its ethical side. Eden, the castle and hall of Corbus, the battle of Roland, are wonderfully different and wonderfully fine. But this opulent imagination is not rich in its delineation of moral phenomena. The finer lights that play over the sea of conscience, for instance, he can not render with any colors at his command. He can give it in a majestic and almost supernatural repose, as in Eviradnus and Roland. He can also represent it "casting up mire and dirt," and raging horribly, as in Cain and Canute. But he can not catch its tints, when one has said to the winds and waves, "Peace, be still;" when the white caps are beginning to subside, and the sunshine contrasts beautifully with the foam. Cain and Canute represent his entire conception of conscience. The first murderer, with the eye glaring into his heart forever; the parricide, with that cloud of blood raining down upon him world without end. Of forgiveness—of the moral restoration which accompanies it—he has nothing to say. He can throw himself into a psychological *rapport* with enormous guilt. But he is professedly the poet of humanity. Is conscience only to be recognized in these extreme perturbations? Has she no more beautiful functions, pregnant with more consolatory, and certainly not less poetical, workings? A man, true as Roland or Eviradnus, yet ever yearning

towards the more perfect purity of the moral law, to which he can not attain, seeing his own virtue dimmed and sullied in the whiteness of eternal holiness, as the lake looks black when its hills and shores are mantled with untrodden snow, would afford a theme for poetry more noble than any which M. Hugo has chosen to select. Hearts as high and generous as any of the heroes of chivalry have been made to feel of what perishable material our virtues are composed, and have bowed down in penitential sorrow before the Pardoner. Is David less worthy than Cain of a place in this mighty epopee?

Arthur, and Launcelot, and Guinevere do not stand alone in the annals of the true Legends of the Ages.

Together with this failure in the representation of conscience, we must notice the extraordinary meagerness of the whole scripture cycle. The character of the Perfect Man just appears in "Christ and Lazarus;" but it is introduced with a frigid and unimpassioned indifference, strangely contrasted with the rest of the volume. No beauty streams richly from heaven upon the Divine Man; no noble blossoms spring before his path; no massive lines carve out his moral lineaments in marble and colossal grandeur; no tender touches of sympathy move us to tears. He who can feel with such grand enthusiasm the throbbing heart of chivalry, is visited with no rapture in the presence of the Liberator of our race. He who can burst into ecstasy at the pardon of the monstrous Mourad by the pleadings of a hog, has no lyrical delight to make music before the exquisite tenderness and self-devotion which are manifested in the Atonement. Those who believe that not only sun, and moon, and stars, beast, and bird, and fish, but that more wonderful, beautiful, eternal thing, the heart of man—that full-toned harp of many strings—with all its rich hopes, noble yearnings, and deep sorrows, are made by him, will at once be more than doubtful whether M. Hugo can be the poet of humanity. It must be a broken profile, a mutilated likeness, where humanity's fairest development is, to say the least, unappreciated.

The space assigned to the darker side of humanity, and specially to tyranny, is surely exorbitant. M. Hugo seems almost unable to look up at the sky, or to contemplate a castled crag, without re-

verting to the oppression and cruelty of monarchs. They mar the ethereal purity of the naked heavens, and

"Make black the horizon which the Lord made blue."

It is sad, he says, again, when man makes inexpugnable that which God made simply inaccessible: when, where

"God put the rock, man buildeth up the fort,
When to the solitude he addeth death."

Shelley's vague, dim rhetoric against priests and kings in the *Revolt of Islam* is weak and vacillating compared with Hugo's fierce, inexorable hate, pointed as it is with historical instances. Picture upon picture appalls; declamation upon declamation peals in our ears. There is Canute, the paricide, sweeping like a shadow through the spectral night, unable to as-soil his crowned head with a shroud of the driven snow, while he is canonized by mendacious shavelings. There are the kings swooping down upon a fertile country and its innocent inhabitants, covering them and it with the ashes of devastated homesteads, and with the blood of beautiful children and consecrated virgins; while over against the royal villains stands the filthy lazar, hissing out his contempt of them to the Pyrenees. M. Hugo gives more than one hint that David does not stand much higher in his good graces. The ten princes appear before us ready to imbrue their hands in their nephew's blood. The lion in the story, who saw in the palace lions depicted in various attitudes, and always defeated in their struggles with man, observed, that the representation was manifestly human, and consequently partial. Had the lion been the linner, there would have been an astonishing difference. But here is the consummation of cruelty, that the lion is made to delineate himself from the human points of view. The selfishness, cruelty, and unbelief of kings form an axiom, taken for granted, and acted upon by themselves. The respectable Pacheco, in an audience of kings, exclaims with full assurance of finding sympathy and assent:

"The bourgeois dogs, who go to church, die old.

We princes love to live a youth of gold,
Merry and short, and ending with blood-flow.
Warriors we are, and find that death treads slow,

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And speed his step funeral, with 'Come on,'
Shouted, and music of the clarion.
The people knows us, wot it well, and chase,
As most unworthy of his crown and race,
Who weareth not his tiger-skin with grace."

But it is in Eviradnus that M. Hugo's wrath glows with the whitest heat. Who that has ever read will forget that awful and superb burst of declamation?

"Under this haughtiness that none can enter,
This arch triumphant with the limitless center;
Under this loyalty, veiled from the rude world;
Under these crowns, begemmed, bestained, empearled;
Under high exploit, prompt and bloody plan,
One is a monster, one a beggarman.

O people with the million, million arms,
Thou whom these kings dishonor in thy power,
Thou whom their majesties the lice devour,
Hast thou no nails, vile herd, wherewith to crack
These high imperial itchers on thy back!"

Were this sort of anti-monarchical *tirade* to meet the reader once or twice only it might well pass with approbation. When it is repeated a hundred times in a work of this stamp, it is a libel not only upon monarchy, but upon mankind. If M. Hugo wishes to make his book correspond with its title and with its pretensions, he must search for things of a different stamp. He must turn from the petty and blood-stained annals of provincial history, from names that are remembered only to be execrated, to more brilliant pages and names that sparkle like diamonds on the forehead of history. St. Louis, Alfred, and Charlemagne have a better right to a niche in the *Legend of the Ages*, than Sigismund or Ladislas, Ruy the Subtle, or Sultan Mourad.

A true criticism must also protest against the constant exaggeration of character in this volume. Every one is in extremes, either sublimed to a god, or degraded to a devil. Every nature is like an Arctic winter, a horror of perpetual darkness, or like an Arctic summer, eternal starlight and silverness. There are men fiercely brutal, like the ten kings, and Sigismund and Ladislas; there are men fiercely guilty, like Cain and Canute; there are also men, perfectly brave and perfectly holy, like Eviradnus and Ro-

land. There is no repose, no intermediate human tinting to soothe and refresh the eye. Glaring orange sunsets and big black clouds are very superb in their way. But there is such a thing as a monotony of violent contrasts. The eye demands gentle, golden-tinted violet, nameless, quiet beauties—more; good, gray weather-sky of the open sea of human feeling, rather than the perpetual ice-blink, with its cold, false glitter.

We hope to return to the *Légende* at an early opportunity. Faulty as it is in some details, and disproportioned in some departments; overrun with passionate prejudices, which degrade some of its most magnificent passages into caricatures; disfigured by endless iteration of favorite words, and even of some outrageous hyperboles; with little subtle analysis of the human heart, and we fear we must say, with little sympathy for that

character which is the key to humanity—yet it is a work of captivating originality and power. It has Scott's ringing, chivalrous lines, and thrilling trumpet-blasts. As we read, the gray ruin rises upon the steep, or the castle hangs from the crag. The knight rides by with his vizor up. The gleams of the setting sun fall upon men-at-arms winding along the hills, bathed in crimson mist. It has Shelley's sentiment and colored style, and fierce, pathetic indignation; it has Wordsworth's accurate description; it has Macaulay's fervid declamation and swinging rhythm; it has Tennyson's compressed pictures and pregnant music. And in English poetry we can find few parallels for its deep and sustained interest, for its vivid realization of the poetical aspects of the most varied pages of the history of man.

From Titan.

BEATRICE RINGTON.

"Ich als Idol, ihm dem Idol verband ich mich.
Es war ein Traum, so sagen ja die Worte selbst."—Faust.

CHAPTER I.

BEATRICE RINGTON sat on the verandah outside the drawing-room of "The Larches," basking in the sunshine of an April afternoon. Her brown hat pulled low over her brows almost concealed her face; but the sunbeams poured dazingly upon the rich-hued silk she wore, glittered upon the ringed and ungloved hands, and upon the golden-braceleted white arm, back from which the lace sleeve had slipped.

Miss Rington made no pretense of employing herself—apparently she was content simply to luxuriate in the spring warmth and brightness.

She did not stir till a gentleman stepped from the drawing-room window, and laid his hand on her shoulder, saying:

"Beatrice! our young relative, Tyremain, is staying in this neighborhood. I have just met with him and have brought him home with me. What! are you so glad?"

Miss Rington started and rose hastily; her hat fell off; one could just see that her face was ordinarily too colorless before a fleet flush came over it. The sun shone full upon her brow and eyes, as she turned to acknowledge the introduction to a young man who followed her brother very closely—so closely, that he must have heard the last words, not intended for his ears. The flush of first surprise, pleasure, enthusiasm, or whatever the emotion had been, returned and deepened when her inquiring glance at Mr. Tyremain was met and parried by the keenness of his scrutiny, as he took her graciously-extended hand.

"Neither to my sister nor myself do you seem a stranger, though our relationship is but slight," Eldon said. "To Beatrice you are better known than to me, I suspect," he added smiling.

The three strolled about the garden some time, then returned to the verandah.

Beatrice resuming her seat, found opportunity for observing the changeable face of her new acquaintance, as he stood a little way off, talking to her brother.

"There! you have put your foot into it! And how Beatrice will forgive you I do not know," Eldon exclaimed presently.

"In what have I offended?" Mr. Tyremain asked.

"You have nipped off the young graft of a cloth-of-gold rose, which she has watched with great solicitude."

"Can your Majesty pardon me?" Mr. Tyremain stood before his young relative, displaying the precious shoot in his hand.

He carelessly tossed away the bit of tender green, and leaning against the wall beside her, tried to draw Beatrice into conversation, or rather to gain her admiring attention to his talk.

"This is a favorite spot of yours, no doubt. The view is very lovely; rich pasture goldening with buttercups, orchards silvering with blossom, those softly green-
ing larch woods, and the winding river. It is very lovely, and is thoroughly English."

"It is very lovely; and to-day has been so beautiful. Eldon, I have been absolutely idle all this afternoon," Beatrice said, turning to her brother.

"What the world must have lost by the failure of your restless industry!" Eldon spoke in a kindly tone, but his words seemed to give offense.

"It has been just the day for sweet idleness," Mr. Tyremain remarked; "for lying on the warm earth and feeling her stir and growth; *to be* is enough on such days, *to do* is treason against their perfection."

"Fine doctrine for you poets and idlers."

Beatrice's lip curled a little at her brother's comment; it was always too ready to curl.

"I think you agree with me that your brother is a heretic to class poets and idlers together in that cavalier fashion," Mr. Tyremain said.

"There are some few topics on which Beatrice and I do not yet think alike," Eldon remarked smilingly.

"Only a *few*?" Mr. Tyremain replied; and then added: "Your sister is very like my memory of a sister who died when I was a boy, whom I worshiped, and still worship."

"It is strange how family likenesses sometimes show themselves in very dis-

tant relations. Beatrice, do you know if Anniston meant to come this evening?" Eldon asked, after a pause.

"I do not know; oh! yes, I believe Mr. Anniston said something about it."

"The old saying about the angel and the angel's wing!" Mr. Rington exclaimed, a few minutes after, as he went to give a cordial welcome to a gentleman who came up the garden-path.

"I have once or twice encountered this handsome sportsman, I fancy," Mr. Tyremain said to Beatrice, as Eldon and his friend came towards them. Mr. Tyremain had assumed a half-confidential tone with Beatrice which their distant relationship did not excuse, which she would have resented in any one whom she had been less predisposed to admire, or more inclined to judge by conventional rules.

Mr. Anniston greeted Beatrice with somewhat of the ease of old friendship, tempered by the reverence of a manly devotion, frankly manifested in every word and look addressed to her.

"I do not think you are quite prudent to begin summer customs so early," he observed. "There is a cool air creeping about this afternoon; at least, let me beg you to put on the shawl I see lying here." He picked it up, and was going to throw it over Beatrice.

"No, thank you; I shall go in now; the sun has left my seat;" so saying, Miss Rington rose and quitted the little group. Before entering the drawing-room, she stepped into her conservatory. Mr. Anniston followed her.

"Is that young Tyremain, the writer of whom I have heard you speak, Miss Rington?" he asked.

"Yes." There was a slight expression of triumphant defiance in the eyes she raised from her flowers to Mr. Anniston's face. "He is the writer—the poet—whom you would not admire. You need not be afraid of him, he seems very agreeable," she added, speaking as if she were reassuring some timid person who feared a formidable animal. Mr. Anniston did not look much relieved by this assurance.

"I wanted you and Eldon to go with me to Fern Hill this evening," he said; "but as you have a guest —"

"I daresay he will accompany us," Beatrice interrupted.

"I think we had better postpone the walk."

"As you please."

"What are you discussing?" Mr. Rington asked, joining them.

"Only the 'to be or not to be' of a walk to Fern Hill."

"To be!" Mr. Tyremain interposed decidedly.

"Let us have tea at once; then, Beatrice, and start," Eldon said. "By the by, we keep such early hours, perhaps you, Tyremain, have not dined?"

"A ceremony I do not often perform."

"How very interesting!" Mr. Anniston muttered from among Beatrice's azaleas, over which he bent his face.

"In my days of poverty I found it an expensive habit," Mr. Tyremain pursued. "I cured myself of it perforce, and now, by choice, I generally dispense with the set and formal meal so dear to Englishmen. You pity me, I see, Mr. Anniston."

Mr. Anniston's honest blue eyes *had* expressed pity as they read record of past privation in the speaker's worn face; but the pity swiftly changed to something else as they met Mr. Tyremain's, flashing with scornful mirth, and noticed the soft sorrowing look with which Beatrice regarded her relative.

Beatrice went into the drawing room; the gentlemen were soon summoned to join her; an elderly widow lady, who lived with the Ringtons, and a little girl, Beatrice's sister, increased the party.

"May she come with us this evening?"

Mr. Anniston asked Beatrice, as he diligently attended to all Fleda's wants and whims.

"I hardly know if she ought; it is so far. We must ask Mrs. Smith."

"Oh! please let me go! and Mr. Anniston will carry me if I am tired," Fleda said earnestly.

"Right proudly," her champion replied, and it was decided that the child should go.

Just before sunset the little party were mounting the westward-sloping fields towards Fern Hill.

Mr. Tyremain talked brilliantly, he and Eldon leading the way; but the glances he flashed back ever and anon told that he did not talk *for*, though to Eldon.

Fleda would have one hand from Mr. Anniston, one from Beatrice, as she generally did when they walked out together. "Hush! Fleda!" was once or twice uttered impatiently, when the child's prat-

tle prevented her sister from catching what Mr. Tyremain was saying.

The field-track was narrow, and the grass long and damp. Presently Mr. Anniston took Fleda in his arms, saying:

"Pray, Miss Rington, keep to the path; the grass is wet, and I notice that you still cough sometimes."

"That is the consequence of sitting so long out-doors," Eldon said, turning quickly. "I am afraid I ought not to have let you come this walk so late."

"Oh! yes, my cough is nothing," Beatrice answered with angry hastiness. "I wish people would not be so——" She did not finish.

"Is there some pain, as well as much pleasure, then, in being beloved?" Mr. Tyremain asked softly, as he came to Beatrice's side.

Beatrice first blushed and then looked haughty; she thought that Mr. Anniston was officious, impertinent; what right had he to expose her to such remarks by his manner and its assumed tenderness?

But she forgot her annoyance presently, as she listened to her companion; those two were the last to reach the summit of the bare hill, just as the glory of the spring sunset was at its deepest.

Beatrice sat down to rest, and Fleda came to her side. They all watched the changing glory of the sky in silence a while. Mr. Tyremain stood with bared head lifted up loftily; the evening wind tossed about his hair, and a fierce light gleamed in his eyes.

He appeared to be absorbed by his own thoughts, yet—he was not quite unconscious that, once or twice, Beatrice looked at him with a kind of timid awe.

Presently Mr. Anniston fidgeted, and Eldon yawned, but no one moved or spoke, till a stifled cough from Beatrice made her brother draw her hand upon his arm, and say that it was time that they were moving home.

As they returned through the fair mingling of "colored spring twilight," and of white moonlight, Fleda's gentle prattle and Mr. Anniston's low replies were almost the only sounds to be heard. Mr. Tyremain walked on alone with folded arms and bowed head, and Beatrice's thoughts were principally of what the poet's might consist.

"Rather an uncomfortable sort of being for a companion—a poet," Eldon remark-

ed. But Beatrice made no reply, save by a motion of lip and brow *not* affirmative.

As they all went up the fragrant, dewy garden, an early blown narcissus attracted Mr. Tyremain by its pure, moon-lit lustre; he plucked it, and gave it to Beatrice without a word. He would not enter the house again, but left them with an abrupt "good-night."

The night through that flower filled the room of the wakeful Beatrice with its fragrance; she had placed it in a tiny Parian vase. In the morning it bore witness to the truth of what she was inclined to consider as a dream; that one of whom she had thought and romanced so much, had walked by her, talked to her, given her a gift! Day following day, he again walked by her, and talked to her; he learnt to call her his "beautiful cousin," and availed himself of all the privileges of relationship; over-largely, Mr. Anniston thought.

CHAPTER II.

Beatrice carelessly played with the pages of a new magazine, as she stood at the breakfast-room window one early June morning, looking out with very dreamy eyes.

"When does Anniston talk of returning to town?" Eldon asked her, looking up from his newspaper.

"I do not know! how should I?"

"He has been going, and going, and going!" Elfreda remarked. "I don't know why he stays, for he seems tired of all the things he used to like. I know he doesn't like that Mr. Tyremain who is always here now."

"Of course he stays for the pleasure of your company, fairy," Eldon said as he rose.

"I know he is very fond of me, and if I were old enough, I should be his wife!" the child answered demurely.

Her brother smiled rather sadly as he kissed her, then glanced at Beatrice; she did not seem to have heard. Elfreda enticed Eldon into the garden, and Beatrice still stood in the window.

Presently she listlessly glanced at the pages her fingers had turned over so unregardingly. Her attention was arrested. A bright color came into each cheek. With trembling hands, lips just apart, eyes glistening with excitement, she read

and re-read one page, a poem; one or two last lines she uttered in a whisper, then she smiled an ineffable smile of joy and triumph, and stood absorbed, dreaming over the musical madness of those words.

Before she knew that he was in the room, Mr. Anniston was close to her.

"I am very glad to see you looking so well!" he said; his eyes beamed down affectionate admiration upon her glowing face. Then he stooped to pick up the magazine she had dropped startled from her dreams by his address: he was thus spared the pain of seeing an expression of something like abhorrence in her changed face; a lover who is not the right lover is generally regarded with a feeling more like hate than indifference by a girl in love.

The magazine, when Mr. Anniston held it in his hands, was open at the one page still.

"What have we here, poetry!" he said. "What a curious meter! curious matter too; very dreamy, very mad, isn't it? A love-poem, more full of conceit than feeling apparently. Isn't this eccentric rather than beautiful?" He read a few lines in a mocking tone. This was more than Beatrice could bear. She caught the book away, bestowed a glance of fiery indignation upon Mr. Anniston, and swept from the room.

For a moment Mr. Anniston's face expressed profound astonishment—then the dawning of a strange, sad, pitying smile told that he had found a key to the mystery. A *pitying* smile! Henry Anniston had a quiet consciousness of the relative value of his love and young Tyremain's homage.

It was not long before Eldon saw his friend's grave face at the window instead of that of Beatrice; he came in.

"I shall return to town to-night," Mr. Anniston said. He and Eldon grasped hands: there was no need of any explanation. Soon after, Beatrice from her window saw her brother and his friend walk away together; then she returned to the room she had so hastily quitted.

Mrs. Smith thought Miss Rington very restless that morning. Beatrice wandered into the drawing-room, opened her piano, made some considerable search for a particular song, struck wayward chords and sang wild words, then rose with an exclamation of impatience; next she

threw herself on a couch and began to read, soon to drop the volume and spring up when some noise disturbed her meditations; then she collected a little heap of books, got her great German dictionary, and ensconced herself snugly, only to discover that the day was too warm and fine for study, and that the difficulties of a particular passage were not to be conquered without Mr. Tyremain's assistance.

Dinner was announced; Eldon had desired that they should not wait for him; of course it was too warm to eat.

"You are not well to-day, Miss Rington!" Mrs. Smith ventured to suggest.

"I am well and happy," Beatrice answered quickly. In the afternoon she was more fortunate in her choice of employment, and found repose.

Eldon coming in, looking sad and weary, found her sunk in the depths of a luxurious chair, busy with her needle, content on her half-smiling mouth, something yet deeper shining in her eyes.

"You know that Anniston is going away to-night, Beatrice?" Eldon asked abruptly when he and his sister were left alone.

"No; I did not know it," she answered absently, as if she attached no meaning to his question, but replied mechanically.

Eldon was unusually ruffled.

"Beatrice! lay down that work and look at me," he said.

Beatrice obeyed, her misty expression clearing to one of wonder.

"I shall speak plainly," Eldon began. "Beatrice, it is not possible that you are ignorant that my friend Henry Anniston loves you."

Beatrice rose, as if to go, the color flying into her face. But Eldon saying "stay!" she staid. She stood leaning her hand upon the table between them, and kept her eyes fixed upon her brother; she seemed to feel that a combat was at hand, and to be ready for it.

"Do you mean to accuse me of having given your friend any encouragement? of having treated him as if—as if he were any thing more to me than your friend?" she demanded.

"I do not mean to *accuse* you of any thing; so pray keep your temper, Beatrice! I think it only right to tell you, that I believe you to be making a *fatal* mistake, endangering the whole happiness of your life. I am deeply grieved that

you can not accept the great love of Henry Anniston's true heart. My child! have you considered? Are you sure that you know your mind?"

"I have not found it needful to *consider*!" she began scornfully; then her eyes softened as she added: "I am sorry to vex you, Eldon; do not mind so much! He will soon forget me!"

"You misjudge him, Beatrice. I have known Henry as many years as you have known him months. If ever there was a constant-natured, faithful-hearted fellow, he is one!"

"It is useless to tell me this."

"Ay! so he said."

"Yet wished you to importune me on his behalf!"

"You are not able to speak of Anniston justly, Beatrice, so we will say no more of *him*. But take care, child; you are dazzled now, and do not see things correctly; you are dazzled by the extravagant homage, perhaps, offered to a hundred women besides yourself; but beware, Beatrice, it is shallow water that babbles and foams!"

"I wonder," Beatrice said, her eyes flashing now, "would you have pleaded Mr. Anniston's cause if he had been a poor man, struggling with fortune?"

"Perhaps not, Beatrice; you are not fit to be a poor man's wife; you have no great amount of physical strength, and you have not the kind of moral strength needful for those who have to contend with the realities of poverty."

"I know, brother, that now *you* misjudge *me*. My body is the servant of my soul. It is when I am sick with weariness, and almost loathe an utterly aimless existence, that my physical strength fails me!"

"Beatrice! Beatrice! when in your short life has your soul been sick with weariness?"

"Many a time! It is not your fault; I do not reproach you; all is different now."

"Poor child!"

"Do not pity me, dear Eldon! I am very sorry to have grieved you;" she went to him and took his hand. He held her firmly as he said:

"For years, Beatrice, it has been my hope that one day my sister and my friend would love each other well. I fancied that you would appreciate Anniston's solid

and simple goodness and quiet depth of feeling; and Beatrice, I thought awhile ago that my dream would come true."

Eldon's eyes had a keen penetrating look. Beatrice released her hand, and turned; a moment she stood still in the middle of the room, then suddenly she pressed close up to her brother, laid her cheek against his shoulder, and said, sweetly and shyly:

"Dear Eldon, I will tell you the whole truth: your dream might have come true. I did like Mr. Anniston, and I did not know my own heart. I know that your friend is very good; if I have given him pain, I am more grieved than you can think; but as his wife I should be miserable, and then he could not be happy. So it is better as it is; only I wish we had parted good friends. When I thought I could love Mr. Anniston, I did not know what love is, Eldon;" Beatrice fled, having made that confession.

Late that June night, Beatrice, with disheveled hair and loose white raiment, sat at her open window, which looked over a little valley then flooded by moonlight. By that witching light she wrote in a certain small green-bound and gold-clasped book of hers:

"Offered to a hundred women besides!" Nay, Eldon, you do not understand! A poet worships the ideal, finds it partially revealed in many natures, bows down to all shrines so consecrated; but his love, the deepest poetry and highest worship of his soul, is for one, but one! How it must glorify that one, in the present and for the future! Looking into the poet's soul, how fairly and spiritually I am mirrored! it is not myself I see, but the highest possibility of my being. We become like what we very constantly look upon, so Shelley says: if I live face to face with my idealized self, I may grow purer and more beautiful each day!"

The little book was closed and locked away. Beatrice stood before her glass, she gazed searchingly at her own moonlit face, pushing back the dark hair from the pure brow. She sighed. That night she knelt long, wrapt in the mystical reverie which passed with her for devotion.

Next morning Beatrice and Fleda were in the garden early. Fleda was gathering flowers; Beatrice held in her hand some that the child had gathered, and strayed on musing; musing, she staid her steps

beneath some young larches; musing she smiled and sighed while she drew a soft-plumed bough across and across her cheek.

In that musing mood, the breeze just stirring her light dress, and parting the boughs to let flecks of sun-light fall upon her, Beatrice looked beautiful exceedingly.

So thought one who suddenly emerged from the shrubbery and stood close beside her. Her flowers fell from her hand and the red flew into her cheeks. Mr. Tyremain did not do any thing so commonplace as return her good-morning; he bent his head before his "beautiful cousin," and smiled, as one smiles at a lovely picture. He did not pick up the flowers lying at her feet, he said they had found their place, so there they lay till fairy Fleda came by and gathered them up.

"I knew that you were an early riser, Beatrice!" he said as he moved down the path by her side; "I may call you Beatrice; it is a pleasure to say the name; you know that exquisite little Italian song 'Beatrice, Beatrice.'" He sang over a few lines in a low voice.

Beatrice had no need to rouse from her dream as she listened to her companion that morning; his words were but revelations from dreamland, tinged with the atmosphere of that charmed region.

By and by Eldon came to seek these dreamers.

"Beatrice, you are wrong!" he said gravely. "The morning is fresh, and you wear no shawl, and you have been walking on the dewy grass without goloshes. It is very imprudent of you!"

Mr. Tyremain smiled contemptuously. "My fair 'morning' shawled and goloshed!" he whispered to Beatrice; then added to Eldon: "Your sister will take no harm; nature is kind to beautiful things that trust her!"

"My sister's health is not strong, and she ought to run no risks," Eldon said, rather sternly; he insisted that Beatrice should change her shoes before she sat down to breakfast.

"So Mr. Anniston has left this neighbourhood!" Mr. Tyremain remarked to Eldon, not without glancing at Beatrice.

"He has," was the short reply, and Eldon turned to silence some enlargements upon that text by the sorrowing Fleda.

Long before Eldon had finished the

leisurely discussion of his breakfast, Mr. Tyremain was restlessly pacing the room; he had evidently some scheme in his busy brain.

"Your sister said the other day, Ring-ton, that she had never seen the ocean," he began quite abruptly.

Beatrice uplifted her expectant eyes to the speaker's face. Eldon said merely: "Well?"

"We will take her to the coast of Cornwall. I am somewhat tired of this tame neighborhood, and should intensely enjoy beholding the sea for the first time again through your sister's impressions."

"Why go to the coast of Cornwall?" asked Eldon. "It is most difficult of approach from here."

"But it is so grand! I have one particular spot in view. Her experience must be as perfect as possible."

"The glass has been falling rapidly for some days, and we are going to have unsettled weather."

"Yes, a few wild, stormy days; we must not lose them. We will start to-night," Mr. Tyremain said.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Eldon and Mrs. Smith.

"To-morrow, then; not later. Look at your sister's face."

"I don't think it looks as if she were especially fit for a long and very troublesome journey in unpleasant weather," Eldon said.

"Please, Eldon, let us go; I should so like it. You never refuse me any thing." Beatrice laid her hand on her brother's arm caressingly; he smiled acquiescence, yet somewhat grimly.

"Where is your particular spot, Tyremain? How do we get at it? How long must we be away?" he asked.

Mr. Tyremain shrugged his shoulders; he produced a guide-book with a map of Cornwall in it, laid it down before Eldon.

"This is the place, marked by a dot of my pen, Kye Cove!" he said. "I commend you to the study of this book, and I am sure you will arrange every thing admirably. Miss Rington, shall we read German this morning?"

"Excuse me Miss Rington," Mrs. Smith interrupted, "but you had a severe headache after your last lesson, and if you are going to leave home so unexpectedly there are many things for you to arrange."

Beatrice had risen; she paused; Mr. Tyremain watched her with a half-smile.

Eldon was deep in the study of the guide-book.

"I will devote the afternoon to my arrangements, Mrs. Smith," Beatrice said. "We will read for a short time, if you please, Mr. Tyremain."

"Our books are in the library, we will read there."

Beatrice bowed assent, and with a more stately step than usual, passed through the door he held open.

"Beatrice, that is the chair set ready for you," he said pointing to one in the oriel window. "I like that mass of crimson behind your fair beauty, and those amethyst glints on your hair and dress."

Beatrice seated herself; she arranged the books on the table before her gravely, not once raising her eyelashes higher than there was need.

A little shower had fallen; the window now filled with scented sunshine; Mr. Tyremain threw the lattice wide open and leant out, inhaling the freshened fragrance of the blossoming limes, from which came the multitudinous stir and sound of summer insects. Then Beatrice lifted her eyes timidly to fix them on the picturesque head on which the sun shone and the wind blew. The eyelashes swiftly swept the cheek again as Mr. Tyremain left the window, and returned to contemplation of the picture within; all pride had melted from the girl's face, she drooped over her books, and turned the pages with trembling fingers.

"You are not ill; all their fuss is unnecessary, is it not?" Mr. Tyremain asked abruptly, startling Beatrice into meeting his look.

"Oh! no, I am not ill. But they mean well and kindly," she answered.

"Of course; and well-meaning people are intensely tiresome. Now, Beatrice, we will read the scene from *Faust* that I spoke of to you."

He drew a chair close to hers. He took the book, prisoning the fingers that flitted about among the leaves. "O admirable Goethe!" he said, as he bent his short-sighted eyes upon the volume. "Most colossal man! strong-brained, deep-hearted, delicate-fingered!" He read one passage after another, demanding: "Can any thing be more exquisite in its way than this? Now we will read the parts of Faust and Margaret in his garden-scene. Begin, Margaret."

Beatrice obeyed, reading as best she might.

She came to Margaret's impassioned exclamation:

"Bester Mann! von Derzen lieb' Hieh ich!"

Mr. Tyremain's finger pointed to the words, but his eyes were on her face. Pride stood Beatrice in good stead: she read the words coldly, more steadily than she could read the short soliloquy of Margaret when Faust is gone.

"I do not like this Margaret," she said, closing the book and releasing her hand; "she does not seem to me to be simple, but to affect simplicity. She is completely a man's woman."

"I should have expected you to feel the scene too much to be coldly critical. Let us turn on and read the prison-scene," Mr. Tyremain replied.

"Oh no!" Beatrice said, rising hastily; "it is enough for to-day."

"Stay, Beatrice, I can not spare you yet. I so seldom have you to myself, and Eldon can not understand us."

But Beatrice murmured something about being wanted, and fled away to lock herself into her own room. She threw herself on a couch, and burst into a passion of tears—tears produced by mere excitement and exhaustion, reaction after her self-command. That they were not tears of grief was very evident, for presently, before the moisture had dried from her eye-lashes, she smiled, then sank into happy dreaminess. "Von Herzen lieb' ich Dich!" sounded through her musings softly, not startling her as the like words in familiar English might have done.

CHAPTER III.

Just before sunset, on a stormy autumnal-seeming day, Beatrice, her brother, and Mr. Tyremain, approached Kye Cove.

Beatrice had been subjected to much tyranny; she had not been allowed to look out of the carriage-windows since they had been near the coast, and the last part of the journey had therefore been wearisome. Now she was very thoroughly tired in body and mind; the journey had been a long one, and her mind was strained by constant effort to keep its mood wound high enough to sympathize

with Mr. Tyremain's subtle refinements of fancy and feeling; she had never before been his companion for more than a few hours at a time. She was, moreover, nervous now, lest she should disappoint him by her manner of being impressed by the sight of the ocean about which he raved. To be left alone with Eldon for a while, to sink down to the level of an ordinary nature, feeling that nothing was expected of her, would have been a great rest and relief.

The carriage stopped at the nearest approachable spot to the one cottage at the Cove, which Eldon had secured.

"You, my good fellow, go to the house and settle every thing," Mr. Tyremain decreed. "Now, before the sun sets, your sister must come down to my point."

"Beatrice is tired, and must rest to-night. You are quite merciless," Eldon said.

"It is a short distance; this is a splendid time for the scene. Miss Rington shall please herself, of course," Mr. Tyremain said dryly.

"Take my arm, dear," Eldon urged; "choose wisely and ignobly, you need rest and refreshment."

"I am not very tired; this glorious wind refreshes me. Mr. Tyremain says that it is not far; he wishes me to go, dear Eldon."

Mr. Tyremain's observant face brightened with a smile of triumph; he possessed himself of Beatrice's hand, nodded to Eldon, and away they went. He had not done tyrannizing yet; he made Beatrice close her eyes when they left the little hollow in which the carriage had stopped. He guided her carefully at first, but when they were on the rough beach, where care was most needed, his attention wandered from his silent companion.

Beatrice's trembling feet once or twice nearly failed her. The noise of the near waters, the great booming and sounding that seemed to shake the ground on which she trod, made her thrill and shiver with awe and bewilderment; she clung closer to her companion, clasping his arm with both her hands, but he did not speak one kind reassuring word.

When she felt the spray dash upon her face, it was with difficulty that she refrained from crying out in affright, and begging to retreat; her guide did not inspire her with that absolute confidence which precludes fear. Presently he lifted her in

his arms on to a rocky pinnacle, and bade her open her eyes. She looked upon a mighty waste of waters.

The sun was setting in wild splendor; fiery light fell upon foamy turrets of crystalline, emerald green walls; these walls, meet to inclose a fairy-palace, ceaselessly heaved themselves up suddenly to fall away, before and on either hand, crashing thunderingly against the base of the little crag on which Beatrice and her companion stood.

Beatrice had withdrawn her hands from Mr. Tyremain's arm, and turned a little from him; no instinctive, protecting tenderness led him to put an arm round her then, though the wind, blowing fiercely against her, swayed the slight figure to and fro, though it seemed too lightly poised, and in danger of being dashed from its perilous eminence by each stronger shock of wind and wave.

Beatrice had forgotten all fear, all love, in a great vague awe. Her bosom heaved as wildly as the wildly-troubled waters over which she gazed; a dumb warfare was being waged within her, a struggle, as it were, of the finite to comprehend the infinite.

Mr. Tyremain watched her, standing with folded arms. Her face was eloquent of her soul's emotion. Presently he stirred her from her trance, touching her lightly and saying softly: "Beatrice, Beatrice! speak to me."

She gave a great shuddering sigh, such a sigh as a spirit recalled to the body, which it had just left, might give. She turned to him with an expression almost of agony in her eyes, exclaiming: "It is too much! It is cruel! It crushes me! I can not bear it!"

Then he drew her to him, her face lay upon his bosom, the hot breath of passion scorched her cold cheek. All life and power seemed to fail from her; she vaguely heard his wild words. He could be passionate, though not tender. He called her his, his muse, his inspiration, his soul's mistress, his beautiful pearl, his Queen Beatrice.

The sun had set, and a rain and spray-laden wind blew very chilly upon Beatrice. He said that mermaids were sprinkling his love with their own pearls. He pressed her tightly to his heart the while. This she suffered while she had no strength to resist, but presently conviction that none of his vague words gave him the right to

act thus, dawned upon her; she disengaged herself, turned from him to wind up her wind-scattered hair, and said that she would go to Eldon; that it was cold; and that the noise bewildered her.

Poor Beatrice's eyes had wonder and appealing timidity in them as she proceeded to take her dangerous and difficult way from the crag; and Mr. Tyremain let her do so unaided. He had turned from her.

Eldon had come to look for his sister. Soon she was leaning on his arm.

"Is it safe for *him* to stay there?" were her first words. "Is not the tide rising?"

"No, dear, falling."

"Then let us go on."

Arrived at the cottage, Beatrice listened anxiously, striving to hear, above the roar of the wild night, the sound of footsteps in the shingle; but she had sought her tiny chamber before Mr. Tyremain deigned to avail himself of shelter and refreshment.

The ceaseless noise of wind and water, and the ceaseless rise and fall of waves of excited feeling within her breast, kept Beatrice awake that night. She was humbled, wounded, and disappointed, preyed upon by a sense that all was not right or well. She had heard too much or too little for her pride and peace.

Next day Beatrice kept close to Eldon's side, and treated Mr. Tyremain with reserve. It seemed that, though having placed him on a pinnacle, she was ready to do homage to his fancied greatness, and, to a certain extent, to forbear to judge him by ordinary laws, yet she would not quite forego her woman's privileges, or at all forget her woman's dignity. She was angry with Mr. Tyremain, and to be so made her miserable.

Mr. Tyremain's manner of acknowledging her altered behavior was variable. Sometimes he was all fierce impatience, shooting threatening glances at her; sometimes he was absorbed and dreamy, and would fix his eyes on her face with a cold, unrecognized look. He was not penitent and tender, or all the poor girl's resolution would have dissolved.

Beatrice had never in her life been so unhappy as she was during the week they remained at Kye Cove; but she put so good a face upon the matter, that Eldon only supposed that some temporary misunderstanding existed between his sister and

Mr. Tyremain, and thought Beatrice unwise to assume so proud a demeanor. Beatrice meanwhile, often, as she watched the great waves come tumbling in towards her, longed, with sick longing, to lie down before them, and let them snatch her up and whirl her away.

At length she and Eldon were journeying home alone. At the last moment Mr. Tyremain said he should not go with them, but would follow them in a few days. He and Beatrice parted indifferently.

As they drove off, Eldon turned to Beatrice, who had sunk back in a corner of the carriage, and said: "I suppose that you understand this strange conduct, Beatrice?"

She silenced him by a gesture. Her lips would not then form an *ay* or *no*.

On the night of her return home, Beatrice, alone in her own chamber, drew out her little book and began to write:

"Home again! The last few days seem like a troubled dream pulsed by the beating of that wild sea. God forgive me my wickedness, pity *my* frailty, preserve me from the presumptuous sin of judging another. But oh! if I have made unto myself an idol which will fall, let it fall on me and crush me! But it will not fall—these are wild words; yet —"

There she broke off, saying:

"No! I will not pry into my own heart."

Looking into her eyes, which widened as she looked, she said:

"If he should never come! If in this great world we should never meet again! God pity me!"

"Beatrice, stay; I must speak to you!" Mr. Rington said resolutely one morning, as Beatrice was gliding from the room. Weeks had passed, Mr. Tyremain had not been seen or heard of, and Beatrice avoided being alone with Eldon.

"I will defend him! No one shall call him cowardly or cruel!" she thought. The spirit of this thought made her turn upon her brother with an air of defiance.

"Beatrice," Eldon said, "have you nothing to tell me? No confidence to repose in me? Is there nothing I can do for you?"

Beatrice remaining silent, he went on:

"Believing you to be true and trustworthy, I have trusted you completely; can not you now pay trust for trust? Am I not worthy of your confidence, my

sister? Do you expect that I can see you looking heart-broken, and not suffer keenly myself?"

Tears gathered in Beatrice's eyes, and fell slowly. Eldon spoke again:

"Dear Beatrice, you are sometimes proud, sometimes impatient. It may be that Tyremain was exacting and easily offended. You know that my heart does not naturally speak for him; but now your suffering speaks for your love. It is the woman's part to be the peace-maker. If you love each other, do not let a trifle separate you. You know he loves you. Well, is not that enough?"

"Quite enough!"

Beatrice rested her brow on her brother's shoulder. After a moment she looked up with a strange brightness in her face, as if a cloud had rolled from between it and its sun.

"Trust me still, dear Eldon, and trust him still," she said. "God helping me, I will do what is right. And you will ask me nothing more now—trust me still!"

He kissed the face she uplifted, and left her, only half-satisfied.

But the more he watched her after that morning, the more at ease about her he felt. A chastened cheerfulness replaced her former fitful, varying spirits. She lived in hope that was not feverish and flickering, but calm and equable.

Eldon had said: "You know that he loves you!" So Eldon had seen that she was loved. This was enough.

Now she accused herself as having been cold and suspicious. Her mystical love and worship encircled her absent hero brightly. She thought of him as of one whose sensitive, spiritualized nature she had wounded by assumed coldness, disappointed by ungenerous pride, yet who loved her, and had gone out into the world to fight for better right to win her.

As Eldon says, "I *am* proud and impatient, but when he returns he shall find me so no longer," Beatrice often repeated to herself.

CHAPTER IV.

"A year ago! A year ago!" Beatrice murmured to herself when the next spring sun shone upon her. "What is the hardness of waiting? I am worthily loved. He speaks to me in his poetry. Who

else could speak so beautifully? It is strangely sweet to triumph in his success; when the world praises him, to smile secretly and say, 'I am his friend;' when the world blames him, to smile in pity of the world, and still say, 'He is my friend;' I understand him, only I."

So Beatrice mused, tenderly stroking Fleda's bright head, which was leant against her knee.

"I wish Mr. Anniston would come this spring," the child observed. "I *did* like sitting with him by the river, and watching the little ripples run after one another. I did like him so much!"

"Talking of Anniston," Eldon said, feeling in his pocket, "here's an account of both words and deeds of Henry Anniston's." Eldon drew out a newspaper. Fleda and Mrs. Smith looked full of interest, but Beatrice was apparently still lost in her own thoughts. On her knee lay a magazine containing a poem of Tyremain's.

"Fleda, I'll try and make you understand that your friend is a hero after his own fashion." Her brother lifted the lifted girl upon his knee, unfolded his paper, and glanced over it.

"Anniston had to go into a part of Ireland where the people are so miserable that they have grown wicked, to get information about a murder that had been committed there," Eldon began. Here Beatrice looked up warningly, and Fleda shuddered; so Eldon left out one part of the story, and went on:

"Anniston went alone. He was successful in his search and inquiries, and most likely the guilty man began to think he should be taken. One night Henry was in the country late, he had just crossed a bridge over a deep, rapid river, when a man rushed out upon him from behind a group of firs. Henry presented his pistol, but the fellow was too desperate to be frightened, and attacked him furiously. Anniston then threw his pistol into the river, that it might not be used against him, and struggled with the ruffian. He is strong; but the other was mad with despair, and was armed with a knife. Anniston received a stab, and loss of blood weakened him. It was dark; in the struggle they got nearer and nearer to the edge of the river; the bank gave way beneath their feet; they both fell in. Anniston can swim well; he soon reached the bank. It happened that the moon

shone out then for a few moments, and he saw his enemy struggling frantically in the water at some distance. Henry, spite of weakness, succeeded by desperate efforts in reaching the man, and dragging him up the bank. Then he lost his consciousness. He did not know what happened till he found himself lying on a heap of heather in a dark, smoky hovel; through the half-open door, he saw that it was broad sunny daylight outside. His wound had been bound up, and beside him were set bread and water. He was alone. So he lay for hours, unable to move. Towards evening a surgeon came, who said he had been directed to the spot by a wild-looking man, who had escaped as soon as he had spoken. Of course Anniston was soon removed to better quarters, but they say that it will be long before he completely recovers from the effects of this adventure. There, Fleda; there is a story for you!"

"Did the murderer escape?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"He was taken a few days after and convicted on the evidence Anniston had collected. Mrs. Smith, you can read further particulars here. You will also find a brief account of Anniston's speech: he made a strong case against capital punishment out of the affair, dwelling upon the indestructible seeds of nobleness still existing in the nature even of a murderer, as evinced by his gratitude to one who had saved his life. It is hoped that in consequence of Anniston's appeal the man's sentence will be commuted to transportation. Beatrice, I should like *you* to look at this paper."

But Beatrice had noiselessly vanished, had glided down the garden.

"Dear me! it is almost time Miss Rington dressed. It is such a long drive to the 'Elms,'" Mrs. Smith exclaimed.

"I had been thinking so of poor Mr. Anniston that I had forgotten about Beatrice's grand ball," Elfleda said; she still kept her place on Eldon's knee.

Meanwhile Beatrice stood still under a great elm, to be blown upon by the wind always stirring there. Her peace had been ruffled. She grew pale with passionate panting pain; her uplifted eyes brimmed over with an agony of longing. For the moment she felt as if she must die did she not soon hear the voice and touch the hand of her poet-lover, her

hero; have *proof* of that love and nobleness in which she had fancied she so firmly believed.

A few hours later she was the cynosure of many eyes in the crowded drawing-rooms at "the Elms." By and by, raising a glance full of languor, after making scornfully courteous acknowledgment of some well-got-up, pretty speech, her eyes were met by Mr. Tyremain's—only for an instant; a movement in the crowd had opened a vista which was soon blocked up again. Disdain and weariness left Beatrice's face; a soft, satisfied smile dawned upon it.

"Do you know that a prophet is among us to-night, Miss Rington?" her partner presently asked Beatrice. "Tyremain is here."

"So I perceive."

"Perhaps you know something of him; a strange, flighty man he is, I hear. These geniuses are dangerous beings, I always think; very well on show, in society; but for every day life and every day uses defend me from them!"

"No doubt your prayer will be heard, Mr. Mardon: 'like to like' is the rule of the world; you know eagles will always be solitary birds, while lowlier birds congregate; still there is this to be said for the poor eagle, it can, on occasion, walk the earth; now the less noble bird can not soar like an eagle, even on occasion."

"Ha, ha! very true." The dance was ended; the gentleman bowed and escaped from Beatrice as soon as she sat down, near a window in a less crowded room. She was half-hidden by the drapery, and presently remained alone. The window was open down to the ground; lawn and shrubbery were steeped in moonlight. Beatrice gazed out.

"Beatrice, come out to me!" a voice from a shadowed place said softly. The girl started, but she stepped out upon the terrace. Mr. Tyremain drew the window-curtain behind her, and then gazed at her as he might have gazed at a lovely, life-like picture. She stood there in "splendor of satin and glimmer of pearl" and floating enchantment of filmy lace, the moonlight glancing on her snowy neck and arms. She looked regal, save for the modestly downcast eyes that would not meet his, but were fastened on the rich-hued bouquet she held.

Gilbert Tyremain, if you had been a

true poet, you would then have been a true man! you would have wooed for your wife this woman, who, as you believed in your proud heart, loved you entirely. He drew her hand upon his arm.

"You are more beautiful than ever, Beatrice, my perfect poem!" he said, as he led her down the terrace steps, down the soft, sloping lawn, farther and farther away from the house.

"You are less sane than ever," she might well have answered, but she glided on by his side unresistingly. It was all as a dream. Her companion poured out mystical, musical-sounding praises of her beauty and that of the moonlit night, leading her now across the dew-laden grass in the park, heedless of the moisture which soon soaked through the white satin slippers. Presently he paused, placing Beatrice half in moonlight, half in shadow of drooping branches. "The 'Evening' to my 'Morning!'" he said. "They will be perfect, those two poems. All yours, Beatrice—interpretations my genius gives of your beauty."

The wind moaned round Beatrice chilly; she shivered.

"I must go in, it is so cold. And I shall be missed. It is a lovely night; but I must not stay any longer." She made an effort to break through her dreaminess and speak in a matter-of-fact tone.

He continued to gaze at her, but did not answer. After a few moments she strove to draw her hand from his arm, saying: "Indeed you must let me go."

"Nay, stay! Let them miss you. You will not leave me so soon."

"It is so cold; and Eldon will be angry."

"You would brave Eldon's anger for me."

"Let me go, Mr. Tyremain, if you please."

"You draw your hand away! you speak strangely. You turn from me!"

"I do."

The night wind seemed to blow through her, to her very heart.

"But you shall not." He tried to draw her closer. "Beatrice! you love me!" His eyes gleamed fiercely.

She recoiled from him, and said: "You have no right to speak to me thus."

"I have the right your soul gives me. You are mine. All beautiful things are mine. You love me. You know you

lové me." Again he seized her hand, but she freed it decidedly.

"Sir, you have mistaken me and I have much mistaken you. If you were what I have thought you, you would not speak to any woman thus."

She left him, and went towards the house. The last look he had from her white face showed it ineffably sad. He gazed after her, muttered to himself, then, when he saw Eldon approaching, plunged into the wood behind him. Eldon had

missed, and came to seek his sister. He wrapped a shawl he carried round her, and said no word of reproach. He had seen Tyremain.

"Let us go home," Beatrice pleaded in a low, heart broken tone.

"If you wish, love; but we were to have staid till morning."

"Let us go home. I am going to be ill. Dear Eldon, let us go home."

They went home.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

From the Dublin University Magazine.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN 1849, I resided for a few months near the famous fishing village of Newhaven, on the shore of the Firth of Forth. Within a stone's cast there was a cottage, where a stranger also sojourned. He was apparently a morose, unsocial being, and frequently as I had met him during our mutual wanderings, along the sea-shore from Granton to Cramond, I yet had never succeeded in inducing him to enter into conversation. He was a tall, gaunt, dark-complexioned man, of fifty, or thereabouts, and although invariably attired in a very plain, not to say coarse fashion, there was a something in his mien that stamped him a gentleman born. His aspect was wild and melancholy, and his voice had a bitter, wailing intonation, suggestive of a life of sorrow and strife—perhaps also of sin and crime. I grew interested in this singular personage, and knowing that *his* landlady was a sworn gossip of *mine*, I availed myself of this channel to acquire information concerning him. All that even his own landlady knew, was, that he came to the neighborhood of Newhaven a twelvemonth before, and had ever since been her lodger. The name he gave was Marmaduke Dun-

raven, an "unco queer-fashed" name, as she observed; but what his profession was, or had been, she could not even guess. He appeared to have a small yet regular income, lived economically, and paid her punctually. He had not a single acquaintance, shunned all observation, and was exceedingly reserved. He spent his time out of doors in sea-side rambles, and when in-doors, did nothing but write, and pore over old manuscripts and books in divers unknown tongues. He would sometimes mutter to himself what she called "heathen gibberish" for hours, when a "dark fit" came over him, but she nevertheless thought him a good man at heart, whatever his former life might have been, concerning which she had "her misgivings"—and instanced several acts of charity and real benevolence he had performed towards the poor fisher folks and their families. His correspondence was very limited, for he had only received three letters during his year's sojourn. And this was all that honest Luckie Macrae could tell of her inexplicable lodger.

One evening I pondered the matter over, and, shaking the ashes out of my pipe, exclaimed, "There is a Mystery in our village—unquestionably, a Mystery!"

About a week subsequently a fearful storm raged all day and night, and from my window I watched the foaming sea

with great anxiety, for I knew that a large fleet of the open fishing-boats were out. As I looked sympathizingly at the groups of fisher-wives in their picturesque attire, I thought how mournfully true was the song of "Caller Herrin'":

"Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and hilsum fairin';
Wha'll buy caller herrin'?

New drawn frae the Forth?
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows
Dreamed ye ought o' our puir fellow,
Darkling, as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?*

"Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave
darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh! ye may call them vulgar fairin';
Wives and mithers', maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men!"

A bright calm morning succeeded the storm. I mingled among the fisher-folks, all of whom knew me by sight and asked what tidings they had about their friends at sea. A diversity of opinion prevailed; but I was glad to learn that the oldest and most experienced concluded that the boats had run for shelter into the harbors along the south-eastern coast.

As I was returning home who should run out of her cottage to accost me but Luckie Macrae. The good woman was evidently much excited, and the moment she came up she vehemently cried:

"Eh, sir! but what an awfu' nicht I hae gane through! Ye hae heerd, nae muckie doot, aboot it a'?"

I imagined she alluded to the storm, and the dubious fate of the fishermen at sea, but she quickly undeceived me.

"Deed it's no that. Ye dinna ken, but O sir! ye maun gang intil the hoose and see him! He'll no last mair than till the turning o' the tide, I'm thinking, and what maun a puir lone body like me do in siccan a strait? Lordsake, sir, come along, for ye can speak wi' him, and will understand him, and that's mair than the likes o' me can do."

"What, is it your lodger? Is he ill, or dying as you seem to fancy?" said I, astonished.

"Fancy! deil hae't, there's no a bit o' fancy aboot it. The doctor says he canna bide ower the day, and it's no impossible he may flit awa' in twa or three hoors. Eh, Lordsake, it's a' thegither extrordinar'!"

Shocked at this intelligence, I unhesitatingly accompanied Luckie into her house, where she bade me sit down a moment in her own little parlor, ere introducing me to her dying lodger in his room overhead.

"Bide a wee, sir," said she, and bustling to the closet, she brought forth a bottle and glasses, saying: "Ye maun e'en tak' schnaps afore ye gang intil yond' puir creetur, for ye will see an awsome sight, and aiblins hear uncanny things, I dinna ken. Eh, sir, the way he has talked and maundered all nicht lang was fearfu'!"

She then rapidly related to me the whole history of his sudden illness. It appeared that he was in his usual health until the previous morning, when the postman brought him a letter, and when he had read it she avowed that he gave an "eldritch screech," and raved like a man demented. She was alarmed, and attempted to soothe and condole with him, supposing that he had received news of some domestic calamity, but he took not the slightest notice of her presence, and after reading the fatal letter over and over again, he thrust it in the fire, and in a state of frightful agitation opened his drawers and cast heap after heap of papers and documents on the floor, all of which he successively thrust between the bars of the grate, muttering to himself like a maniac all the while. Poor Luckie was so alarmed that she ran out of the room, and he instantly locked himself in, and remained tolerably quiet for several hours, until she was startled by a heavy fall on his floor, succeeded by struggling. Running up-stairs she knocked at the door, but received no reply beyond a stifled groan. Luckie then flew for help, and the door was forced open by the fishermen she had summoned. An appalling sight met their view. The books and other little properties of the unfortunate gentleman were scattered in every direction, and he himself was lying in an insensible condition on the floor, soaked in blood. At first they imagined he had cut his throat or stabbed himself, but they soon perceived that he had simply burst a

* A species of basket in which the fisher-wives carry the herrings for sale.

blood-vessel from mental excitement. He was immediately placed in his bed, and a doctor did all that human skill could to promote his recovery. The unhappy man by degrees became fully sensible, and his first inquiry was addressed to the doctor, whom he besought to tell him whether he was or was not in mortal danger? The reply, couched gently but explicitly, was in the affirmative, whereupon the patient manifested little emotion, merely remarking that for his part he was not in such love with life as to murmur at the prospect of exchanging it for a better state of being. The doctor felt it a duty to pointedly ask poor Dunraven whether he would not wish for his friends to be instantly communicated with, but the response was a stern negative. In vain did the worthy doctor press the point, for Dunraven decisively replied that there was no one living whom he cared should know whether he himself was alive or dead.

The doctor gave imperative orders to Luckie and her gossips to keep the dying man—for dying he was, and no earthly power could long avert the doom—as quiet as possible; and meanwhile he sent a friend of his, a clergyman, to visit and pray with and for the friendless stranger. Dunraven thanked the minister for his attendance, listened attentively to his religious exhortations, and fervently cried "Amen" to the prayer uttered on his behalf by the kneeling divine.

All night the landlady said he had remained awake, and notwithstanding his bodily exhaustion his mind was evidently preternaturally active, and he had muttered to himself for hours in a way she could not understand. The doctor had repeatedly called and done his utmost, and now he had just told her that her lodger could not possibly survive the day.

When Luckie concluded, I expressed my anxious wish at once to visit this mysterious man, and she led me to his room. On entering, the woman in attendance made a sign of caution, as the patient had sunk in a troubled sleep. I stepped lightly to his bed, and silently contemplated the appalling example before me of the consequences of yielding to unbridled passion, no matter how evoked. He lay flat on his back, with both arms stretched on the outside of the coverlet, and the clothes partially thrust off his breast by his own unconscious act. His lineaments were deadly white—and this

struck me the more as, when in health, his complexion was very dark—but calm and indicative of extreme physical prostration. His features were strongly marked, and his grizzled hair was yet matted in some places with gouts of dry blood. A small streak of bloody foam slowly oozed at the corners of his mouth when his lips nervously twitched. Both hands were firmly clenched, and once or twice he uplifted and slightly shook them with what seemed a menacing air.

In a few minutes he gave a prolonged sigh, and awoke. He turned over on his right side, and his wild dark eyes gazed first at his landlady and then at myself. He recognized me instantly, and nodded his head, but did not speak. I drew nearer, and expressing my sympathy with his condition, said that I had taken the liberty to call upon him to offer my services in any shape he would command, adding, that I knew by personal experience what it is to be stretched on a bed of sickness in a strange land.

He smiled faintly, and offered me his hand to shake.

"You are very kind, sir," said he, "but you are in error when you suppose me to be a foreigner."

"Pardon me, but can not I communicate on your behalf with your friends?"

"Friends!" exclaimed he, bitterly, "I have no friends, and if I had, I would rather die unknown to them."

"It is very shocking!" I involuntarily murmured.

"Not more shocking than true;" was the cool response. "But you mean kindly—pray be seated."

I willingly complied.

"My hours," resumed he, "are numbered—it may be my very minutes—and I wish to turn my face to the wall. You are a stranger, but you say that you will do all that you can for me?"

"Your last wishes shall be solemnly fulfilled to the utmost in my power."

"Thanks."

He beckoned to his landlady, and poor Luckie approached, with her apron to her eyes, for with all his eccentricities, she had grown much attached to her lodger.

"Open the bottom-drawer," said he, pointing to a cabinet, "and bring the box you will find in it."

Luckie did as desired, and drew forth a small iron box, which she placed on a

chair within his reach. He pressed a secret spring in its side, and the lid flew open. He then emptied the contents on the coverlet of the bed, having previously been propped up with pillows at his own request. Those contents appeared to be souvenirs. There was a locket or two, a small French Testament, a pocket compass, a silver snuff-box, a finely embroidered muslin handkerchief, a curious gold seal, a book-mark of green silk, and a miniature portrait in a plain ebony case, with a long black ribbon looped to it. The dying man took up one article after another, and I observed that he set his teeth firmly together as he did so. The embroidered handkerchief he clutched in his hand, and his lips quivered with suppressed emotion as he laid it by his side. One by one he replaced in the box every other article except it and the miniature. The latter he held in both hands, and gazed at it absorbingly. At length tears started in his eyes and slowly trickled down his wasted cheeks. I obtained a single glance at the portrait, and perceived that it was that of a beautiful girl, with her autograph at the bottom. What the name was, however, I did not decipher. He grasped the handkerchief anew, and pressed it to his face, murmuring:

"There, it has wiped away the last tears I shall ever shed!"

The next moment he imprinted a long, clinging kiss on the miniature, and passing the ribbon round his neck, placed the portrait over his heart with the back part of the frame uppermost. Then he thrust the handkerchief upon it, and carefully buttoned his shirt over all. I guessed what was about to ensue.

Turning to me, he fixed his piercing eyes full on mine, as though he would read my very soul, and hoarsely cried:

"You will sacredly keep a promise you make to a dying man, unknown though he be?"

"By my dearest hopes, I will!"

"Then hearken. When I am dead let no hand remove this miniature and handkerchief from my cold breast—let no eye even look upon them—and let them be buried with me. Do you promise?"

"Most solemnly I do."

"Swear it!" exclaimed he, with startling energy, suddenly taking the little French Testament from the box, and placing it in my hand, "swear by your

faith in this book that you will do all that I require!"

I kissed the Testament, and exclaimed:

"I will do it, so help me, God!"

"I am content," sighed he, sinking back, "and now I shall die happily!"

The landlady offered him a mixture left by the doctor, and he swallowed it with avidity. Then he roused himself, and exclaimed almost cheerfully:

"My time draws nigh—death is shaking my last sands of life!"

"Do you think your dissolution so near?" said I, whilst a feeling of profound awe crept over me; for never yet had I sat by a death-bed, and witnessed the last struggle between time and eternity in a mortal breast.

"Ay," murmured he, rather soliloquizing than replying to me, "for *she* hovered around me last night, radiant in her immortal loveliness—a loveliness wondrous even on earth, but transcendent now that she soars on angel-wing in Paradise—and she pointed heavenward, and smiled, and beckoned me to come and share her blissful abiding place for aye. Ere another midnight I shall be with her."

"To whom do you allude?" I ventured to ask.

An inexplicable smile flitted athwart his lineaments, and a dazzling unearthly gleam shot from his eyes.

"What have I been saying? It is nothing!" and the smile deepened in its mysterious potency.

He passed his hand once or twice over his brow, and then in a low abstracted voice asked for his writing-desk. It was held to him, and opening it, he took from out a private drawer a small roll of bank-notes.

"Here," said he, "you see all the money I am possessed of—but no matter! there is more than I have lived to spend."

"Have you any instructions to give for its disposal?"

"Why, yes, 'twill be better. Write down what I dictate."

I dipped a pen, and taking a sheet of paper prepared to write down literally his last bequests.

"I have here," said he, "seventy-five pounds. I wish to be buried as privately and cheaply as possible. Remember that."

"It shall be as you desire."

"Not at this place," continued he.

"Take me to Cramond* churchyard—'tis a sweet spot, and I have often thought of late that I should like to sleep there. Near the wall are two grand old sycamore trees, and I wish to be buried between them, for when the wind blows, their gnarled interlaced limbs will play a requiem as wild and melancholy as his life has been who will rest below."

I shuddered at this strange fancy; but I had myself often stood beneath the churchyard wall, and listened to the very peculiar *eerie* moaning the fantastic limbs of the ancient trees in question make in windy weather, and therefore I knew Dunraven's mind was not wandering.

"Rear no sculptured emblem, no stone, no memorial over me, but plant a red-rose tree at my head, and a cypress at my feet. *She*," sadly added he, "was the rose, and *I* the cypress."

After a pause: "Be sure," reiterated he, eagerly, "that you raise no stone: let my grave be nameless; let there be naught to indicate where the wanderer found his final abiding-place on earth."

I carefully noted down all he said, and assured him that his minutest requests should be literally complied with.

"And now," resumed he, "for the disposal of my little all. Let the physician and those who have attended me be duly paid, and when the expenses of my funeral are also deducted, I bequeath the entire residue of the money to my honest landlady here. She is a poor widow, and has been unremitting in her kind attentions to me during the whole of my sojourn with her."

Poor Luckie was so overcome at this speech, that she sobbed like a child and moaned:

"Nae, nae, it's you who have been owre gude to me and my poor feytherless bairns, for ye hae a kind feeling heart o' yeer ain, and I always said it! Eh! it's no the sillier that I wad value a bodle, gin' I could ainy see ye weel aince mair."

Dunraven looked kindly at her, and shook his head in silence. He next bequeathed to me the whole of his books, manuscripts, and little personal souvenirs, in spite of my reluctance to accept them. He was peremptory on this point, and at

length I acceded. His worldly matters were now arranged, he said, to his perfect satisfaction, and he sank back for a while, and covered his eyes with one hand, whilst the fingers of the other rapidly opened and closed over the coverlet, with that clutching motion so common in the case of the dying. Soon he aroused himself, and requested that the window of his room, which overlooked the sea, might be thrown wide open. This was done, and as he reclined back on the pillows, he had a full view of the beautiful broad Firth, and the sunlit hills of the opposite coast of Fife. Long and earnestly, with an expression of mingled pleasure and pain, did he gaze, and his eye glanced understandingly at the different vessels in sight—some at anchor in the roads, others under sail up or down the Firth.

"Never more," exclaimed he, sighing heavily, "shall I feel the bounding motion of a buoyant bark! Many's the cruise that I have made on nearly every ocean and sea of this world, but my voyage of life is ended, and I shall soon anchor in the ocean of eternity."

"You have been a sailor?"

"A sailor! ay, and what is more than a sailor, a thorough seaman," answered he, emphatically; and even in the hour of death an expression of stern professional pride uplit his speaking lineaments. "There are countries, sir, where the name and fame of the Count of Elsinore will be remembered generations hence; and when they speak of the noble Rover of the Baltic, they will not forget his faithful friend and officer, whose last moments, you, an unknown stranger, have generously come to soothe."

"A rover!" ejaculated I.

"I have said it—and truth is generally uttered by dying lips."

"And were *you*," I half-whispered, "once a rover?"

"I shared the fortunes of my noble and dearly-loved friend, the Count of Elsinore!" answered he firmly, and in a manner that forbade further question. "But," he added, in a gentle and significant tone, "I have bequeathed you all my papers, and you will learn from them whatever you wish to know of the career of us both."

A deep silence ensued, broken only by the smothered sobs of Luckie Macrae. The day was warm and still—not a breath of air was wafted through the open win-

* Cramond is a fine old village a few miles further up the Firth, and, although close upon the shore, it is embosomed with trees, and situated in the midst of lovely rural scenery.

dow. Dunraven continued to gaze steadily on the glittering waters of the Firth, but his mind was far away: he was mentally retracing the stormy adventures of his youth and manhood—adventures which I now began to fear were of a dark and fearful nature.

Suddenly a swallow flew in through the window, swiftly winged its flight thrice around the room, and then fluttered over the head of the dying man, whose preternaturally bright eyes were riveted upon its movements. Finally, with a mournful farewell twitter, it brushed closely past his face, and darting forth into the open sunny air, was seen no more.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dunraven, "well do I understand ye, creature of God!"

This expression, I thought, intimated that he actually regarded the visit of the bird as a message from the unseen world of spirits to warn him that his last moments were at hand, and he possibly also associated its presence with some events in his history then unknown to me.

"Bring me the wine and the goblet you will find in yon old sea-chest!" was the extraordinary direction he immediately afterwards gave to Luckie. "There is," continued he, "at the bottom of the chest, my sea-cloak, in which you will find the flask and goblet. That battered old chest has been my companion in all my voyages and wanderings, and the cloak was a gift of my mother when first I went to sea. I wish it to be spread over me for my pall!"

I promised him that this wish should be complied with; and when Luckie had carefully unrolled the cloak, she found, to my astonishment, a long-necked flask of wine, and a large antique Venetian crystal goblet, cut in the most exquisite style, and enriched with sparkling gems, and precious stones, and gilded devices. She mechanically brightened this sumptuous goblet, and Dunraven received it with flashing eye.

"See!" cried he, holding it forth, all glittering in the warm sunbeams, "this has been an heirloom in my family for four long centuries. My father used it only on high festivals, and the night before his death he drained it for the last time. Since then it has never once been filled. I am the last of my race, and it is meet that I quaff my death-draught from it ere it passes into the hands of the stranger. To you," added he, addressing me, "I bequeath it."

I was so amazed at all I saw and heard, that I could only bow my acceptance of the gift.

"The wine," he resumed, "is of a name and quality befitting the lips of a dying man. It is a flask of rare Cyprus, which once was my father's, and I have always preserved it for an occasion like this."

He here motioned to the landlady to uncork it. She did so, and he received the flask in one hand, and grasping the heavy goblet in the other, steadily poured forth the wine to the lees, and the goblet was brimful. The rich, dark old Cyprus mantled and creamed in its matured strength, and the eye of Dunraven gleamed with a species of fierce exultation as he watched it till the last bubble rose and burst on the surface.

He slowly raised the goblet to his lips and never lowered his hand until he had drained the last drop. Then he calmly kissed the goblet, set it down by his side, and in an unflinching but unearthly tone, exclaimed:

"All is ended!"

The next moment he sank heavily backward, and without word, or groan, or sigh, or sign, his spirit fled to its final account.

I sacredly kept my oath to the departed. No prying eye gazed on the miniature and handkerchief on his breast—his cherished old sea-cloak was his pall—all his wishes were scrupulously fulfilled. He was buried precisely where he had indicated, and heart-warm tears were shed o'er his grave. A red-rose tree was planted at his head, and a cypress at his feet, and the huge old sycamores of Cramond churchyard yet moan a requiem over him. No stone indicates who rests below; but the cypress casts its shadow, and the red-rose sheds its perfumed leaves over the Rover's grave, and the redbreast, in autumn, hops twitteringly away when a stranger approaches to silently muse o'er the nameless mound.

I found that his books—now mine—were all standard works in English, Latin, French, Spanish, and Danish; but the autographs their fly-leaves once bore had been, in every instance, carefully obliterated. Every scrap of writing had been destroyed, with the special exception of the large packet of manuscripts he had bequeathed to me. I had not the heart to open this for several weeks, although I knew that unless its contents would cast

a light on the history of the deceased, his secret must have perished with him.

At length I examined it, and found that it consisted of a great variety of papers and documents in different hands, together with divers letters and closely-written sheets of notes and memoranda. At the first glance I was confused by the apparent incongruity of the subjects these papers treated of, but on a more regular perusal, incidents which had seemed inexplicable and contradictory proved consonant, and each formed a link of a chain. Wild and romantic adventures—deeds of daring—the most powerful passions of human nature—the worst and the best emotions of the soul—these formed the ground-work of the canvas, so to speak; and in the foreground stood forth a few preëminent actors in the drama. Dunraven himself was a prominent character, yet a subordinate one. It was palpable that a material portion of the facts related in these papers had from time to time been made public—but the bare facts only; and other portions which alone could elucidate the mystery enveloping the main incidents, and enhance their interest, had hitherto remained profoundly secret. I now held the key to the entire Romance of Reality; and as Dunraven had bequeathed me the papers without any restriction as to the use I might be inclined to make of them, I seriously debated in my mind the propriety of condensing them into a narrative of actual facts. So far as Dunraven himself was concerned, there could be no objection to this, but as regarded others, mature consideration convinced me that I should not be morally justified in doing such a thing. Were I, however, to weave the narrative into a fictitious shape—to give Reality the outward garb of Romance—no possible harm could accrue. So have I done.

CHAPTER II.

THE CASTAWAY.

DURING the summer of 18—, the British barque Camperdown was sailing on the Baltic sea, homeward bound, from St. Petersburg. One stormy night the bark was on a tack under close-reefed topsails, a few leagues to the eastward of the large Danish island of Bornholm, when a man on the look-out reported to the mate who was in charge of the watch, that whilst

the moon shone clear of the wild dark clouds scudding athwart the sky, he had fancied that he saw a fragment of wreck ahead to windward. Thereupon the mate procured the night-telescope, and with its aid he distinctly made out a large spar floating atop a wave, and evidently drifting rapidly towards the bark. There was something attached to the spar, but ere he could distinguish what it was, the entire object disappeared in the trough of the sea. A few minutes later it was again in sight, at a much less distance, and then the mate could positively discern that a human being was clinging to the spar. On this, he ran below to inform the captain, who hurried on deck, and promptly ordered the ship to be so steered as to near the unfortunate cast-away, whilst a boat was made ready for lowering.

In a brief period the ship was hove-to, and the boat was launched and pulled towards the spar. When alongside the latter, the sailors found a man lashed to it, in a state of extreme exhaustion. With great difficulty, owing to the chopping sea, they cut the rope and lifted him into the boat, whence he was transferred into the bark. He was too weak to speak, and the humane captain immediately had him conveyed to the cabin, stripped, and placed in a berth. Stimulants were then administered, and his body was swathed in warm blankets. He speedily revived, and evidently a night's rest was all that was requisite to render him quite convalescent. All night he slumbered heavily, and occasionally murmured words in a foreign language.

The dress of the shipwrecked man, thus providentially rescued, consisted of a pair of seaman's trowsers, made of fine blue cloth, a belt of richly embroidered crimson silk, (worn in a roll,) with pendent tassels descending from the left hip to the middle of the thigh. He had no jacket nor vest. His shirt was of white linen, of extraordinary fineness. He wore thick Iceland stockings, and light shoes, with curious silver buckles. In the belt was stuck a keen-edged dagger in a leather sheath, ornamented with brass. The hilt of the weapon was covered with closely-twisted brass wire, affording a firm grip for the hand. In the trowsers' pockets were found a few foreign coins, and a large antique silver snuff-box, with a lengthy inscription in Danish on the lid.

In person, the unknown was of the middle height, but his frame of prodigious muscular development. His hairy chest was of extraordinary breadth, and his limbs were gigantic in size, and one solid mass of muscles, bones, and sinews. His hands were finely shaped. His head was comparatively small but well shaped, and covered with long flossy hair of a very light color, almost silvery. His features were clearly and finely cut, and their extreme delicacy imparted to them quite a feminine—and yet not an effeminate—expression. His eyes were large, and in color light blue. He wore neither whiskers, beard nor moustache, and his countenance was of that rare kind that requires no such manly embellishments. From the lobes of his small ears, exquisitely chased gold rings were pendent; and on the little finger of his left hand he wore a massive gold signet-ring. A deep scar, as though from a cutlass slash, disfigured his left shoulder, and another cicatrice, apparently caused by a musket-ball, in his right side, were observed and commented upon by his rough but kindly nurses. Obviously he was a mariner—yet one of no common stamp—and a foreigner; probably a Scandinavian, or possibly a Russian. His age appeared to be thirty odd.

During the night the weather moderated, and almost a calm ensued by day-break. The kind-hearted captain of the *Camperdown* had repeatedly looked at the slumbering stranger to see that all was going on well with him, but the latter did not awake from his sleep—so deep as almost to resemble a trance—till noon. The captain was writing at the cabin-table when he heard a movement in the berth—which was an open one—and turning round, he perceived the unknown sitting up and gazing at him with an air of singular perplexity. The captain smiled, and exclaimed:

"You wonder where you are, eh? You have fallen into good hands. Do you understand English?"

The stranger gazed steadily at his interrogator and then replied:

"Yes, I can speak English a little, sir!"

"A little! why you speak it as well as myself;" and in truth he did. "How do you feel yourself now?"

"I am nearly well, and I feel very grateful to you for preserving my life," was the grave and emphatic reply.

"Ay, yours *was* an escape! But touch-and go is a good pilot, as we say. As to myself, I only did my duty—no more than what any man would have done." And the captain briefly related the manner in which his guest was rescued from the wilderness of waters.

The foreigner listened with perfect composure; but his voice had a tone of anxiety as he asked the name and destination of the ship.

"The bark *Camperdown* of Leith, homeward bound from St. Petersburg. I am her master, and my name is Charles May. But we will overhaul these matters by and by. Can you get up, and are you hungry?"

Both questions were answered in the affirmative, and the captain at once ordered the steward to spread the table with the best he had. The stranger's own clothes, which had been dried, were handed to him, and he attired himself in them with an air of quiet satisfaction.

"What dandies and fantastic fellows these foreigners are!" muttered the captain, as he observed the care with which the man disposed his crimson belt, and adjusted its pendent tassels. Having done so, he sat down to table with his hospitable entertainer, and ate and drank of all that was offered with an appetite that vouched for his perfect convalescence. Captain May congratulated him; but a quiet bow was the only response; and although he plied his knife and fork without intermission, the stranger was abstracted and profoundly thoughtful. The captain, however, naturally thought he had a right to ask some questions, and when the repast was ended, he intimated as much with a seaman's frankness. His guest made a gesture of assent, and regarded him with a keenly scrutinizing gaze.

"What countryman are you?" was the captain's first interrogation.

"Danish," was the laconic reply.

"You speak English wonderfully well!"

"I was taught it when a child, and I have lived in England."

"And what are you? do you follow the sea?"

"A seaman need hardly ask that!"

"True, brother, there is a sort of free-masonry about us mariners, whatever be our country or our color. Was your ship wrecked last night?"

"She will never float again: not two

of her timbers hang together!" was the reply, spoken with great deliberation, and some bitterness of tone.

"All hands lost?"

"I am saved—thanks to you!"

"Ay, but are you the only one?"

"I believe so—yes, I must be the only man saved." These ominous words were uttered in a singularly composed manner.

"Bless my heart!" ejaculated the honest captain, "that's dreadful! Poor fellows! Well, it's a fate we seamen must always be prepared to meet; and sooner or later it does overtake not a few of us. And how did it happen? Did the craft strike on the Jomfru reef?"

For a moment the Dane hesitated, and then he hastily exclaimed:

"Ah! that frightful reef! its jagged rocks have been the death-cradle of many a brave ship!"

"That they have; and a close shave past them I once had myself in this very ship," rejoined the captain, who was too straightforward to notice that the reply of the Dane was a dubious one—a dexterous evasion of a point-blank query. "And the ship was Danish?"

"Yes."

"Whither bound?"

"Copenhagen."

"Where from?"

"Stockholm."

"And I suppose you were skipper?"

The Dane slightly nodded, and then shook his head sadly.

"Well," cried the worthy captain of the Camperdown, "I daresay it is a painful thing for you to talk about; but have a heart. The best of ships are often lost, however well officered and manned; so cheer up, brother. I dare say that your owners will not be unreasonable when they hear all; and maybe I shall meet you again in command of a better craft by and by!"

Had the honest Englishman been a man of greater penetration, he would have perceived that his guest did not exhibit much despondency; but to the reverse, was impenetrably calm and phlegmatic. He appreciated, however, the captain's kindly sympathy, and a momentary smile uplifted his fair and delicate features.

"What was your vessel?" resumed the captain.

"A brig-skonnert."

"Ay, that's what we call a brigantine,

or an hermaphrodite brig. And her name?"

"Enighteens Minde."

"That's Greek to me! Please to write it down, that I may copy it correctly in my log."

So saying, he handed pen and paper to the Dane, who complied with the request, not without a furtive smile.

"And now tell me your own name, and write it also, for I never can spell any foreign name rightly except by copying it. What is yours?"

This simple and natural question had a singular effect. The Dane started, and gave a rapid searching glance all round; he lifted his head erect, his breast seemed to expand, his light blue eyes, so soft in repose, gleamed keenly, and even fiercely, his placid features flushed with an unmistakable air of defiant pride, and his finely-cut lips distinctly enunciated in a firm, measured tone:

"I am Lars Vonved!"

"Oh! you are Lars Vonved!" echoed Captain May, staring in open astonishment at the attitude and expression of his singular guest; and then he muttered to himself: "Who is Lars Vonved, I wonder. The fellow seems as proud of his name as if he were a Lord High Admiral!"

Whatever might be the secret thoughts and feelings of the Dane, he instantly resumed his self-possession and quiet air. He not only wrote his name as desired, but added the date and a few words, and requesting sealing-wax and a light, he affixed a seal, using for that purpose the signet-ring on his finger. Then he handed the paper to Captain May, saying, in a peculiarly impressive manner:

"Keep this carefully; the day may come when it will prove of service to you."

Surprised alike at the action and the words, the captain gazed curiously at the document—as it may be termed—which read thus:

"Enighteens Minde.

"For Charles May, Captain of the Camperdown, of Leith. June twenty eight, 18—.

"LARS VONVED."

The words were written in the peculiar style yet used by Scandinavians; and the signature of "Lars Vonved" itself was a very large, bold, and remarkably complicated Gothic autograph, of a kind to be instantly recognizable, and almost impos-

sible to successfully imitate. The seal bore a coat-of-arms, consisting of an eagle flying with a double edged sword in its beak, above a ship in full sail. A motto in Danish encircled these emblems, and Captain May inquired its meaning.

"It refers to the emblems, and means in English: '*The ship must sail swiftly, lest the eagle drop the sword on her deck!*'"

"Well, that's past a plain seaman's comprehension; its mystical to me!" exclaimed the simple-minded captain.

"It has a secret meaning, Captain May!"

"So it must, Herr Vonved! And I suppose that is your family arms?"

"Not so: it is the private symbol I have myself assumed."

"Do you know, Herr Vonved," confidentially observed the honest veteran ship-master, "that I myself have sometimes thought of getting a seal cut with emblems, as you call them, of my own invention or choosing."

"Indeed, Captain May; and what do you propose to have engraved?" said Vonved, very blandly.

"Why, what do you say to a compass in the center, and a marlingspike on one side, and an anchor on the other for supporters, and waves at the bottom, with 'C. M.' for my name? Ship-shape, eh! Nothing mystical about *that*?"

"Capital, sir! A better and more appropriate device could not be desired!" responded the Dane, with a look of arch amusement.

"Ay, ay! Heer Vonved, I say nothing about your own affair, though it is a little too high flown and hieroglyphical to my fancy; but let an old sea-dog like me alone for inventing a real mariner's seal."

"And what is to be your motto?"

"My motto? What—ay—what do you think of the three Ls?"

"The three Ls!"

"Ay, Latitude, Lead, and Lookout! We seamen call them the 'three Ls,' you know, and a ship would be badly navigated were they not all attended to."

"Excellent, Captain May! I admire your taste, sir."

The old captain smiled complacently, and placing Vonved's autograph between the leaves of his log-book, he cordially cried:

"Well, Herr Vonved, I hope to safely land you at your own port of Copenhagen,

where I have to take in some cargo; and meanwhile you are heartily welcome to share my cabin, and we shall have time to become better acquainted, and to overhaul our old logs together. I'm going on deck, now."

"And I will go with you!"

They ascended together, and Vonved, after looking aloft, and keenly scanning the horizon in every quarter, and glancing at the compass to ascertain the ship's course, courteously thanked the mate for the share the latter had taken in his own marvelous preservation over-night, and then requested to see the look-out man who had first perceived him floating helpless on the spar. The man was called, and Vonved spake a few kindly words to him expressive of his gratitude, and gave him all the money in his pocket, which included a Frederick d'or, and two or three other gold pieces. The bluff English seaman did not wish to accept them, but the Dane insisted that he should.

Several vessels were in sight, all at a considerable distance. One of them, evidently a very small craft, by and by attracted the especial notice of Lars Vonved. His gaze was intently riveted on her, and at length he said:

"I think I know that Danish jøgt!"

"A Danish jøgt, is she?" cried Captain May. "You have keen eyes, Herr Vonved; I could not swear whether she is a Danish jøgt or an English sloop at this distance, by the naked eye."

Vonved eagerly seized a telescope, but hardly had he leveled it ere he lowered it again, and coolly slapped the joints together, whilst a smile of singular meaning flitted over his features.

"Do you know her?"

"You shall see, Captain May!" and springing on the quarter-deck bulwark, where he steadied himself against the spanker-boom, Vonved untwisted his crimson silk sash, and held it fluttering out as a signal. This sash was about a dozen feet long by two or three in breadth, and in the center were three large white stars, horizontally disposed.

Captain May leveled his telescope at the strange vessel, to curiously watch whether the signal would be noticed or answered, and in a couple of minutes, to his astonishment, he beheld a group of four or five men hurriedly gathering together on the quarter-deck of the little craft, one of whom was gazing with a

telescope at the bark. It was obvious that the signal had already attracted notice. All doubt was exchanged for certainty, for the flash of a gun was immediately seen, and the Danish jøgt put forth every stitch of canvas, and stood towards the bark.

"Well, this beats Marryatt's signals hollow!" exclaimed the astonished old captain, as Vonved leaped on to the deck, and deliberately folded his sash, and rolled it round his waist again, belt-fashion. "They keep a sharp look-out in that craft."

"It is their duty to do so," calmly rejoined Vonved.

The little jøgt overhauled the bark so rapidly that it was evident she must be a wonderfully fast craft, and when she reached within a few cables' length hove-to, and a Norwegian pram—a small and peculiarly shaped light skiff that will live in the heaviest seas—put off from her side, manned by two seamen, who swiftly pulled to the bark. In a few minutes the pram was alongside, and holding on by a boat hook at the mizzen-chains.

Lars Vonved, in a tone of prompt command, hailed the men in the pram, who both took off their caps in respectful salute to him.

"Hvorledes gaar det?" (How is it?) said he.

"Redt godt, Capitain Vonved!" (All is right, Captain Vonved!) responded they.

Vonved turned round to the master of the Camperdown, and pointing significantly to the pram and to the jøgt, he grasped his hand, and wrung it warmly, saying:

"I must now leave you, Captain May, and believe me that I shall never forget that my life has been saved by your ship! Some day or other I may have an opportunity to prove my gratitude!"

"Never mind that; but good-by; and I wish you well!" heartily responded the captain, who began to feel like a man in a dream.

Vonved lightly swung himself into the pram, and as it pushed off, he stood erect, and laying his right hand on his heart, bowed gracefully, and exclaimed, with deep emphasis:

"Preserve what I wrote for you, Captain May, it will be of use hereafter!"

In a brief interval, Vonved was on board the jøgt, which fired a farewell gun, and

filling away, went off in a direction totally opposite to its former course, and soon was a mere speck on the horizon.

CHAPTER III.

LARS VONVED.

In a week's time—having had head winds—the Camperdown put into Copenhagen to ship some goods, and Captain May waited as usual on the British consul. After transacting the customary business, the consul said:

"By-the-by, did you pass near Bornholm this homeward passage?"

"Yes, sir, a dozen miles or so to the eastward."

"When was that?"

"About seven days ago."

"Indeed. Well, it was just about that time a very extraordinary and awful occurrence took place, intelligence of which has reached Copenhagen, and is causing immense excitement. Here is the account given in *Fædrelandet*—a daily paper—of this morning, which I will translate to you."

The consul took up *Fædrelandet*, and read as follows:

"Advices just received from Bornholm, communicate intelligence of an appalling nature. The public is aware that for some months past all trace has been lost of the renowned fredlos,* Lars Vonved. It was believed either that he had perished, or that he and his reckless crew had betaken themselves to another part of the world. We now learn that Vonved was ashore on the island of Bornholm about ten days ago, and that one of his own men betrayed him by giving information to the commander of the troops stationed at Ronne. A plan was immediately arranged to capture him, and this was effected the same night without any resistance; for as soon as Vonved saw that it would be madness to defend himself—he being alone, and surrounded by armed men—he quietly surrendered. He was conveyed on board the Falk (Hawk) the brig-of-war, which had just arrived, and placed in a strong room in the hold; but by what seems a fatal oversight on the part of the unfortunate commander of the brig, the desperate prisoner was not ironed.

* Fredlos—that is, outlaw; proscribed man.

"The Falk lay at anchor a mile or two from the shore, and shortly after sunset on the 27th—the evening of the outlaw's capture—a horrible explosion took place, and the vessel was blown to pieces. Of all on board, only one man escaped. He was picked up by a boat from the shore; and he states his belief that Lars Vonved, knowing the doom that awaited him at Copenhagen, by some means broke through the bulkhead that separated him from the powder-magazine, and crowned his long list of crimes by deliberately blowing up the vessel, preferring to perish in this manner rather than on the wheel. The single survivor is also of opinion that, through some culpable negligence of the officers, Vonved was not even searched; therefore, supposing he had a dagger or strong knife concealed on his person, he might soon cut his way into the powder-magazine: and this is probably the plan he adopted.

"Many mangled bodies of the hapless crew have been washed ashore, but no remains of the arch-monster himself have hitherto been identified. Doubtless he was blown to atoms when he applied the fatal match."

Captain May listened to this narrative with feelings of extreme perturbation, which was increased when the consul said:

"Did you hear the explosion?"

"No, sir, we neither heard nor saw it. Probably we were too distant, and it was a stormy night too. What had this outlaw done, sir?"

"Rather ask what he hadn't done!" answered the consul. "If only half that is said of him be true, he was a very incarnation of mischief and subtlety. For the last half-dozen years his name has struck terror in the hearts of his countrymen—that is, if they really are his countrymen; for although he spoke Danish like a native, and resembled a Dane personally, there is, I believe, a mystery about his birth; for the authorities were never able to satisfactorily learn whence he came, nor who were his relatives. The name itself—provided it be genuine—is rather Swedish than Danish; but the man himself always avowed he was a Dane, and it has even been strongly rumored that he is of a most noble and ancient family. He must have begun his rover's profession betimes, for, I think, he could

not be much above thirty when he thus closed his fearful career."

"But his crimes, sir? Was he really a rover?"

"What, Captain May! Have you really never before heard of Lars Vonved, the Baltic Rover?"

"No, sir, I have not; but it is a dozen years since I was last up the Baltic."

"Ah! that accounts for your ignorance. Why he was a smuggler, pirate, and so forth; dyed in the guilt of a thousand crimes! Such at least is the story, though some people affect to disbelieve the greater portion of his alleged misdoings. All I know is, that he has been repeatedly captured, but always escaped, either through bribing his guards, or by the dexterity and dauntless courage, and tremendous personal strength, he is alleged to possess. I think it must be nearly five years since he was condemned to work in chains a slave for life, but he escaped the first time he was set to work on the roads. Subsequently he was recaptured, and many additional atrocious crimes being laid to his charge, he was then condemned to be broken alive on the wheel; but the very night before the day appointed for his execution he escaped from the Tughthuus in a marvelous manner. What is stranger than all, although a very heavy price was set on his head, dead or alive, none of the outcasts with whom he was more or less connected ever betrayed him, and his own crew were said to be thoroughly devoted to him. It would seem, however, if this newspaper account is correct, that one of them has proved a traitor at last."

"After all, the rogue must have had his good points, then," bluntly observed the captain.

"Yes, I believe such was really the case, and very romantic stories have been told of his generosity, and songs have been written and are popularly sung about his exploits."

"And what sort of a fellow was he, sir?"

The consul gave an accurate description of Vonved, explaining that he had never seen him, but that the Danish authorities had caused lithographed portraits of the outlaw, with a fac-simile of his autograph, to be extensively circulated to aid in his identification and arrest.

"You would know his handwriting then, sir?"

"Undoubtedly; but why do you ask?"

By way of reply, the captain opened his pocket-book, and handed a paper to the consul.

"'Camperdown of Leith, June 28th—Lars Vonved,'" read the latter. "Good heavens! how came you by this?"

Captain May related the whole adventure.

"The man bears a charmed life!" cried the amazed consul. "He is proof to fire and steel, and so he will ever be till the thread of his destiny is reeled off. And you say that he eat and drank with you, and expressed his gratitude?"

"He did, sir."

"Well, then, depend upon it that he and his lawless crew will never harm you nor yours. He never was known to break his word to friend or foe, and so far from injuring any one who ever served him, even unconsciously, he will risk his life to repay them. Take back your precious autograph, Captain May—it is a sort of pass bearing the sign-manual and seal of a potent rover—and preserve it carefully, resting assured that if Lars Vonved scuttles half the ships that sail on the Baltic, your bark will never be of the number. Ah! had you only known who was your guest, and had clapped him in irons, and brought him to Copenhagen, I verily think the king would have made you a night of the Dannebrog! You have missed both money and honor."

"And I'm not sorry for it," burst from the honest British tar. "Like any honest God-fearing mariner, I hate and abhor a rover, and heartily wish him a short shrift and a hempen necklace to swing him like a jewel block at the yard-arm, as he merits. But, sir, it was God's will that we should save his life, and I would not have given the man up under such circumstances, even had I suspected him to be what you describe. A miscreant he may be, ay, must be, if he is really a rover—and he *did* throw dust in my eyes with his yarn about losing his craft on the Jomfru reef—but somehow I can't think he's half so black as they paint him."

"Well, perhaps not; but let me give you a bit of earnest advice, Captain May. Keep your agency in letting him loose on the world again a profound secret, for I can assure you that the Danish government would look very black if they heard of it. And what they will say or do when he suddenly turns up again, all ripe and ready for mischief, is more than I can im-

agine. To give you some idea of what this desperate outlaw is capable, read this English version of a popular ballad, descriptive of his escape from the doom I before mentioned as pronounced against him."

"Lars Vonved in strong dungeon lay,
Condemned to die at dawn of day:
A black-robed priest he came to pray
At midnight with Lars Vonved.

"'Outlaw, repent!' the holy man
His ghostly counsel thus began;
'Confess! repent! for short's the span
Allotted thee, Lars Vonved.'

"'We all must die—Heaven's will be done!
And yet I hope to see the sun
Rise many a day ere my race be run!
Undaunted cried Lars Vonved.

"'Oh! clasp thy guilty hands and pray
That outraged heaven in mercy may
Pardon e'en thee—for at dawn of day
Thou'lt surely die, Lars Vonved!'

"'More merciful than man is heaven!
And by all my hopes to be forgiven,
I tell thee, priest, thou oft hast shriven
Worse sinners than Lars Vonved.'

"'That can not be,' the priest replied,
'For guiltier wretch yet never died
Than thou, who'lt perish in thy pride,
At dawn o' day, Lars Vonved!'

"Lars Vonved gave a laugh of scorn—
'Think not, good priest, the coming morn
Will see the fearless heart out-torn
From the bosom of Lars Vonved.'

"'Farewell, thou boasting fool! I go
And leave thee to eternal woe!
'Nay, good priest, do not leave me so!
Softly cried Lars Vonved.

"The priest turned round, and ere he knew
Was pinioned and his mouth gagged too,
His robe stripped off, and his hood of blue,
By the outlaw, bold Lars Vonved.

"'Sir priest, I must make free to borrow
Your dress awhile—but do not sorrow;
They'll set you free at dawn to-morrow,
So farewell!' cried Lars Vonved

"The watchful guards as they let him pass,
Said: 'Holy man, has he ta'en the mass?
Does he repent?' 'Ah! no, alas!
Too hardened is Lars Vonved!'

"At dawn of day, the dungeon door
Was open flung, and on the floor
They found the true priest groaning sore,
But flown away, Lars Vonved!"

"Is this ballad founded on fact, sir?" inquired the captain. "Can it be true that Vonved really escaped in the way it relates?"

"Such is the popular belief; and I never heard any other version of the escape that he undoubtedly effected."

"Well, sir, I am quite taken aback by the whole affair. To think that a rover has been in my ship—that he has slept in my berth—that he has eat and drunk with me at my table!" and the worthy old captain flushed with mingled feelings of amazement, indignation, and incredulity, at the recollection.

Although Captain May kept a discreet silence concerning the outlaw's preservation, some of his crew, hearing of the explosion of the Danish brig-of-war, naturally related the circumstance of having rescued a man floating on a piece of wreck in the locality where the catastrophe happened. This speedily reached the ears of the authorities, and the whole truth was wrung from the reluctant captain.

Proclamations were immediately issued in Copenhagen, and distributed all over Denmark Proper, and the Danish Islands and Schleswig and Holstein, denouncing the new and crowning enormity that Lars Vonved was positively accused of having committed, and relating his own marvelous escape. So important was his capture deemed, that the government increased the price on his head to the sum of two thousand five hundred specie-dalers, (£562 10s. sterling,) and offered a free pardon to any accomplices who would betray him.

The Danish people, generally, were divided between horror of the alleged atrocities of the outlaw, and of a species of superstitious admiration of the almost superhuman manner in which he had hitherto escaped paying the forfeit of his deeds. By an idiosyncrasy of human nature, the most detestable and monstrous criminals, if renowned for feats of brilliant and successful daring, rarely fail to excite interest and fearful sympathy in the breasts of the majority of their countrymen. Even the philosopher, who justly condemns the immorality of this morbid feeling, often himself feels its influence. Thus it was that the last reputed exploit of the greatest modern outlaw of all Scandinavia, the renowned Baltic Rover, added thousands to the ranks of those who half-admired, half-shuddered at his name and

fame; yet the heavy blød-penge (blood-money) tempted many to watch every opportunity of achieving his capture, or of obtaining information that would lead to it. Besides this, so far as the sailors of the navy and the landsoldats and officers of justice were concerned, it was their especial duty to hunt him down, independent of the reward, and that duty they were all anxious to perform. So extreme was the official activity now displayed at every Danish port, and along all the coasts of the mainland and islands, and so strong the assurance of the governments of the different countries bordering on the Baltic, that they would use their utmost vigilance to arrest the outlaw if he ventured to land on their territories, that the prospect of Vonved's final escape seemed indeed slight. It must be borne in mind that the Baltic is a large inland sea, and that passports are most strictly required to enable the bearer to land, or to travel through the countries bordering upon it. What likelihood was there of Vonved obtaining one, even under false pretenses? And even if he did, he would almost certainly be recognized from the description of his remarkable person, ere he had traveled many leagues.

Wagers were freely laid in Copenhagen that the Baltic Rover would be seized, dead or alive, within thirty days.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE LITTLE AMALIA."

THE vessel which received Lars Vonved, when he bade adieu to his kind preservers of the Camperdown, was one of the smallest of that kind of Danish sea-going craft called jægts, and she was a beautiful specimen of her class. Her length was thirty-five feet; her breadth of beam eleven feet; her depth of hold five feet. In her present trim, she drew four feet of water forward, and five aft, and, therefore, had not much dry side amidships, but as she had a considerable shear, of course her bows and stern rose comparatively high. Her symmetrical bows were pretty full above the water, but below, their lines were hollow and tapered finely. The stern had a clean run, and the counter was a flat oval, broken by two small slightly-projecting windows, each consisting of a square of thick plate-glass set in

an iron frame, which could be removed at pleasure. The oaken hull was painted a sea-green color, relieved by a single narrow gold band extending round the vessel, about a foot below the gunwale. Her single dark-varnished mast was of red pine, clear of a single knot, and rose straight as an arrow, and exactly perpendicular, to a great height, terminating above the "eyes" of the shrouds and the "collar" of the stay in a "crown," five or six feet in length, which curved forward and tapered to a point sustaining a small vane. Although carrying no upper sails, she yet could spread a large mass of canvas, comprising gaff and boom mainsail, square foresail, staysail, jib, and flying-jib. One very extraordinary peculiarity was the fact that all the sails were dyed black, and the spars and blocks were also of that somber hue. On board all was as neat as could possibly be. The low bulwarks were painted blue inside, with a bright crimson stripe down their middle; the deck was holystoned white as snow; every loose rope was carefully coiled down; the nicest order and arrangement prevailed. Just abaft the mast was a large hatchway, covered with a handsome grating, painted white, and aft there was a little poop-deck about seven feet in length, with a companion in front to afford ingress to the cabin. There was a low skylight to this poop-deck, and the long tiller with which the vessel was steered only just cleared it. On the whole, the pretty little *jægt* was evidently not engaged in the ordinary pursuits of honest gainful commerce, but either was a pleasure-boat, or a craft of a very questionable character.

When the pram which received Lars Vonved from the *Camperdown*, came alongside the *jægt*, he lightly swung himself on deck, and was received by the skipper, who bowed low and gracefully, exclaiming:

"Velbecommen hjem, Capitain Vonved!" (Welcome back!)

The seamen on board, and those in the pram, also doffed their caps, and echoed the national expression of welcome—national, at least, as concerns the maritime people—"velbecommen hjem!" in hearty tones.

"Mange tak, min vens!" (many thanks, my friends,) was Vonved's answer, and he hastily shook hands with the skipper, and then directed the pram

to be swung to the davits at the *jægt*'s stern, and a parting gun to be fired. One of the two small bronze signal guns, fixed on swivels on the pawl-windlass bitts, was promptly fired, and the pram hoisted chock-a-block to the davits, and then turned bottom upwards, and secured in such a position as to be ready for immediately launching again, and yet to lie without obstructing the movements of the tiller, or obscuring the light from the cabin stern windows. Vonved next ordered the helm to be put up, and the *jægt* to be kept away as near the wind as suited her best point of sailing; his object being to increase her distance from the *Camperdown* as rapidly as possible.

The bonny little *jægt* was handled by her powerful and experienced crew as easily as a mimic cock-boat is turned and guided by a schoolboy. She bowed over to the freshening breeze that whistled merrily through the rigging, until her lee-gangway dipped in the surging flood, and then she rushed steadily ahead, dashing aside the creamy spray from the crests of the waves which harmlessly broke against her bows, or when an occasionally heavier gust of wind jerked at her tacks and stays, she would shake her head saucily, uplift her bows with a snort and gurgle of the water eddying round her stem, and leap bodily over the advancing waves.

Vonved's eyes glistened with keen pleasure as he saw how quickly his *jægt* would be "hull down" to the bark, and as he stood on the weather quarter gangway, he struck the palm of his right hand smartly on the top of the bulwark, and apostrophizing the vessel as though she were a living creature, ejaculated:

"Ah! my own sweet little *Amalia*! thus dost thou ever serve me in the hour of need! A faithful craft hast thou been, and so thou wilt ever be unto me! Verily, I have need of thee."

As though his little *Amalia* (as the craft was named, after one whom he devotedly loved) were really the sentient being he almost seemed to believe her, she bounded forward more vigorously than ever, sending up the spray from her weather-bow high above the bulwarks in showers that sparkled brilliantly in the sun ere falling far to leeward.

The crew of the *jægt* consisted of four men and a skipper. The men were all

middle-aged, grave, steady-looking seamen, and when they had made such alterations as were necessary in the disposition of the sails, three of them—the fourth having the tiller in hand—clustered together, and stood with folded arms a little abaft the mast, gazing curiously, yet respectfully, at “Captain Vonved,” as they called him. Near to the latter stood their own “skipper,” who merits a more particular description. His age did not exceed two-and-twenty, and he was tall, slim, and decidedly gentlemanly in his appearance and manners. His fair complexion, light-blue eyes, flaxen hair, and the general contour of his features, bore testimony to his Scandinavian lineage. He was a handsome, intelligent-looking young man, and his dress set off his figure to advantage. It consisted of wide blue trousers of fine cloth, a vest of dark velvet, buttoned closely up to the throat, and a blue cloth surtout confined round the waist with a simple belt of black varnished leather. His neck was bare, the white collar of his shirt being turned down, and tied with a little bow of black ribbon. On his head he wore an ordinary undress navy cap, with the usual anchor-buttons, but the gold band was merely a narrow stripe. This young man, after his first greeting, had only spoken to Lars Vonved in answer to one or two questions the latter put, but stood with an air of deference, yet friendly familiarity, awaiting the further pleasure of the redoubted Rover of the Baltic.

Suddenly Vonved turned towards him, and said:

“You little anticipated seeing a signal of mine from yonder bark, Herr Lundt?”

“I did not, Captain Vonved, and at first I rather feared it was an enemy’s ruse, but thanks to a good glass, I recognized you, and, therefore had no hesitation in answering the signal and bearing down.”

“You did well sir, and right glad was I to see the Little Amalia dashing to my rescue.”

“Rescue! Captain Vonved?”

“So I may phrase it, sir, although I was in no danger so far as the good-will of the captain and crew of the Camperdown was concerned. You would know her again?”

“I should, Captain Vonved.”

“And you, my Vikings?” addressing

the deeply attentive crew, who of course heard every word of the conversation, “you are old seamen, and would know that bark again by her build and rig among a thousand—is it not so?”

The men raised their caps in the ready, courteous manner, common even to the poorest and lowliest seamen of Scandinavia, and promptly answered in the affirmative.

“Then, one and all, will bear in mind that the good old captain of that bark is my friend; I owe my life to that ship and her crew; and I order you at all times to aid that captain and ship at the peril of your lives should there ever be occasion, and opportunity serve.”

“Ja, ja! Captain Vonved;” gravely responded they, and their looks betokened how much they desired to know in what manner his life had been jeopardized and saved. He perceived this, and with an air in which kindness and authority were singularly blended, he said:

“I know your faithful affection for me, my brave men, for you have all been oft tried and never yet found wanting, and at the proper time you shall know what has befallen me since we last parted. Herr Lundt, let the man who acts as your steward serve to them a couple of bottles of your best wine to drink my safe return.”

The young officer—as he may not improperly be called—bowed, and beckoning to the seaman who acted as steward, gave him an order. The man dived into the cabin, and quickly reappeared with the wine; when Vonved said, in a smiling, friendly way:

“Go forward, my Vikings, and enjoy yourselves; but neglect not to keep a good look-out and report to us when necessary. Herr Lundt, we will now retire to the cabin.”

The officer again bowed, descended first, and was followed by the extraordinary man whose will appeared to be law on board.

The cabin of the Amalia was, of course, small, and yet it was considerably larger than would have been supposed by one who judged of its size merely by that of the entire hull. It had been skillfully fitted up so as to make the most of the circumscribed space; and as the little jergt was not intended to carry cargo, except of a certain kind which occupied very small bulk, the cabin included all that

part of the vessel beneath the poop-deck, and two neat little state rooms were situated forward of it, in what in a large vessel would be called the steerage. They communicated with the cabin through doors in the bulkhead of the latter. The cabin itself was nine feet in breadth by seven feet in length. In the center stood an oblong table covered by a snow-white damask cloth, and all round were lockers provided with crimson silk cushions, to serve as seats. The front of these lockers and all the paneling of the cabin was of rich mahogany, polished so brightly that the pier-glass suspended on one side was almost superfluous. The moulding filling up the angle between the paneling and the deck overhead was gilt, and the deck itself (forming the ceiling) was beautifully painted with fanciful and allegorical devices and figures, wreaths of flowers, etc. From the deck was suspended a large antique bronze oil lamp, of peculiar formation, having three projecting dragons' heads, the mouths of which each contained a wick for burning. Between the two windows at the stern was a semi-circular zebra-wood locker, the front of which was inlaid with various precious woods in the most elaborate manner, so as to represent the mariner's compass, and in a small shield in the center of this fanciful compass was painted an exact facsimile of the mysterious symbols and motto of Vonved's signet-ring—an eagle flying with a double-edged sword in its beak above a ship in full sail. This locker was ostensibly supported by a species of bracket, a solid piece of Danish oak exquisitely carved in the semblance of the conventional head and flowing beard of old father Neptune. Along the paneling on each side of the cabin were arranged several weapons offensive and defensive. The little cabin was excellently lighted, not only by the two stern windows, but also by the large skylight overhead, which being composed of richly-stained glass, cast a warm and varied light below. A small stove of polished steel, with brass fittings, and a bright copper flue, stood on one side the vessel against the bulkhead, and may be said to complete the chief fittings of the snug and tasteful little cabin, in which a man of ordinary stature could just stand upright.

On entering, Vonved sat down at the end of the table in a position which enabled him to command a view of the sea

through either of the stern windows, and motioned to Herr Lundt to seat himself opposite, but the latter hesitated, and remarked in a whisper:

"Had I not better close the companion-way, Captain Vonved, if you wish to converse without risk of being overheard?"

"Yes, do so."

Lundt first spoke to the steersman, and bade him keep the course which had been given, and immediately report any sail which hove in sight, or any material change of wind, and then carefully closed the two little folding-doors forming the front of the companion, and drew the slide closely over.

"Now for a bottle of your best!" cried Vonved cheerfully.

"What wine will you prefer, Captain Vonved?"

"Champagne, let it be, for my heart is light and grateful now that I once more feel myself afloat in my first love—the dainty Little Amalia!"

The young man hastened to raise a trap door in the flooring of the cabin, beneath which the runs of the vessel formed a cool and capital wine cellar, and from thence he extracted a couple of bottles of champagne, which, with the proper glasses, he placed on the table.

"Would you take any repast also, Captain Vonved? I can give you some fine fresh lax, and some——"

"No, sir, I require nothing at present; and I must apologize," added Vonved, with an air of high and courtly breeding, "for permitting you to act as steward, but I have reason to wish for our interview to be private."

"O Captain Vonved!" eagerly cried Lundt, blushing and bowing, "how can you say that? You know that it is a pleasure and a privilege for me!"

Lars Vonved gazed half-mournfully and half-affectionately at the flushed ingenuous features of his young officer, and sighing deeply, he slowly echoed:

"A pleasure and a privilege! And do you esteem it such to be the companion, the familiar friend of an outlaw, a doomed man, one denounced as an arch-miscreant, one upon whose head a heavy price is set by the government of his country?"

"I do!" answered the young man energetically. "You have saved my life—you have honored me with your confidence—and I know that he whom men call the Rover of the Baltic is one whose

qualities are worthy of friendship and admiration. Yes, I am linked to your fortunes, be it for good or for evil, and I am proud of the friendship of the Count of Els——"

"Hold!" interrupted Vonved, raising his forefinger significantly. "I am only Lars Vonved, Captain Vonved! But as for what you assert—be it so; all I can say is, that I trust that if your friendship and connection with me does not operate to your weal, it may not be to your woe! And now let us drink!"

The glasses were brimmed with the cool sparkling vintage of the sunny South, and silently bowing to each other, the two friends quaffed.

"Truly, wine gladdens the heart of man, as was said of old," exclaimed the Rover; "and yet I have been refreshed and gladdened more in my time by a stinted draught of water—neither pure nor sparkling—than by any wine I ever drunk."

"That would be in the tropics, sir?"

"In the tropics—and elsewhere."

"I, also, Captain Vonved, know by fearful experience the value of a draught of water!" Lundt observed, seeing that Vonved was not indisposed to prolong a desultory conversation ere discussing matters of present and weighty interest.

"You, Herr Lundt! When and where?"

"Off the coast of Africa."

"I was not aware that you had ever sailed on the main ocean?"

"I believe I never mentioned to you before, Captain Vonved, that in my twentieth year, I, for the first and only time, sailed on the Atlantic, and very disastrous the outward voyage proved. To my dying day I shall never forget the sufferings I underwent—for more than the ordinary anguish which befalls a man in many years was condensed, as it were, in the space of a few hours."

"The ship was becalmed and short of water?"

"Not so, Captain Vonved. The sufferings from thirst to which I alluded were experienced only by myself—a solitary wretch, tossed helplessly about, the sport of every wave."

These words caused Vonved to steadily regard his companion with a look of surprise and suddenly aroused interest.

"Ah!" said he, very quietly, "I have myself undergone a somewhat similar adventure, although, in my case, a burning tropical sun did not increase my sufferings."

"Indeed, sir; where was that?"

"Here, in the Baltic; and it occurred only yesterday."

"Yesterday, Captain Vonved? Impossible!"

"Why impossible, Herr Lundt?" drily demanded the Rover. "The bark which is yet in sight picked me up yesterday evening, clinging to a spar, almost at my last gasp, and, as I believe, the solitary survivor of a terrible catastrophe."

The young man started, became deadly pale, and faintly cried:

"O Captain Vonved! can it indeed be that the Skildpadde and all her brave crew have perished?"

"Not so, my young friend, no calamity has happened to her, I trust. It is the Falk that has perished, and every soul on board, myself excepted."

"The Falk! the brig-of-war cruising off Bornholm! And you were on board her?"

Vonved calmly nodded.

"As a prisoner, Captain Vonved?"

"As a prisoner, sir; what else should I be?"

"Then you were betrayed?"

"I should not otherwise have been captured, as you may well believe," answered Vonved, with a bitter smile.

"And who was the traitor—do you know?"

"I *do* know, Herr Lundt, and fearfully shall he expiate his treachery." As Vonved uttered these words, his usual calm imperturbability instantly disappeared, and his lips quivered, revealing his broad white teeth closely clenched, his features writhed with passion, and his eyes flashed with a fire all the more terrible because so rarely evinced.

This emotion, however uncontrollable it might be at the moment, was merely transient in duration, for in a few seconds Vonved's countenance resumed its gentle yet thoughtful expression.

Then Vonved, in a low impressive tone, calmly narrated to his astonished companion the story of his betrayal, capture, and ultimate escape.

From The Leisure Hour.

THE KING AND THE GOOSE-HERD.

"Cobbler! stick to thy last."

MOST if not all our readers have heard this proverb applied, when some one has attempted what was out of his province. But assuredly none of them ever saw it so royally exemplified as it was in the *true* history I am about to relate, the principal actor in which was no less a personage than Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, the grandfather of the present king of that country, and one of the most loving, as well as one of the most beloved monarchs, that ever wielded a scepter. On one hot summer day, King Maximilian, clad in very plain habiliments, had gone out alone, (as was his wont,) to walk in the fine park which surrounds his castle of Tegernue,* and after a time, drew a volume from his pocket, and seated himself on a bench to read. The sultriness of the air, and the perfect stillness of the place, made his eyes heavy, and laying down his book on the bench beside him, the monarch fell into a doze. His slumber did not last long, however, and on awaking, he rose to continue his walk, but forgot his book, and left it lying on the bench. Wandering onwards, from one division of the extensive park to another, he at length passed beyond its limits, and entered on those grassy downs which stretch down to the margin of the lake.

All at once, the king remembered his book, and the possibility that it might be seen and appropriated by some stranger passing by. Unwilling to lose a book he valued, and equally unwilling to retrace the way he had come, while the lake path to the castle lay temptingly before him, the king looked round in every direction, for some one whom he could send for the volume; but the only human being within view was a boy, tending a large flock of geese. The monarch, therefore, went up to him, and said: "Hearken,

my lad: dost think thou could'st find for me a book I left lying in such and such a part of the park? thou'lt get two 'zwanzigers'* for bringing it to me."

The boy, who had never before seen the king, cast a most incredulous look on the corpulent gentleman who made him so astounding a proffer, and then turned away, saying, with an air of comical resentment: "I am not so stupid as you take me for."

"Why do you think I consider you stupid?" asked the monarch.

"Because you offer me two zwanzigers for so trifling a service; so much money can not be earned so easily," was the sturdy reply.

"Now, indeed," said the king, smiling good-humoredly, "I must think thee a simpleton! why do you thus doubt my word?"

"Those up yonder," replied the boy, pointing in the direction of the distant castle, "are ready enough to make sport of the like of us, and ye're one of them, I'm thinking."

"And suppose I were" said the king; "but see, here are the two zwanzigers; take them, and fetch me the book."

The herd-boy's eyes sparkled as he held actually in his hand a sum of money nearly equal to the hard coin of his summer's herding, and yet he hesitated.

"How now," cried the king; "why don't you set off at once?"

"I would fain to do it—but I dare not," said the poor fellow; "for if the villagers hear I have left the plaguy geese, they will turn me off, and how shall I earn my bread then?"

"Simpleton!" exclaimed the king, "I will herd the geese till you return."

"You?" said the rustic, with a most contemptuous elongation of the pronoun; "you would make a pretty goose-herd; you are much too fat, and much too stiff:

* The same romantic residence to which the still suffering King of Prussia resorted last summer.

* An Austrian coin, value 7d. or 8d. sterling.

suppose they broke away from you now, and got into the rich meadow yonder, I should have more trespass money to pay than my year's wages come to. Just look at the *Court Gardener* there, him with the black head and wings; he is a regular deserter, a false knave; he is for all the world one of the court trash, and they, we all know, are good for nothing. He would lead you a fine dance! Nay, nay, it would never do."

The king felt ready to burst with suppressed laughter; but mastering himself, asked, with tolerable composure: "Why, can I not keep geese in order as easily as men? I have plenty of *them* to control."

"You," again said the boy, sneeringly, as he measured the monarch from head to foot; "they must be silly ones, then; but perhaps you're a schoolmaster? Yet, even if ye be, it is much easier to manage boys than geese; that I can tell ye."

"It may be so," said the king; "but come, make short work of it: will you bring the book or will you not?"

"I would gladly do it," stammered the boy, "but —"

"I'll be answerable for the geese," cried the king, "and pay all damages, if such there be."

This decided the question; and so, after exacting a promise that his substitute would pay special attention to the doings of the stately gander, whom he designated as the "*Court Gardener*," and pronounced an incorrigible breaker of bounds, and prime seducer of the flock, he placed the whip in the king's hands, and set off on his errand.

But scarcely had he run a few yards when he turned back again.

"What is the matter now?" called out the king.

"Crack the whip," resounded in return. The monarch swung it with his best effort, but procured no sounding whack. "I thought so!" exclaimed the rustic. "A schoolmaster, forsooth, and can not crack a whip!" So saying, he snatched the whip from the king's hand, and began, with more zeal than success, to instruct him in the science of whip-cracking. The king, though scarcely able to contain himself, tried in right earnest, and at length succeeded in extracting a tolerably sharp report from the leathern instrument of authority; and the boy, after once more trying to impress the duties of his responsible office on his temporary substitute,

ran off at full speed in the direction the king had indicated.

The monarch, who could now indulge in a hearty laugh, sat himself down on a tree-stump which the goose-herd had previously occupied, to await the return of his messenger. But it really seemed as if his feathered charge had discovered that the whip was no longer wielded by their accustomed prompt and vigilant commander, for the treacherous "*Court Gardener*" suddenly stretched out his long neck, and, after reconnoitring on all sides, uttered two or three shrill screams; upon which, as if a tempest had all at once rushed under the multitude of wings, the whole flock rose simultaneously into the air, and before the king could recover from his surprise, they were careering, with loud screams, toward the rich meadows bordering the lake, over which they quickly spread themselves in all possible directions.

At the first outburst, the royal herdsman called "halt," with all his might; he brandished and tried hard to crack the whip, but extracted no sound which could intimidate the *Court Gardener*. He then ran to and fro, until, teeming with perspiration, and yielding to adverse fate, he reseated himself on the tree-stump, and, leaving the geese to their own devices, quietly awaited the return of his messenger.

"The boy was right, after all," said he to himself: "it is easier to govern a couple of millions of men than a flock of 'plaguy geese,' and a court gardener can do a deal of mischief."

Meanwhile the boy had reached the bench, found the book, and sped back in triumph, little dreaming of the discomfiture his substitute had experienced. But when, on coming close up to the king, he looked round in vain for his charge, and still worse, when their vociferous cackling led his eyes in the direction of the forbidden meadow, he was so overwhelmed that, letting fall the book, he exclaimed, half-crying with grief and vexation: "There we have it! I knew how it would be! Did I not say from the first you understood nothing? And what is to be done now? I can never get them together by myself. You must help, that's a fact."

The king consented; the herdsboy placed him at one corner, showed him how to move his outstretched arms up and down, whilst he must shout with all his might; and then the boy himself set

out, whip in hand, to gather in the farthest scattered of the flock.

The king did his best, and after terrible exertions, the cackling runaways were once more congregated on their allotted territory.

But now the boy gave free vent to his indignation, rated the king soundly for neglect, and wound up all by declaring: "Never shall any one get my whip from me again, or tempt me, with two zwanzi-gers, to give up my geese. No; not to the king himself!"

"You are quite right there, my fine fellow," said the good-natured Maximilian, bursting into a laugh; "he understands goose-herding quite as little as I do."

"And you laugh at it, to the bargain!" said the boy, in high dudgeon.

"Well, look ye now," said the monarch "I *am* the king!"

"You!" once more reiterated the indignant goose-herd; "I am not such a flat as to believe that—not I. So lift up your book and get along with you."

The king quickly took up his book, saying, as he handed four additional zwanzi-gers to the astonished lad: "Don't be angry with me, my boy; I give you my word, I'll never undertake to herd geese again."

The boy fixed a doubting gaze on the mysterious donor of such unexampled treasure, then added, with a wise shake of the head: "You're a *kind* gentleman, whoever you may be; but you'll never make a good goose-herd!"

From the Edinburgh Review.

CEYLON—ITS ASPECTS, ANTIQUITIES, AND PRODUCTIONS.*

AMIDST the labors of a life devoted to the assiduous discharge of public duties, both abroad and at home, Sir Emerson Tennent has found means to produce the most copious, interesting, and complete monograph which exists in our language on any of the possessions of the British Crown. The island of Ceylon can not, with any strictness or propriety, be termed a colony. It is one of the oldest kingdoms of the earth, inhabited by races whose origin is lost in primitive antiquity; traces of the demon worship of fattened serpents still linger among the superstitions of the people; and the lofty pinnacle called "Adam's Peak," which has served for ages as a landmark to the navigators of the Eastern seas, is still said to bear the footprint of the first created man. The chronicles of the island extend, if we may place implicit reliance on the profound researches of Mr. Turnour, the translator of the Mahawanso, in an unbroken series

through twenty-three centuries, from 543 B.C. to the year of Christ 1758. The arts of agriculture were imported into Ceylon by the Bengal conquerors, who founded the dynasty of Wijayo, five centuries before Christ; in the first centuries of the Christian era civilization was established, and the population is supposed to have been ten times what it now is.* Irrigation by artificial lakes and enormous tanks, one of which was forty miles in circumference, gave life and fertility to the soil; and as the modern traveler penetrates by forgotten tracts into the recesses of the forest, he is every where struck by the vast and countless excavations and embankments which attest the industry and ingenuity of a great people. Two thousand years ago the Buddhist faith was introduced into Ceylon, and the island soon became one of the chief seats of that creed, which holds three hundred and fifty millions of human beings in its fetters; the mystical Bo-tree, which still flourishes in the holy precincts of Anarajapoor, de-

* *Ceylon: An Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical: with Notices of its Natural History, Antiquities, and Productions. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, and Drawings.* By Sir J. EMERSON TENNENT. Two vols. 8vo. London. 1829.

* The population of all races in Ceylon amounted in 1857 to 1,697,975, besides soldiers and aliens estimated at about 30,000; yet the island is only about one sixth smaller than Ireland.

tached from the identical tree under which Buddha reclined when he received his initiation in Uruwela, has already completed its second millennium. By the extinction of the ancient dynasties, by the decline of the population, and by the progress of European enterprise, Ceylon has been successively occupied and ruled by the Portuguese and by the Dutch, until it passed at length entirely into the possession of the British Crown. Few countries have a history of equal antiquity, connected by so many links with the great political and religious revolutions of the world; uniting, as in an emporium, the commerce and the industry of the East and of the West, and deriving a peculiar and romantic interest from its incomparable natural beauty, and its varied natural productions.

These curious and copious materials had remained scattered in an infinite variety of repositories, until Sir Emerson Tennent, moved by the interest he felt in the island, in which he then filled a high official station, applied himself to the production of the work now before us. We congratulate him on the success which has attended his persevering and conscientious labors, for the result is one of the most satisfactory books we have ever had the good fortune to examine. He has ransacked the historical and geographical records of every age and country having reference to his subject, many of them entirely unknown; thus, in addition to the notices of Ceylon, which are to be found in Pliny, Ptolemy, and the Arabian geographers, he has succeeded in obtaining, through the Chinese missions, a singular collection of documents on the relations of the Singhalese with the court of Peking; he has consulted the little-known works of Valentyn, De Barros, and De Couto, in Dutch and Portuguese; he has searched the Indian correspondence of Marquis Pombal (now in the British Museum) for the Portuguese reports and dispatches; and he has succeeded in completing, from Mr. North's letters in the Wellesley Papers, the particulars of the revolution which overthrew the house of Kandy. The chapters of this work relating to the natural history of the island, to which we shall devote the greater part of the following pages, have a still more general interest. In no part of the tropics is the climate more brilliant, the vegetation more luxuriant, the resources of the soil more

abundant, the forests more animated by a thousand varieties of life. And Sir Emerson Tennent displays a very vivid power of transporting his readers into the midst of these scenes, which are so delightful to the imagination, and sometimes so much less delightful to actual experience. We are extremely well satisfied to visit Ceylon in Sir Emerson's company, without being bitten by land-leeches, snapped at by crocodiles, terrified by cobras, or pursued by an irritated proboscidian; and we are all the more grateful to our author for the sunshine he has contrived to throw upon the dark autumnal days of England by the publication of these volumes.

Nothing better illustrates the very extended connection of Ceylon with the different civilizations and powers which have succeeded one another for the last two thousand years in the East, than the great variety of appellations by which this celebrated island figures in the annals of different countries. In the mythical language of the Brahmins, it bore the name of "Lanka," "the resplendent;" they made it the first meridian of their astronomical system; and extolled it as a region of mystery and preternatural beauty. Sir Emerson is of opinion that Galle, which became the mart of Portugal and of Holland, and is now one of the principal rendezvous of British steamers, was the Tarshish to which the Phœnician mariners and the fleets of Solomon resorted to bring back the gold of Ophir—Ophir being now supposed to be Malacca, the Aurea Chersonesus of the later Greek geographers.

"The ships intended for the voyage were built by Solomon at 'Ezion-geber on the shores of the Red Sea,' the rowers coasted along the shores of Arabia and the Persian Gulf, headed by an east wind. Tarshish, the port for which they were bound, was in an island, governed by kings, and carrying on an extensive foreign trade. The voyage occupied three years in going and returning from the Red Sea, and the cargoes brought home to Ezion-geber consisted of gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks. Gold could have been shipped at Galle from the vessels which brought it from Ophir, 'silver spread into plates,' which is particularized by Jeremiah as an export of Tarshish, is one of the substances on which the sacred books of the Singhalese are even now inscribed; ivory is found in Ceylon, and must have been both abundant and full grown there before the discovery of gunpowder led to the wanton destruction of elephants; apes are indigenous to the island, and *peafowl* are found there in numbers. It is very remarkable, too, that the terms by

which these articles are designated in the Hebrew Scriptures are identical with the Tamil names, by which some of them are called in Ceylon to the present day: thus *tukeyim*, which is rendered 'peacocks' in our version, may be recognized in *tokei*, the modern name for these birds; '*kapi*', apex, is the same in both languages, and the Sanscrit '*ibha*' ivory, is identical with the Tamil '*ibam*.'

"Thus by geographical position, by indigenous productions, and by the fact of its having been from time immemorial the resort of merchant ships from Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, on the one side, and India, Java, and China on the other, Galle seems to present a combination of every particular essential to determine the problem so long undecided in biblical dialectics, and to establish its own identity with the Tarshish of the sacred historians, the mart so long frequented by the ships of Tyre and Judea."

No portion of Sir Emerson's book is more curious and novel than that in which he describes the Chinese writers who have preceded himself in the description of the island. There is no doubt that the community of religion and the desire of trade had established, at an early period, intimate relations, between the Singhalese and the Chinese; and no less than twenty-four Chinese writers are known to have dealt with the subject. Indeed, the Singhalese ambassadors who arrived in Rome, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, and from whom Pliny derived the materials of his own account of the island, stated that their ancestors had reached China by traversing India and the himalayan mountains, and this route was in use long before ships had attempted the voyage. The Chinese topographers call Ceylon "Sze-tsew-kwo," which means "the Kingdom of Lions," a version of the Pali word "Singhala;" so too they call it "Paou-choo," "the island of Gems," for which Ceylon has always been celebrated.

It was there they bought topazes of four distinct tints, described in inimitable Chinese imagery, as "those the color of wine; the delicate tint of young goslings; the deep amber like beeswax, and the pale tinge resembling the opening bud of the pine;" and it was there a Chinese monarch purchased for an inconceivable price the biggest and brightest ruby the world ever beheld; for a man could not hold it in the palm of his hand, and it emitted light in the darkest night.

Ceylon was not known to the Greeks and Romans before the campaign of Alexander, but it was partially described by

Megasthenes, twenty years after his death; and Ovid seems to have had no doubt that it was an island, when he says:

"Aut ubi Taprobanen Indica cingit aqua."

But it appears that it was not till the reign of the Emperor Claudius that a Roman seaman—the Columbus of antiquity—trusting to the monsoon of the Indian Ocean, dared to cross to the coast of Malabar. The first consequence of opening the direct trade with the East was a drain of silver on Rome to pay for the Eastern commodities imported through Egypt. The very same phenomenon has gone on to our own day. These communications soon made the Island of Taprobane, as it was called, well known to the Romans: and Pliny, as we have already observed, had the advantage of meeting a Singhalese embassy in Italy, consisting of a "Rachia" and three other persons—the word Rachia probably standing for Rajah. In little more than half a century after the death of Pliny, the Island of Taprobane was far more minutely and accurately described than it had hitherto been, in the great work of Ptolemy; and we are furnished, in the work before us, with an elaborate and ingenious comparison of the ancient and modern charts.

There is yet a navigator, singularly endeared to us by our earliest recollections, to whom Ceylon was certainly familiar. The local name "Sinhala-diva," was corrupted into "Seren-diva," or Serendip, by the Arabian pilots; and who does not remember that the embassy of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid to the King of Serendib was the occasion of the seventh voyage of Sinbad of the Sea? The incredible variety of incident, which gives so great a charm to the *Arabian Nights* is due not to fancy alone, but in some measure to the tales of travelers or legends current in the East. Thus Sinbad's story of the loadstone mountain, which drew out the iron bolts of the ships, is alluded to by several Arab writers, and it can be traced much farther back even to Chinese authors; down to the present day the Singhalese make their boats without iron nails, and the planks are secured by wooden bolts, precisely as Palladius says that vessels sailing for Ceylon *should be fastened with wooden instead of iron bolts*. Sinbad, or the author of Sinbad, must have visited Ceylon; he knew the distinction between the Singhalese race in the

south of the island, where the cultivation of rice is carried on by the mere action of the rains, and the Tamil races of the north, who are as black as Abissinians, and cultivate their fields by artificial irrigation. The legend of the elephants' burying-place, to which Sinbad was conveyed by the sagacity of those animals, is still firmly believed by the elephant-hunters, though since the days of Sinbad the great majority of Singhalese elephants have ceased to wear tusks. Lastly, it is a curious illustration of Sinbad's escape by floating down a subterranean river, which brought him into the center of Serendib, that a popular conviction still exists that there is such a subterranean river in the north of Ceylon, at the very place where Sinbad found the people like Abyssinians watering their fields by irrigation. The stream is called the Well of Potoor, and it presents a very extraordinary natural phenomenon to which we shall presently revert.

It is time, however, that we quit these speculations for that which after all constitutes the highest merit of the book and will prove its chief attraction; we mean the delightful chapters which Sir Emerson Tennent has devoted to the natural history and to the varied natural productions of Ceylon. The part of the work embracing the physical geography of this enchanting region includes many valuable remarks on the geology of the island. The nucleus of its mountain masses consists of gneissic, granitic, and other crystalline rocks.

On certain localities in Ceylon the author says:

"Terraces abounding in marine shells imbedded in agglutinated sand occur in situations far above high water-mark. Immediately inland from Point de Galle, the surface soil rests on a stratum of decomposing coral; and sea-shells are found at a considerable distance from the shore. Further north at Madampe, between Chilaw and Negombo, the shells of pearl-oysters, and other bivalves are turned up by the plow more than ten miles from the sea.

"These recent formations present themselves in a still more striking form in the north of the island, the greater portion of which may be regarded as the conjoint production of the coral polypes, and the currents, which for the greater portion of the year set impetuously towards the south.

"On the north-west side of the island, where the currents are checked by the obstruction of Adam's Bridge, still water prevailing in the Gulf of Manaar, these deposits have been pro-

fusely heaped, and the low sandy plains have been proportionally extended; whilst on the south and east, where the current sweeps unimpeded along the coast, the line of the shore is bold and occasionally rocky."—Vol i. p. 13.

Amongst the valuable mineral products of Ceylon is plumbago, the veins of which, in the hills of Nambrapane, are largely worked, and the quantity annually exported exceeds 2000 tons. The quantity of gold hitherto discovered is too small to reward the search. The most famous and characteristic mineral products of Ceylon are its precious stones. The promiscuous manner in which these are scattered about in some localities, is exemplified by the following curious circumstance: "The cook of a government officer recently brought him a ruby about the size of a small pea, which he had taken from the crop of a fowl." But the size to which this beautiful precious stone sometimes attains may be conceived by the testimony of Marco Polo of a royal ruby, belonging to a king of Ceylon in the thirteenth century, which was a span in length, without a flaw, and brilliant beyond description."

The waters around the island have been duly noted by its present historian as well as the land itself. On both sides of Ceylon, during the S. W. monsoon, a broad expanse of sea assumes a red tinge, considerably brighter than brick-dust, and this is confined to a space so distinct, that a line seems to separate it from the green water which flows on either side. On examination, it proved to be filled with infusoria, probably similar to those which impart the peculiar color to the so-called Vermilion Sea off the coast of California.

In the chapter upon the climate of Ceylon, a most interesting summary of the characteristics of each month is given. The European physiologist can not fail to be struck by the contrast of the physical agents causing or accompanying "torpidity" in many of the lower animals, and necessitating the substitution of another term for "hybernation." In the hot months of March and April, the insects, deprived of their accustomed food, disappear underground, or hide beneath the decaying bark; the water-beetles bury themselves in the hardening mud of the pools, and the *helices* retire into the crevices of the stones, or the hollows amongst the roots of the trees, closing the apertures of their shells with the hybernating, or rather aestivating, epi-

phragm. "Butterflies are no longer seen hovering over the flowers; the birds appear fewer and less joyous; and the wild animals and crocodiles, driven by the drought from their accustomed retreats, wander through the jungle, and even venture to approach the village wells in search of water." (P. 59.) The preliminary phenomena to the wished-for change are philosophically described and explained, as they gradually concentrate to usher in the monsoon.

"At last the sudden lightnings flash among the hills and sheet through the clouds that overhang the sea, and with a crash of thunder, the monsoon bursts over the thirsty land, not in showers or partial torrents, but in a wide deluge that in the course of a few hours overtops the river banks, and spreads in inundations over every level plain.

"All the phenomena of this explosion are stupendous: thunder as we are accustomed to be awed by it in Europe affords but the faintest idea of its overpowering grandeur in Ceylon, and its sublimity is infinitely increased as it is faintly heard from the shore, resounding through night and darkness over the gloomy sea. The lightning when it touches the earth where it is covered with the descending torrent, flashes into it and disappears instantaneously; but when it strikes a drier surface, in seeking better conductors, it often opens a hollow like that formed by the explosion of a shell, and frequently leaves behind it traces of vitrification.

"For hours together, the noise of the torrent, as it beats upon the trees and bursts upon the roofs, flowing thence in revulets along the ground, occasions an uproar that drowns the ordinary voice, and renders sleep impossible."
—Vol. i. p. 62.

The animals, which passed the parching months in senseless and motionless torpidity, now awake from their deep "summer-sleep."

"In ponds, from which but a week before the wind blew clouds of sandy dust, the peasantry are now to be seen catching the reanimated fish—the tank-shells and water-beetles revive, and wander over the submerged sedges. The electricity of the air stimulates the vegetation of the trees, and scarce a week will elapse till the plants are covered with the larvæ of butterflies, the forest murmuring with the hum of insects, and the air harmonious with the voice of birds."—*Ibid.*

Never were the phenomena of a tropical country more vividly brought before the mind than in the descriptions with which the present work abounds, fresh from impressions of the intensified powers of Nature upon a susceptible and poetic

temperament; and we shall at once transport our readers into the heart of this enchanting scenery by transcribing the following sketch of the zoological phenomena that characterize each period of the tropical day, and succeed each other from its first beginning to its close:

"With the first glimmering of dawn the bats and nocturnal birds retire to their accustomed haunts, in which to hide them from 'day's garish eye;' the jackal and the leopard return from their nightly chase; the elephants steal back timidly into the shade of the forest, from the water-pools in which they had been luxuriating during the darkness; and the deep-toned bark of the elk resounds through the glens as he retires into the security of the forest. Day breaks and its earliest blush shows the mists tumbling in turbulent heaps through the deep valleys. The sun bursts upwards with a speed beyond that which marks his progress in the cloudy atmosphere of Europe, and the whole horizon glows with ruddy lustre;

"Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

At no other moment does the verdure of the mountain woods appear so vivid; each spray dripping with the copious dew, and a pendent brilliant twinkling at every leaf; every grassy glade is hoar with the condensed damps of night, and the threads of the gossamer sparkle like strings of opal in the sunbeams.

"The earliest members of the animated world that move abroad are the tiny *Hesperidae*, which are the first butterflies that make their morning visit to the flowers. To them succeed the *Theclæ*, and the *Polyommata*, the minutest of the diurnal lepidoptera, and distinguished by the blue metallic lustre of their wings. With unerring certainty the other species make their appearances at successive stages of the morning; the *Theclæ* are followed by the *Vanessæ*, and these by the grandly *Papilio*, till, as day advances, the broad-leaved plants and flowering shrubs are covered by a dancing cloud of butterflies of every shape and hue.

"The earliest bird upon the wing is the crow, which leaves his perch almost with the first peep of dawn, cawing and flopping his wings in the sky. The paroquets follow in vast companies, chattering and screaming in exuberant excitement. Next the cranes and waders, which had flown inland to their breeding-places at sunset, rise from the branches on which they had passed the night, waving their wings to disencumber them of the dew, and, stretching their awkward legs behind, they soar away in the direction of the rivers and the far sea-shore.

"The songster that first pours forth his salutation to the morning is the dial-bird, and the yellow oriole, whose mellow flute-like voice is heard far through the stillness of the dawn. The jungle-cock, unseen in the dense cover,

shouts his réveille; not with the shrill clarion of his European type, but in rich melodious call, that ascends from the depths of the valley. As light increases, the grass warbler and maynah add their notes; and the bronze-winged pigeons make the woods murmur with their plaintive cry, which resemble the distant lowing of cattle. The bees hurry abroad in all directions, and the golden beetles clamber lazily over the still damp leaves. The swifts and swallows sally forth as soon as there is sufficient warmth to tempt the minor insects abroad: the bulbous lights on the forest trees, and the little gem-like sun-birds, the humming-birds of the East, quiver on their fulgent wings above the opening flowers.

"At length the fervid noon approaches, the sun mounts high, and all animated nature begins to manifest the oppression of his beams. The green enameled dragonflies alone flash above every pool in pursuit of their tiny prey; but almost every other winged insect seeks instinctively the shade of the foliage. The hawks and falcons now sweep through the sky to mark the smaller birds which may be abroad in numbers in search of seeds and larvæ. The squirrels dart from bough to bough, uttering their shrill, quick cry; and the cicada on the stem of the palm tree raises the deafening sound whose tone and volubility has won for him the expressive title of the 'Knife-grinder.'

"It is during the first five hours of daylight that nature seems literally to teem with life and motion, the air melodious with the voice of birds, the woods resounding with the simmering hum of insects, and the earth replete with every form of living nature. But as the sun ascends to the meridian the scene is singularly changed, and nothing is more striking than the almost painful stillness that succeeds the vivacity of the early morning. Every animal disappears, escaping under the thick cover of the woods; the birds retire into the shade; the butterflies, if they flutter for a moment in the blazing sun, hurry back into the damp shelter of the trees as though their filmy bodies had been scorched by the brief exposure; and, at last, silence reigns so profound that the ticking of a watch is sensibly heard, and even the pulsations of the heart become audible. The buffalo now steals to the tanks and water-courses, concealing all but his gloomy head and shining horns in the mud and sedges; the elephant fans himself languidly with leaves to drive away the flies that perplex him; and the deer cower in groups under the overarching jungle. Rustling from under the dry leaves, the bright green lizard darts up the rough stems of the trees, and pauses between each spring to look inquiringly around. The woodpecker makes the forest reecho with the restless blows of his beak on the decaying bark, and the tortoise drops awkwardly into the still water which reflects the bright plumage of the kingfisher, that keeps his lonely watch above it. So long as the sun is in the meridian, every living creature seems to fly his beams, and linger in the closest shade.

"Man himself, as if baffled in all devices to escape the exhausting glare, suspends his toil; and the traveler who has been abroad before sunrise, reposes till the midday heat has passed. The cattle pant in their stifling sheds, and the dogs lie prone upon the ground, with their legs extended in front and behind, as if to bring the utmost portion of their body into contact with the cool earth.

"As day declines, nature recovers from her languor and exhaustion, the insects again flutter across the open glades, the birds venture once more upon the wing, and the larger animals saunter from under cover, and move away in the direction of the ponds and pasture. The traveler recommences his suspended journey, and the husbandman, impatient to employ the last hours of fading light, hastens to bring the labors of the morning to a close. The birds which had made distant excursions to their feeding-grounds are now seen returning to their homes; the crows assemble round some pond to dabble in the water, and readjust their plumes before retiring for the night; the paroquets settle with deafening uproar on the crowns of the palm-trees near their nests; and the pelicans and sea-birds, with weary wing, retrace their way to their breeding-place near some solitary water-course or ruined tank. The sun at last

"Sinks, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall."

Twilight succeeds, and the crepuscular birds and animals awaken from their midday torpor and prepare to enjoy their nightly revels. The hawkmoths now take the place of the gayer butterflies, which withdraw with the departure of light; innumerable beetles make short and uncertain flights in the deepening shade, and in pursuit of them and the other insects that frequent the dusk, the night-jar, with expanded jaws, takes low and rapid circles above the plains and pools.

"Darkness at last descends, and every object, fades in night and gloom; but still the murmur of innumerable insects arises from the glowing earth. The fruit-eating bats launch themselves from the high branches on which they hang suspended during the day, and cluster round the mango-trees and tamarinds; and across the gray sky the owl flits in pursuit of the night-moths on a wing so soft and downy that the air scarcely echoes its pulsations. The palm-cat now descends from the crest of the cocoanut where she had lurked during the day, and the glossy genetie emerges from some hollow tree; they steal along the branches to surprise the slumbering birds. Meanwhile, among the grass, already damp with dew, the glowworm lights her emerald lamp, and from the shrubs and bushes issue showers of fireflies, whose pale green flashes sparkle in the midnight darkness till day returns and morning 'pales their ineffectual fires.'—Vol. ii. p. 253-7.

The botanist and lover of hot-house floriculture will derive instruction and

pleasure from the perusal of the third chapter, on the trees and plants of Ceylon. To select from so concentrated a summary of the more striking phenomena of vegetable life is difficult. We come occasionally upon most unexpected consequences of the peculiarities of tropical forms of plants, as in the instance of the aerial music, recalling that which Prospero commanded. The shipwrecked mariner cast upon the shores of Ceylon might well deem himself upon an enchanted island, when listening to the melodious sounds that in some localities fill the air; "some soft and liquid like the notes of a flute, others deep and full like the tones of an organ; sometimes low, interrupted, and even single, and presently swelling into a grand burst of mingled melody." Now to what natural cause, it may be asked, can this "music of the spheres" be attributed? Sir Emerson then recounts the simple solution of the melodious mystery: "On drawing near to a clump of trees, above the branches of which waved a slender bamboo about forty feet in length, the musical tones issued from it, and were caused by the breeze passing through perforations in the stem."

The noble tribe of Palms receives its due meed of the author's praise. The virtues and manifold utility of the coconut palm have been often the subject of description, but are no where more concisely and graphically told than in the present chapter. Of another species, the beautiful palmyra, which grows in profusion in the peninsular of Jaffna, Sir Emerson remarks that a native of that peninsula, if he be contented with ordinary doors and mud walls, may build an entire house (as he wants neither nails nor iron-work) with walls, roof, and covering from this palm.

"From the same tree he may draw his wine, make his oil, kindle his fire, carry his water, store his food, cook his repast, and sweeten it, if he pleases; in fact, live from day to day dependent on the Palmyra alone. Multitudes do so live, and it may be safely asserted that this tree alone furnishes one fourth the means of sustenance for the population of the northern provinces."—Vol. i. p. 111.

The second part of the work is devoted to the Zoölogy of Ceylon. In entering upon this, to many the most interesting subject, Sir Emerson begins with the monkeys; and at once corrects an erroneous

application of the Singhalese word, "wanderingoo," or "ouanderu," to a monkey, which is common to the Malabar coast, but is no native at all of the island of Ceylon.

Fatal accidents occasionally are due to attacks by the bear and panther of Ceylon. The following narrow escape, which occurred to Major Skinner, is narrated by Sir Emerson Tennent. The Major was pursuing his military survey of the mountain zone, and had bivouacked in the midst of a dense forest in the southern segment of the Adam's Peak range. Early in the morning,

"anxious to gain a height in time to avail myself of the clear atmosphere of sunrise for my observations, I started off by myself through the jungle, leaving orders for my men, with my surveying instruments, to follow my track by the notches which I cut in the bark of the trees. On leaving the plain, I availed myself of a fine wide game track which lay in my direction, and had gone perhaps half a mile from the camp, when I was startled by a slight rustling in the nilloo to my right, and in another instant, by the spring of a magnificent leopard which, in a bound full eight feet in height over the lower brushwood, lighted at my feet within eighteen inches of the spot whereon I stood, and lay in a crouching position, his fiery gleaming eyes fixed on me.

"The predicament was not a pleasant one. I had no weapon of defense, and with one spring or blow of his paw, the beast could have annihilated me. To move I knew would only encourage his attack. It occurred to me at the moment that I had heard of the power of man's eye over wild animals, and accordingly I fixed my gaze as intently as the agitation of such a moment enabled me on his eyes: we stared at each other for some seconds, when, to my inexpressible joy, the beast turned and bounded down the straight open path before me. This scene occurred just at that period of the morning when the grazing animals retired from the open patena to the cool shade of the forest: doubtless, the leopard had taken my approach for that of a deer, or some such animal. And if his spring had been at a quadruped instead of a biped, his distance was so well measured, that it must have landed him on the neck of a deer, an elk, or a buffalo; as it was, one pace more would have done for me. A bear would not have let his victim off so easily."—Vol. i. p. 142.

The chapter on birds is replete with vivid sketches, from personal observation, of living species in their natural localities and environments, infusing a healthy life into the dry catalogues of exotic species which too often constitute the staple produce of our home ornithologists. After perusing the pages reflecting the writer's insight into the vital phenomena to be

witnessed in the noble forests of Ceylon, we look with a new and heightened pleasure at the series of tropical birds arranged and prepared in the galleries of our national museum. The seemingly monstrous beak of the hornbill becomes now, for the first time, intelligible. We picture for example, the *Buceros pica*, with its monstrous double casque, mistaken for a second head by the wandering friar of the fourteenth century, as it is described by Tennent, perched on the lofty branches of the higher trees, watching the motions of the small reptiles and birds on which it preys, tossing them in the air when seized, and catching them in its gigantic mandible as they fall; and we seem to witness the omnivorous glutton grasping a large fruit, to which the huge beak is adapted, and, if the stem be too tough to be severed by the strength of the beak and neck, flinging himself off the branch so as to add the weight of his body to their pressure and force. Another function or need of the long and large beak, relates to the peculiarity of the incubation of the hornbill, now demonstrated by the concurrent but independent testimonies of Livingstone in Africa, and Edgar Layard in Ceylon—namely: that when the female has finished her oviposition, and taken her seat on the eggs for the task of incubation, the male closes the hole in the tree which she has selected for her nest, leaving only an aperture big enough for the passage of the bill, by which he feeds his mate.

"As we emerge from the deep shade and approach the park-like openings on the verge of the low country, quantities of pea-fowl are to be found either feeding amongst the seeds and nuts in the long grass, or sunning themselves on the branches of the surrounding trees. Nothing to be met with in demesnes in England can give an adequate idea either of the size or the magnificence of this matchless bird when seen in his native solitudes. Here he generally selects some projecting branch, from which his plumage may hang free of the foliage; and if there be a dead and leafless bough, he is certain to choose it for his resting-place, whence he droops his wings and suspends his gorgeous train, or spreads it in the morning sun to drive off the damps and dews of the night."—Vol. i. p. 165.

Among the most significant evidences of a quasi reasoning faculty in the lower animal is, the coöperation of two individuals to obtain, by distinct maneuvers, a foreseen end. The dog has furnished more than one instance of this kind. Sir Emer-

son Tennent narrates the following anecdote of the small glossy crow of Ceylon:

"One of these ingenious marauders, after vainly attitudinizing in front of a chained watch-dog, which was lazily gnawing a bone, and after fruitlessly endeavoring to divert his attention by dancing before him, with head awry and eye askance, at length flew away for a moment, and returned bringing with it a companion, who perched itself on a branch a few yards in the rear. The crow's grimaces were now actively renewed, but with no better result, till its confederate, poising himself on his wings, descended with the utmost velocity, striking the dog upon the spine with all the force of his beak. The ruse was successful: the dog started with surprise and pain, but not quickly enough to seize his assailant, whilst the bone he had been gnawing disappeared the instant his head was turned. Two well-authenticated instances of the recurrence of this device came within my knowledge at Colombo, and attest the sagacity and powers of communicating and combining possessed by these astute and courageous birds."—Vol. i. p. 171.

The lakes and still waters of Ceylon, especially those of the northern district, are remarkable for the numbers and prodigious size of the crocodiles infesting them. They seem to reproduce a picture of the oolitic world—that "age of reptiles" of the geologist. The author records the following instance of his personal experience of one of these saurians:

"On the morning after our arrival a crocodile was caught in the lake, within a few yards of the government agent's residence, where a hook had been laid the night before, baited with the entrails of a goat, and made fast, in the native fashion, by a bunch of fine cords, which the creature can not gnaw asunder as he would a solid rope, since they sink into the spaces between his teeth. The one taken was small, being only about ten or eleven feet long, whereas they are frequently killed from fifteen to nineteen feet in length. As long as he was in the water he made a strong resistance to being hauled on shore, carrying the canoe up into the deep channel, and occasionally raising his head above the water, and clashing his jaws together menacingly. This action has a horrid sound, as the crocodile has no fleshy lips, and he brings his teeth and the bones of his mouth together with a loud noise, like the clank of two pieces of hard wood. After playing him a little, the boatmen drew him to land, and when once fairly on the shore, all his courage and energy seemed suddenly to desert him. He tried once or twice to regain the water, but at last lay motionless and perfectly helpless on the sand. It was no easy matter to kill him: a rifle-ball sent diagonally through his breast had little or no effect, and even when

the shot had been repeated more than once, he was as lively as ever. At last he feigned death and lay motionless, with his eyes closed, but on being pricked with a spear, he suddenly recovered all his activity. He was at last finished by a harpoon, and opened. His maw contained several small tortoises and a quantity of broken bricks and gravel, taken medicinally, to promote digestion, which in these creatures is said to be so slow that the natives assert that the crocodile, from choice, never swallows his prey when fresh, but conceals it under a bank till far advanced in putrefaction.

"During our journeys we had several opportunities of observing the habits of these hideous creatures, and I am far from considering them so formidable as is usually supposed. They are evidently not wantonly destructive; they act only under the influence of hunger, and even then their motions on land are awkward and uncomfortable, their action timid, and their whole demeanor devoid of the sagacity and courage which characterize other animals of prey."—Vol. ii. p. 467.

The inferences philosophically drawn from the peculiarity of most of the species of Ceylon Reptiles, as to the circle of physical geography to which that island belongs, merit the attention of all who are interested in that important branch of natural science. The remarks on the chameleon, and the anecdotes of the little house gecko or lizard, that runs, like a fly, up the wall and along the ceiling, are full of the freshness and attraction that characterize and result from direct observation.

The peculiar charm of the famous stone confided in for its preventive effects by the snake charmers of Ceylon, is shown to be due to its rapidly absorbing power when applied to the recent bite of a cobra or other poisonous snake. Sir Emerson submitted one of these "snake-stones" to the scrutiny of Faraday, who reported it to be

"a piece of charred bone which had been filled with blood perhaps several times, and then carefully charred again. Evidence of this is afforded as well by the apertures of cells or tubes on its surface, as by the fact that it yields and breaks under pressure, and exhibits an organic structure within. When heated slightly, water rises from it, and also a little ammonia; and if heated still more highly in the air, carbon burns away, and a bulky white ash is left, retaining the shape and size of the 'stone.' This ash, as is evident from inspection, can not have belonged to any vegetable substance, for it is almost entirely composed of phosphate of lime" Mr. Faraday adds, that "if the piece of matter

has ever been employed as a spongy absorbent, it seems hardly fit for that purpose in its present state; but who can say to what treatment it has been subjected since it was fit for use, or to what treatment the natives may submit it when expecting to have occasion to use it?"—Vol. i. p. 199, 200.

A "talking fish" has recently attempted to take the "town" by surprise; but the same prosaic matter-of-fact zoölogy, which reduced the McQueenian sea-serpent to a seal, has raised the Barnumite fish of Piccadilly to an equally intelligent mammalian grade of organization. The natural voice of the *Phoca leptonyx* resembles "ba-ba" sufficiently closely to satisfy the credulous listener prepared to hear and comprehend articulate sounds from the mouth of the uncouth amphibian. But if the lover of marvels would really hear a "musical fish," he must travel under the intelligent guidance of the author of the present work to Batticaloa on the north coast of Ceylon. On the occasion of a visit to that part of the island in September, 1848, Sir Emerson Tennent made inquiries relative to the musical sounds alleged to issue from the bottom of the lake. The fishermen vouched for the truth of the story, stating that the sounds are heard only during the dry season, and cease when the lake is swollen by the freshes after rain.

"In the evening when the moon had risen, I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. We rowed about two hundred yards north-east of the jetty, by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind, and not a ripple but that caused by the dip of our oars; and on coming to the point already mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest base. On applying the ear to the wood-work of the boat, the sound was greatly increased in volume by its conduction. They varied considerably at different points as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceeded was greater in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed.

"This fact seems to indicate that the causes of the sound, whatever they may be, are stationary at their several points; and this agrees with the statement of the natives, that they are produced

by mollusca, and not by fish. They came evidently and sensibly from the depth of the lake, and there was nothing in the surrounding circumstances to support a conjecture that it might be the reverberation of the noises made by insects on the shore, conveyed along the surface of the water, for they were loudest and most distinct at those points where the nature of the land, and the intervention of the fort and its buildings, forbade the possibility of this kind of conduction."—Vol. ii. p. 469.

Under the impression that the sounds had been produced by shell-fish, our author took steps to obtain a specimen of the mollusca of the lake; but the only ones which were sent to him were *Cerithia*. Learning that evidence of the power of certain marine mollusca to produce audible sounds under water had been adduced by Dr. Grant, Sir Emerson applied to that eminent Professor of Natural History, and received from him a letter, which he publishes, and from which we extract the following:

"My two living tritonia, contained in a large colorless glass cylinder, filled with pure sea-water, and placed on the central table of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, around which many members were sitting, continued to clink audibly within the distance of twelve feet during the whole meeting.

"These small animals were individually not half the size of the last joint of my little finger. What effect the mellow sounds of millions of these, covering the shallow bottom of a tranquil estuary, in the silence of night, might produce, I can scarcely conjecture.

"Your authentication of the hitherto unknown fact, would probably lead to the discovery of the same phenomenon in other common accessible paludine, and other allied branchiate animals, and to the solution of a problem, which is still to me a mystery, even regarding the tritonia."—Vol. ii. p. 480.

"Of all the plagues which beset the traveler in Ceylon, the most detested are the land-leeches."

"They are terrestrial, never visiting ponds or streams. In size they are about an inch in length, and as fine as a common knitting-needle; but capable of distension till they equal a quill in thickness, and attain a length of nearly two inches. Their structure is so flexible that they can insinuate themselves through the meshes of the finest stocking, not only seizing on the feet and ankles, but ascending to the back and throat, and fastening on the tenderest parts of the body. In moving, the land-leeches have the power of planting one extremity on the earth and rising the other perpendicularly to watch for their victim. Such is their vigilance an

instinct, that on the approach of a passer-by to a spot which they infest, they may be seen amongst the grass and fallen leaves on the edge of a native path, poised erect, and preparing for their attack on man and horse. On desecrating their prey, they advance rapidly by semi-circular strides, fixing one end firmly on the ground, and arching the other forwards, till by successive advances, they can lay hold of the traveler's foot, when they disengage themselves from the ground and ascend his dress in search of an aperture to enter."—Vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

We have reserved for the conclusion of our review of the natural history chapters of the present work, a notice of that devoted to the Elephant, in which, we can with confidence state, is given the most complete and correct history on record of this stupendous animal.

The former abundance of the species described (*Elephas indicus*, Cuv.) is exemplified; and the causes which have led to a diminution of their numbers, and their disappearance from districts where they once abounded, are ably exposed. Elephants were regarded as royal game in the time of the Kandyan empire, and their slaughter without permission was classed amongst the gravest offenses. The poacher of proboscidiens, by a kind of retributive justice, was given up to the elephant executioner, who placing his foot on the prostrate victim, plucked off his limbs in succession by a sudden movement of his trunk.

The wild elephants of Ceylon are now common to all pursuers, and have educed extraordinary skill and "pluck" in some of our adventurous military men stationed on the island. The author citing the curious fact that, whilst in Africa, both sexes of the elephant have tusks, with some slight disproportion in the size of those of the females, not one elephant in a hundred is found with tusks in Ceylon, and the few that possess them are exclusively males, remarks that had all been provided with tusks, they would long since have been annihilated for the sake of the ivory.

The peculiarly partial development of these monstrous teeth in the elephants of Ceylon, and the absence of any direct observation of their use in the few elephants there possessing them, have begot the grave doubts as to their alleged functions, which the author expresses. Of one hundred and eighty inquests on cases of death by wild animals, during five years in Ceylon, only sixteen are recorded to have

been caused by elephants, whilst sixty-eight were due to poisonous serpents.

The value of direct observation by a clear-headed naturalist, is shown in the refutation of the alleged antipathies of the elephant to other quadrupeds, handed down in histories from Pliny to Buffon. They show no impatience in the company of the elk, wild buffaloes, the deer, the bear, and the wild hog; but the elephant's caution leads him to take alarm at the appearance in the jungle of any animal with which he is not familiar. The tame elephant soon becomes reconciled to other domestic quadrupeds. He has been said to be afraid of the horse, but the experience of the author favors the belief that it is the horse which is alarmed at the aspect of the elephant. Of this fact, Sir Emerson Tennent records an instance which we quote, because it illustrates at the same time the peculiar sagacity of the great proboscidian, and illustrates also the disposition to make good use of his tusks when he happens to have them :

"One evening whilst riding in the vicinity of Kandy, towards the scene of the massacre of Major Davie's party in 1803, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation *urmph! urmph!* in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery, by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant. He was laboring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks, but the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his head to one side to permit it to pass endways; and the exertion and inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitered us for a moment, then threw down the timber and forced himself backwards among the brushwood so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse still hesitated: the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself still deeper into the jungle, repeated his cry of *urmph!* in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to come on. Still the horse trembled; and anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious creatures, I forbore any interference: again the elephant wedged himself further in amongst the trees, and waited impatiently for us to pass him; and after the horse had done so tremblingly and timidly, I saw the wise creature stoop and take up his heavy burden, trim and balance it on his tusks, and resume his route, hoarsely snorting, as before, his discontented remonstrance."—Vol. ii. pp. 282, 283.

There appears to be a direct relation, at least in the mammalian class, between the vocal powers and the grade of intelligence; and the various noises which the elephant makes to intimate his pleasure, anger, suspicion, and alarm, as described by Sir Emerson Tennent, are truly remarkable.

The grounds on which the opinion of the superior sagacity of the elephant is founded have been derived almost exclusively from observations of the animal in a state of domesticity. In its wild state, for reasons well given by the author, the elephant may seem to casual observers to exhibit even less than ordinary ability; but when danger and apprehension call for the exertion of his physical powers, those who have witnessed their display are seldom inclined to undervalue their degree. Sir Emerson relates, in illustration of this fact, a most curious instance of an elephant which, in the belief of the natives, feigned death in order to regain his freedom. The animal had been captured with the rest of his herd, and was being

"led from the corral as usual between two tame ones, and had already proceeded far on its way towards its destination; when night closing in, and the torches being lighted, it hesitated to go on, and finally sunk to the ground apparently lifeless. Mr. Cripps ordered the fastenings to be removed from its legs, and when all attempts to raise it had failed, so convinced was he that it was dead, that he ordered the ropes to be collected and the carcass to be abandoned. While this was being done, he and a gentleman by whom he was accompanied leaned against the body to rest. They had scarcely taken their departure and proceeded a few yards, when, to their astonishment, the elephant rose with the utmost alacrity, and fled towards the jungle, screaming at the top of his voice, its cries being audible long after it had disappeared in the shades of the forest."—Vol. ii. pp. 321, 322.

The most striking of all the instances of man's mastery over inferior animals is the exploit of his wholesale decoy and capture of the hugest and wisest of terrestrial quadrupeds. The procedure of the "corral," or elephant trap on the grand scale, have been often described; but never with so much comprehensiveness and accuracy, or with such exact appreciation of the relation of the several steps in the procedure to the idiosyncrasies of the gigantic brute, as in the chapter which the author devotes to this exciting subject.

The skill of the professional elephant-catchers in Ceylon, the "panikeas," as they are called, who inhabit the "Moorish villages" in the north and north-east of the island, is described as having almost the certainty of instinct.

"Hence their services are eagerly sought by the European sportsmen who go down into their country in search of game. So keen is their glance, that almost at the top of their speed, like hounds running 'breast high,' they will follow the course of an elephant, over glades covered with stunted grass, where the eye of a stranger would fail to discover a trace of its passage, and on through forests strewn with dry leaves, where it seems impossible to perceive a foot-step. Here they are guided by a bent or broken twig, or by a leaf dropped from the animal's mouth, on which they can detect the pressure of a tooth. If at fault, they fetch a circuit like a setter, till lighting on some fresh marks, then go ahead again with renewed vigor. So delicate is the sense of smell in the elephant, and so indispensable is it to go against the wind in approaching him, that the Panikeas, on those occasions when the wind is so still that its direction can not be otherwise discerned, will suspend the film of a gossamer to determine it, and shape their course accordingly.

"They are enabled, by the inspection of the footmarks, when impressed in soft clay, to describe the size as well as the number of a herd before it is seen: *the height of an elephant at the shoulder being as nearly as possible twice the circumference of his fore-foot.*"—Vol. ii. p. 337.

Sir Emerson was present during the wholesale capture of wild elephants by the Singhalese modification of the corral, and gives a most vivid description of the strange and exciting scene. The passing allusions to the scenery and botany of the tropical forest traversed by the Governor's party to witness them carry one completely into the midst of the wild and primitive scene of action.

After detailing the preliminary proceedings of the native hunters, the author proceeds as follows:

"Two months had been spent in these preparations, and they had been thus far completed, on the day when we arrived and took our places on the stage erected for us, overlooking the entrance to the corral. Close beneath us a group of tame elephants, sent by the temples and the chiefs to assist in securing the wild ones, were picketed in the shade, lazily fanning themselves with leaves. Three distinct herds, whose united numbers were variously represented at from forty to fifty elephants, were inclosed, and were at that moment concealed in the jungle within a short distance of the stockade. Not a sound

was permitted to be made, each person spoke to his neighbor in whispers, and such was the silence observed by the multitude of watchers at their posts, that occasionally we could hear the rustling of the branches as some of the elephants stripped off their leaves.

"Suddenly the signal was made, and the stillness of the forest was broken by the shouts of the guard, the rolling of the drums and tom-toms, and the discharge of muskets; and beginning at the most distant side of the area, the elephants were urged forwards towards the entrance into the corral.

"The watchers along the line kept silence only until the herd had passed them, and then joining the cry in their rear, they drove them onwards with redoubled shouts and noises. The tumult increased as the terrified rout drew near, swelling now on one side, now on the other, as the herd in their panic dashed from point to point in their endeavors to force the line, but were instantly driven back by screams, guns, and drums.

"At length the breaking of the branches and the crackling of the brushwood announced their close approach, and the leader bursting from the jungle, rushed wildly forward to within twenty yards of the entrance, followed by the rest of the herd. Another moment and they would have plunged into the open gate, when suddenly they wheeled round, reentered the jungle, and in spite of the hunters, resumed their original position. The chief headman came forward and accounted for the freak by saying that a wild pig, an animal which the elephants are said to dislike, had started out of the cover and run across the leader, who would otherwise have held on direct for the corral; and he intimated that as the herd was now in the highest state of excitement, and it was at all times much more difficult to effect a successful capture by daylight than by night, when the fires and the flambeaux act with double effect, it was the wish of the hunters to defer their final effort till the evening, when the darkness would lend a powerful aid to their exertions.

"After sunset the scene exhibited was of extraordinary interest; the low fires, which had apparently only smoldered in the sunlight, assumed their ruddy glow amidst the darkness, and threw their tinge over the groups collected round them, while the smoke rose in eddies through the rich foliage of the trees. The crowds of spectators maintained profound silence, and not a sound was perceptible beyond the hum of an insect. On a sudden the stillness was broken by the roll of a drum, followed by a discharge of musketry. This was the signal for the renewed assault, and the hunters entered the circle with shouts and clamor; dry leaves and sticks were flung upon the watch-fires, till they blazed aloft, and formed a line of flame on every side except in the direction of the corral, which was studiously kept dark; and thither the terrified elephants betook themselves, followed by the yells and racket of their pursuers.

"They approached at a rapid pace, trampling down the brushwood and crushing the dry branches, the leader emerged in front of the corral, paused for an instant, stared wildly round, and then rushed headlong through the open gate, followed by the rest of the herd.

"As if by magic, the entire circuit of the corral, which to this moment had been kept in profound darkness, now blazed with a thousand lights, every hunter on the instant that the elephants entered, rushing forward to the stockade with a torch kindled at the nearest watch-fire.

"The elephants first dashed to the very extremity of the inclosure, and being brought up by the powerful fence, started back to regain the gate, but found it closed. Their terror was sublime; they hurried round the corral at a rapid pace, but saw it now girt by fire on every side; they attempted to force the stockade, but were driven back by the guards with spears and flambeaux; and on whichever side they approached, they were repulsed with shouts and discharges of musketry. Collecting into one group, they would pause for a moment in apparent bewilderment, then burst off in another direction, as if it had suddenly occurred to them to try some point which they had before overlooked; but again repulsed, they slowly returned to their forlorn resting-place in the center of the corral.

"The interest of this strange scene was not confined to the spectators; it extended to the tame elephants which were stationed outside. At the first approach of the flying herd, they evinced the utmost interest in the scene. Two in particular which were picketed near the front were intensely excited, and continued tossing their heads, pawing the ground, and starting as the noise drew near. At length when the grand rush into the corral took place, one of them fairly burst from her fastenings and started off towards the herd, leveling a tree of considerable size, which obstructed her passage."—Vol. ii. p. 353, 354.

The mode of securing and marching out the captives is next given. The wonder of a London audience has been recently excited by the performance of an elephant, at Astley's, exhibiting attitudes which seemed incompatible with a creature of its form, shape, and structure; but the tame performer is outdone by the actions of the enraged wild elephant, in the first struggles against his bonds. The first of the entrapped herd which was tied up

"felt the ropes with his trunk and tried to untie the numerous knots; he drew backwards to liberate his forelegs, then leaned forward to extricate the hind ones, till every branch of the tall tree vibrated with his struggles. He screamed in his anguish, with his proboscis

raised high in the air, then falling on his side, he laid his head to the ground, first his cheek, and then his brow, and pressed down his doubled-in trunk as though he would force it into the earth, then suddenly rising, he balanced himself on his forehead and forelegs, holding his hind-feet fairly off the ground. This scene of distress continued some hours, with occasional pauses of apparent stupor, after which the struggle was from time to time renewed abruptly, and as if by some sudden impulse; but at last the vain strife subsided, and the poor animal stood perfectly motionless, the image of exhaustion and despair. . . . Some in their struggles made no sounds, whilst others bellowed and trumpeted furiously, then uttered short convulsive screams, and at last, exhausted and hopeless, gave vent to their anguish in low and piteous moanings. Some, after a few violent efforts of this kind, lay motionless on the ground, with no other indication of suffering than the tears which suffused their eyes and flowed incessantly. Others, in all the vigor of their rage, exhibited the most surprising contortions; and to us who had been accustomed to associate with the unwieldy bulk of an elephant the idea that he must of necessity be stiff and inflexible, the attitudes into which they forced themselves were almost incredible. I saw one lie with the cheek pressed to the earth and the fore-legs stretched in front, whilst the body was twisted round till the hind-legs extended at the opposite side."—Vol. ii. p. 363, 364.

The function of a peculiar structure of the elephant's stomach, suggested by physiological induction, is now established by direct observation on the living animal for the first time made and communicated by the author of the present work.

"One practice was incessant with almost the entire herd; in the interval of every struggle, they beat up the ground with their fore-feet, and taking up the dry earth in a coil of their trunks, they flung it dexterously over every part of their body. Even when lying down, the sand within reach was thus collected and scattered over their limbs; then inserting the extremity of their trunks in their mouths, they withdrew a quantity of water, which they discharged over their backs, repeating the operation again and again, till the dust was thoroughly saturated. I was astonished at the quantity of water thus applied, which was sufficient, when the elephant, as was generally the case, had worked the spot where he lay into a hollow, to convert its surface into a thin coating of mud. Seeing that the herd had been now twenty-four hours without access to water of any kind, surrounded by watch-fires, and exhausted by struggling and terror, the supply of moisture he was capable of containing in the receptacle attached to his stomach must have been considerable."—Vol. ii. p. 364, 365.

Nothing seems to have escaped the quick and comprehensive glance of Sir Emerson. The varied demeanor of the different elephants as they were successfully "noosed" and tied up, is so told, as to fix it in the mind like a picture. Old elephants and young, males and females, respectable members of the herd and exiled "rogues"—each and all pass in review before us. Much as we welcome the artistic drawings which illustrate this stirring chapter in the zoölogy of Ceylon, they are superseded by the word-painting which impresses the multiform features of the wild and complex spectacle on the reader's imagination. The baby-elephants add the ludicrous element to the performance. Two tiny ones had been entrapped with the herd, one about ten months old, the other somewhat more.

"These two little creatures were the most vociferous of the whole herd, their shouts were incessant, they struggled to attack every one within reach; and as their bodies were more lithe and pliant than those of greater growth, their contortions were quite wonderful. The most amusing thing was, that in the midst of all their agony and affliction, the little fellows seized on every article of food that was thrown to them, and ate and roared simultaneously."—Vol. ii. p. 399.

"Amongst the last of the elephants noosed was the *rogue*. Though far more savage than the others, he joined in none of their charges and assaults on the fences, as they uniformly drove him off and would not permit him to enter their circle. When dragged past another of his companions in misfortune, who was lying exhausted on the ground, he flew upon him and attempted to fasten his teeth in his head; this was the only instance of viciousness which occurred during the progress of the corral."—Vol. ii. p. 369.

"When they attempted to drag him backwards from the tree near which he was noosed, he laid hold of it with his trunk and lay down on his side immovable. The temple-tusker and another were ordered up to assist, and it required the combined efforts of the three elephants to force him along. When dragged to the place at which he was to be tied up, he continued the contest with desperation, and to prevent the second noose being placed on his foot, he sat down on his haunches, almost in the attitude of the 'Florentine Boar,' keeping his hind-feet beneath him, and defending his fore-feet with his trunk, with which he flung back the rope as often as it was attempted to attach it. When overpowered and made fast, his grief was most affecting; his violence sunk to utter prostration, and he lay on the ground, uttering choking cries, with tears trickling down his cheeks."—Vol. ii. pp. 375, 376.

The process of taming the captive giants usually extends over a period of two months, when the presence of the decoy elephants is dispensed with, and the captive is ridden to the river alone. Amongst numerous instances of the superior physical endowments of the elephant, adduced by Sir E. Tennent, we select the following:

"When roads are to be constructed along the face of steep declivities, and the space is so contracted that risk is incurred, either of the elephant falling over the precipice or of rocks slipping down from above, not only are the measures which he resorts to the most judicious and reasonable that could be devised, but if urged by his keeper to adopt any other, he manifests a reluctance which shows that he has balanced in his own mind the comparative advantages of each. He appears on all occasions to comprehend the purpose and object which he is expected to promote, and hence he voluntarily executes a variety of details without any guidance whatsoever from his keeper. This is one characteristic in which the elephant manifests a superiority over the horse; although in strength, in proportion to his weight, he does not equal the latter."—Vol. ii. p. 387.

Two instances of births are recorded in the case of elephants which had been long in captivity. In regard to the duration of life of the elephant, estimated by Professor Owen at a hundred and fifty years, on the basis of the duration of the grinding-teeth as effective instruments of mastication, Sir Emerson Tennent quotes a memorandum which he found among the papers left by Col. Robertson, (son of the historian Principal Robertson.)

"showing that a decoy was then attached to the elephant establishment at Matura, which the records proved to have served under the Dutch during the entire period of their occupation, that lasted for upwards of one hundred and forty years, and was said to have been found by them in the stables on the expulsion of the Portuguese in A.D. 1656."—Vol. ii. p. 389.

It is possible, therefore, that two or three generations of Singhalese elephants may have witnessed the singular and violent political revolutions which in the last three centuries and a half have overthrown the native dynasties and ended by the annexation of the whole island to the dominions of the Queen of England. It was in 1505 that the flag of the Portuguese first appeared in the waters of Ceylon, and Sir Emerson Tennent has drawn from their own records a dark picture of

the rapacity, bigotry, and cruelty which characterized their sway. The resistance they encountered from the hardy mountaineers of Kandy was, however, so vigorous, that they were compelled to wage an internecine war against the native forces, and were at length expelled from Ceylon, one hundred and fifty years after their first landing, when the Dutch entered upon the scene of Indian adventure, and succeeded in forming alliances with the kings of Kandy fatal to the ascendancy of their commercial rivals and their religious antagonists. The chapters which Sir Emerson Tennent has devoted to these struggles are a valuable contribution to the colonial history of the European Powers.

It was not till the close of the last century that British forces and British policy appeared in Ceylon. Holland had been overrun by France; her colonies were attacked by England, and the King of Kandy was just as willing to accept our assistance to turn out the Dutch, as his predecessors had been to accept the assistance of the Dutch to turn out the Portuguese. The conquest of

Colombo by Colonel Stuart in 1796 speedily followed, and the dominion of this country over the Dutch settlements was established. On the administration of the island by Mr. North, immediately after its surrender by the Dutch, and on the highly questionable negotiations which took place between that officer and the Prime Minister of the King of Kandy, which were the prelude to the massacre of the British troops under Major Davie in 1803, a new and unexpected light has been thrown by the researches of Sir E. Tennent in the *Wellesley Papers*. The transaction which led to the establishment of British authority in the independent portion of the island was of the most painful and treacherous character. The young king was stimulated by his Adigar or Minister, who was in treasonable correspondence with Mr. North, to acts of atrocity calculated to bring about his own overthrow; in 1803 a British force seized Kandy; a sanguinary reaction followed; and the first years of the British government of Ceylon are deeply stained with humiliation and bloodshed.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WE have long been desirous of adding to the portrait-celebrities which have enriched and embellished the *ECLECTIC* a portrait of Professor Longfellow, the distinguished American poet. We have now that pleasure in sending to our readers the admirable likeness which graces our present number. We can not doubt that it will be received with a cordial approbation by all the readers and lovers of his poetry.

For this fine portrait of Professor Longfellow we are indebted to the artistic skill of his friend, the poet-painter, T. Buchanan Read, Esq., of Philadelphia, who has recently finished a painting of almost colossal size and life-likeness of expression, which has been admirably engraved by Mr. Sartain, under the kind inspection of Mr. Read himself. It is a rare advan-

tage thus to combine the artistic skill of both painter and engraver in the production of such a portrait. Our thanks are due to Mr. Read for permission to make this copy, and to Mr. Duer, of Philadelphia, in whose possession the portrait is to remain. A finely executed portrait, to be engraved from the same painting, as we are informed, will embellish the new edition of Professor Longfellow's works to be issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. The possession of this *ECLECTIC* portrait will very naturally excite the desire to possess the rich treasures of his poetic genius, when they shall appear in the new issue.

Not deeming it exactly courteous to introduce even the face of Professor Longfellow into ten thousand families and more without the consent of the original owner

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ON STEEL BY JOHN SARTAIN 1861

FOR THE ROBERTS

AFTER THE ENGRAVING BY T. H. B. B.

Henry W Longfellow

The Original in the Possession of Fred. P. Davis Esq.



we called to beg permission, which was kindly granted. And here we may be pardoned for adding that we found Professor Longfellow's residence in the venerable mansion where Washington fixed his head-quarters at Cambridge, as Commander-in-chief of the American army in the Revolutionary struggle. It is in excellent preservation, and as we glanced, by kind permission, into several apartments once occupied by the Father of his Country, we half-envied their walls, which had often echoed at the sound of his voice, and as we retired across the beautiful lawn, we half-fancied we could hear the faint echo of his footsteps in the distance. But we were mistaken. They had long ago died away and ceased in the quiet shades of Mount Vernon.

We subjoin a biographical sketch from a London cyclopedia, expressive of the high estimation in which Professor Longfellow is held on the other side of the water, as well as on this side of the Atlantic.

Professor HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, on the twenty-seventh of February, 1807. He is the son of the Hon. Stephen Longfellow of that city. In his fifteenth year he entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, at which College he graduated with high honors in 1825. While at college he contributed various pieces of verse to the *United States Literary Gazette*. He was intended for the study of the law, and spent some time in his father's office for that purpose; but a professorship of modern languages having been founded in Bowdoin College and offered to him, he accepted the office as more congenial to his tastes. In order to qualify himself for the office, being then quite a youth, he came over to Europe, where he spent three years and a half in traveling through France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, and England, and in acquiring a knowledge of the languages and literature of those countries. His residence in Germany, in particular, had a powerful influence upon him—an influence visible throughout his subsequent writings. It begot in him a kind of eclectic theory of literature, and a love for European and especially mediæval and German themes and sentiments, as distinct from that intense American nationalism which some of his countrymen advocated. "All that is best," he has said, "in the great poets

of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil, but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air." This was a state of feeling very proper in one who was to fill the office of Professor of Modern Languages in an American College; which office he returned to occupy in the year 1829, while yet only in his twenty-third year. While discharging the duties of the post, he wrote various articles of literary biography and criticism for the *North-American Review*; in 1833 he published a translation of a Spanish poem, with an Essay on Spanish Poetry; and in 1835 appeared the first of his regular prose-works—*Outre-Mer, or a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea*, containing sketches of his travels in France, Spain, and Italy. In this same year, Mr. George Ticknor having resigned the Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard University, Mr. Longfellow, then twenty-eight years of age, was called upon to succeed him. Before entering on the office, he spent another year in European travel, visiting Germany again, and also Switzerland, Denmark, and Sweden, and thus adding a knowledge of the Scandinavian tongues and literature to his previous acquirements. From the year 1836 to the present time, Mr. Longfellow has held, with high distinction, the chair in Harvard University; and it is during this period that he has published the series of works by which he is best known. In 1839 he published his prose-romance of *Hyperion*; in 1840 his *Voices of the Night*, a collection of poems; in 1841 his *Ballads and other Poems*, including translations from the German and Swedish; in 1842 (in which year he again visited Europe) a drama called *The Spanish Student*; in 1845 his *Belfry of Bruges*, and also an extensive work entitled *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, consisting of translations from various languages, with introductions and biographical notices; in 1847 his poem of *Evangeline*, a story of early American colonial life, written in English Hexameters; in 1848 his *Kavanagh*, a kind of poetico-philosophical tale; in 1849 a political series entitled *The Sea-Side and the Fireside*; in 1851 the *Golden Legend*, a mystical and dramatic version of a mediæval German story; and lastly, in 1855, his *Song of Hiawatha*, a kind of American Indian mythical epic, written in a very peculiar meter.

From the nature of some of the subjects in this long series, it will be seen that Mr. Longfellow, while true in the main to the cosmopolitan theory of poetry and literature with which he set out in his career, has yet exhibited his genius again and again in national American topics. No poem indeed is so thoroughly American in its scope and associations as the *Song of Hiawatha*. Of all American poets Mr. Longfellow is the most popular on this side of the Atlantic. Almost all his works

have been reprinted separately, some of them in various forms by various publishers; and there are at present (1856) several editions of his collective works in the market, one or two of which are illustrated. Though the influence of Goethe, Jean Paul, and other Germans is to be traced both in the matter and in the method of some of his writings, there can be no doubt that he is a man of fine original faculty, a highly-cultivated scholar, and a genuine literary artist.

From the London Times.

DEATH OF THE HISTORIAN MACAULAY.*

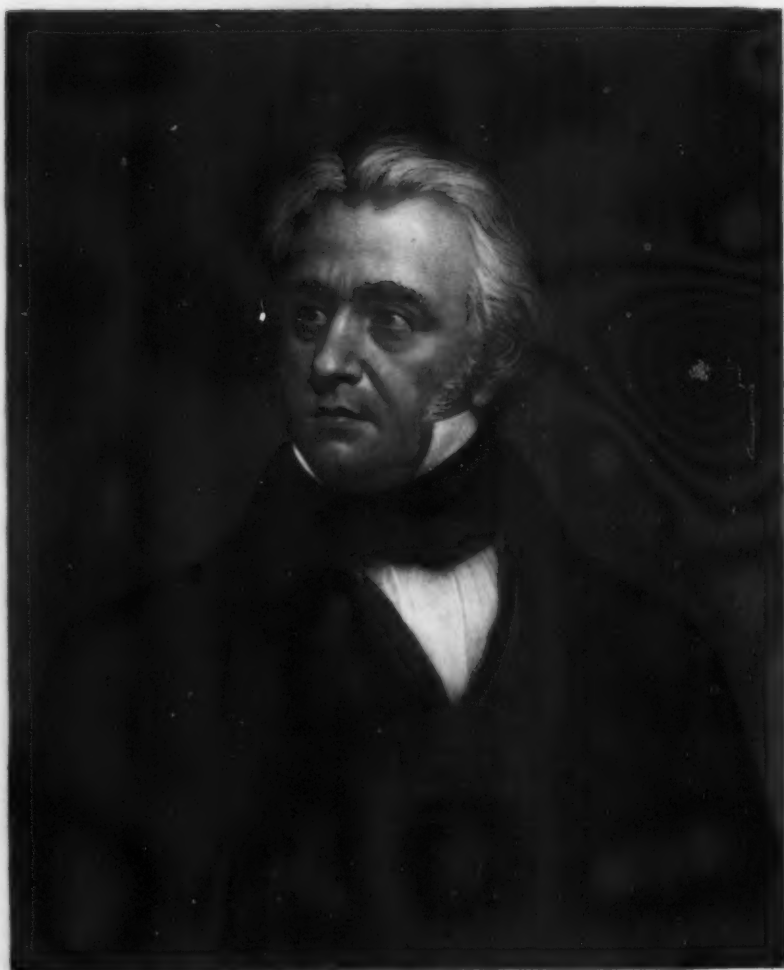
No death which we could chronicle will be more deeply or more widely lamented than that of Lord Macaulay. His loss is not simply that of a great man; it is the loss of a great man who accumulated immense stores of information that perish with him. As on the funeral pile of some Oriental potentate the wealth of a province is heaped up to be burned, we see passing with the historian into the darkness of the grave, not only a majestic mind which sooner or later must have gone from among us, but also the vast acquisitions of this mind, which we fancy might have remained to us forever. Macaulay's wealth of information was almost incredible, and in all his writings, in his speeches, in his conversations, he poured it forth so lavishly and yet so carefully, that reader and hearer scarcely knew which to admire most—the extent of his knowledge, or the felicity with which he brought it to bear upon the matter in hand. He had a more intimate acquaintance with English history than any man living, or perhaps any man who ever lived. His acquaintance with it was not a barren knowledge, but had fructified into political wisdom; and no pen could surpass his in the description of what he

knew and thought and felt. The death of such a man is more than a common loss—is more than the loss of a man equally great in other departments of literature. The material which he handles gives to the work of the historian a value which the work of no other artist enjoys. A great novelist or a great poet may be compared to a worker in colors, which have no value except in the arrangement given to them by the artist. A great historian, on the other hand, is a worker in gold and silver and precious stones, which have a value independent of the workmanship bestowed on them. It required a great mind to elicit the facts, but the facts have a value in themselves, and if they are not transmitted by the historian who is in possession of them, the loss which we sustain is not comparable to that of an additional poem or a new novel from the poet or novelist too soon struck down. Macaulay is cut off in his sixtieth year, and in the midst of his work. Who is to finish what he has begun? Who is to make good wherein he has failed? The deep regret for such a loss which will be universally felt wherever the English language is spoken, will be mingled with surprise at its suddenness. Only on Monday last Lord Macaulay had entertained his family at a Christmas party. It is true that for some years he had suffered from an affection of the heart, and three weeks ago he had

* We place a portrait of Lord Macaulay at the head of the present number, with this biographical sketch of his life in the letter-press, as mutual illustrations of the great English historian.—ED. ECLECTIC.

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ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN. — THE ORIGINAL BY E. G. EDLIS.

W Macaulay



a return of threatening symptoms. But he appeared to rally again; the symptoms, although serious, were not alarming; and at the Christmas party on Monday last he was only so far unlike himself as to be rather silent. If Sydney Smith had been there, he would not have had to complain, as he once did, that he longed for some "brilliant flashes of silence;" and yet, in spite of Lord Macaulay's quietness, his friends in parting with him that night little thought that in less than eight-and-forty hours he would be no more for this world. On Wednesday evening, about eight o'clock, he died in a fainting fit, without the least pain.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born on the twenty-fifth of October, 1800, at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire. He was the son of Zachary Macaulay, who has a monument in Westminster Abbey, and who was well known as a prominent member of the so-called "Clapham Sect," as well as of the philanthropists who exerted themselves for the abolition of the slave-trade and slavery. The family belonged to the Highlands of Scotland, where Zachary Macaulay's father and uncle were ministers of the Kirk. Dr. Johnson, in his *Tour to the Hebrides*, mentions both the Rev. John and the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay in a kindly way, and the Presbyterian origin of the family is worth noticing, as its effects may be traced quite distinctly in the writings of the historian. Especially in his essays—that is to say, his early writings—there must be observed a curious familiarity, not simply with scriptural phraseology, which might have been derived from any religious education, but with the pet phrases and formulas which are current among the Presbyterian and metaphysical divines. Although Macaulay could scarcely be called a Scotchman, his religious allusions are as distinctively Scotch as those of Sir Walter Scott himself. His father, Zachary, seems to have been a sturdy Calvinist. He was a West-India merchant, who had early in life been sent to Jamaica, and who was so horrified with what he saw there of servitude, that he for some years pitched his tent amid all the unhealthiness of Sierra Leone, with the hope of doing good to the negroes. It was under the influence of such a character and of his associates, who, at that time, were held up to public scorn as "the Clapham Sect," that Lord Macaulay

was brought up. His education began at home; he was then placed under the care of a Mr. Preston, at Shelford, in Cambridgeshire; and finally he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818. His career at the University was very distinguished. In his first year he gained the Chancellor's medal for a poem on Pompeii; in his second year he carried off the same prize for a poem on Evening, both of which have been published; immediately afterwards he gained the second Craven Scholarship; in 1822 he took his Bachelor's degree, and though he did not compete for honors, owing to his dislike of mathematics, he was elected a Fellow of his college. Macaulay, moreover, made a great figure in the Union Debating Society, where he spent a good deal of his time. He was to study for the bar, and it was evident that he was to be an orator. What were his chances of promotion? He had a Fellowship to begin with; he had a father who was not only in good circumstances, but was also a leading member of a fraternity that had some political influence, and has always been celebrated for the virtue which phrenologists have termed "adhesiveness." Evangelicals have generally had the merit of sticking to each other, and, even had he been a dull man, Macaulay might have counted on the tenacity of his father's friends. It so happened that he gave the most brilliant promise in youth, and when still a very young man achieved some extraordinary works. The Evangelicals of that day were not remarkable for learning or ability, or any kind of brilliancy, and they looked graciously on the young man who was to follow in the footsteps of his father, and to add the lustre of intellect to the beauty of holiness.

In 1830, Mr. Macaulay had made such a reputation for himself that he became M.P. for the borough of Calne—a seat then, as now, in the nomination of Lord Lansdowne. We have therefore to account for those eight years between 1822, when he took his Bachelor's degree, and 1830, when he entered the House of Commons, and to show how he fought his way upwards. For the first four of these years a good deal of his time was spent between London and Cambridge, where he had his Fellowship. He took his Master's degree in 1825, and he was called to the bar in Lincoln's inn in 1826.

But far more important for his future prospects was the fact that in this period he began to write. He wrote poetry, he wrote essays, he wrote imaginary conversations, he wrote critiques—he wrote in every form. These appeared as contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, of which it will readily be understood they formed the principal attraction. It was in these days he produced his ballads of the *Spanish Armada*, the *Battle of the League*, and *Ivry*; and we believe that some of his other contributions have been republished in America, although certainly not all. Macaulay was chary of publishing his periodical writings, and it is only by digging into the British Museum that we can find out what he was in the beginning. One chance, indeed, he has given us of ascertaining what he was when fresh from College. He had earned such a reputation by the contributions of which we have spoken, that he was engaged to write an article on Milton for the *Edinburgh Review*. This appeared in August, 1825, and Jeffrey's opinion of it was so high that he immediately secured the services of the young essayist for future numbers. It is scarcely necessary to say that this famous paper on Milton was afterwards republished by Macaulay in his collected essays, and we have all, therefore, an opportunity of taking his measure as a young man. In republishing it he made a few alterations, but every competent judge will indorse his own statement, that "the criticism on Milton was written when the author was fresh from College, and which contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves, still remains overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." As he advanced, however, he improved, as will be seen in the essays on Machiavelli, which immediately follows that on Milton, but is separated from it by an interval of eighteen months. It will never be so popular as the Milton article, which is very dazzling, but it is in every way a better work, and one can see in it the Macaulay of later days—his subtlety of thought, his tolerant temper, his high view of morality, his ideal of composition; and we may say the same on the articles on Hallam and Southey, which are next in order, and belong to the period before he entered Parliament. An article on *History* which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in May,

1828, has not been republished, and in itself perhaps it is not of much value, having very much the appearance of a college exercise touched up. But as the production of one who afterwards became one of the greatest historians, and who, if he has not actually invented a new style of history, has given us the most perfect specimen of the new style, it is well worthy of perusal, and will, no doubt, be one day published with other works which Lord Macaulay has been perhaps too anxious to consign to oblivion. Among these will be found some political squibs which are really very good, and with regard to two of them, we quote the following from *Moore's Diary*, though the date is June, 1831. He is relating a conversation at the breakfast-table of Rogers, and says: "In the course of conversation, Campbell quoted a line,

"'Ye diners-out from whom we guard our spoons,'

and looking over at me, said significantly: 'You ought to know that line.' I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said: 'It is a poem that appeared in the *Times* which every one attributes to you.' But I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence and said, to our general surprise, 'That is mine,' on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better on the subject of William Bankes's candidateship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. 'That was mine also,' said Macaulay, thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess." His talents were so great, his writings so effective, and his influence so strong, that the Whigs obtained for him (this, we suppose, must have been in the Coalition Ministry) an appointment as Commissioner of Bankrupts, and in 1830, he entered Parliament as member for Calne.

For the future Mr. Macaulay is to be as much a politician as a writer. He made an impression in the House of Com-

mons almost from the first. To one who was uttering some disparagement of the young man, Mr. Sheil is reported to have screeched out: "Nonsense, sir! don't attempt to run down Macaulay. He's the cleverest man in Christendom. Didn't he make four speeches on the Reform Bill, and get £10,000 a year? Think of that, and be dumb." Immense things were expected of him when he appeared in the House; he was to be another Burke, and, indeed, he took a part in the debates in favor of Reform and the Grey Ministry second only to the more spontaneous efforts of Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley. Croker, who had also a reputation as a Reviewer, was frequently in these days set up to destroy the young debater, but he failed, as, other things being equal, the man of detail must always fail against the man of broad views and sweeping generalizations. Besides his performances on the floor of the House of Commons, Mr. Macaulay did duty in these days for his friends whose hearts he rejoiced in highly impassioned speeches at the Freemason's Tavern. In Parliament his style was more argumentative and sober, and he did good service to his friends. Jeffrey, writing to Lord Cockburn in 1833, observes: "Mac is a marvelous person. He made the very best speech that has been made this session on India, a few nights ago, to a House of less than fifty. The Speaker, who is a severe judge, says he rather thinks it the best speech he ever heard." Admirable speaker as he was, however, one may venture to doubt about Mr. Macaulay's qualifications as a debater. With all the stores of information, and all flow of language, he could never trust himself to speak without elaborate preparation; his presence as an orator was not overpowering, and his voice was not particularly good. His head was set stiff upon his shoulders, and his feet were planted immovable on the ground. One hand was fixed behind him across his back, and in this rigid attitude, with only a slight movement of his right hand, he poured forth his sentences. His speeches were what he said those of Sir James Mackintosh were—spoken essays, only that Macaulay's essays, unlike those of Sir James, were written in a highly rhetorical style. It is, perhaps, the most rhetorical prose that ever was written; at all events, the prose that combines in

the most perfect way whatever is excellent in the written with whatever is valuable in the spoken style. Macaulay certainly did wonders with it, and if he was not very formidable in extemporary debate, he managed at all times to fascinate both sides of the house, and to win golden opinions from all sorts of men.

With the new Parliament, which assembled after the passing of the Reform Bill, he was returned to the House of Commons, as representative of Leeds, and was appointed Secretary to the Board of Control; but in 1834 he resigned his seat and his Secretaryship to go out to India as a member of the Supreme Council. The emolument, we believe, was the chief inducement to this step, a few years of India in such an office being sufficient to secure a competency; but it will at once be seen that the acceptance of such an office was a frank surrender on the part of Mr. Macaulay of the highest political position. A man who felt that his life was in action, and knew that he must push his way to power, would not have thrown away the best years of his life in a distant dependency. He had probably discovered by this time that he was more a historian than a statesman, and that he was happier and more useful among his books than in office and in debate. And yet, although Mr. Macaulay's acceptance of the Indian office surprised those of his friends who had marked out for him, in imagination, a brilliant political future, he had an object in visiting the East which might well fire his ambition. He was appointed not simply a member of the Supreme Council, but also legal adviser to it, and the special object of his mission was to prepare a new Indian code of law. He was, therefore, exempted from all share in the administration of affairs; he had four assistants to help him in his labors, and the penal code which was produced under his superintendence is mainly to be attributed to him. Containing some twenty-six chapters, divided into nearly five hundred clauses, this code was published after Mr. Macaulay's return to this country in 1838, and its great ability acknowledged. To produce such a code was an object worthy of his ambition. Unfortunately, his code was rather admired than obeyed; it was too good to be true; mankind was not fit for it; it would not work. The variety of races

and customs to which it was applied has prevented even the attempt to put it in practice. One of its enactments, indeed, was so odious to the English inhabitants that they gave it the appellation of the "Black Act." It abolished the right of appealing from the Local Courts to the Supreme Court, at the Presidency. This right had hitherto been exclusively enjoyed by Europeans, and now it was proposed to put them on the same footing with the natives, giving to both a certain right of appeal, but appeal only to the highest Provincial Courts. It was practically the same measure which roused the inhabitants of Calcutta to indignant remonstrance immediately before the outbreak of the mutiny, and which being put forward at such a time, showed the confidence of our Indian officials in the justice of the Hindoo population. One benefit our author derived from his Indian experience; he was able to write of Indian affairs with a fullness of knowledge and a vividness of apprehension which are unsurpassed in his treatment of any other subject. His essays on Clive and Warren Hastings are, on the whole, the best he has written. Nothing can be more masterly than his views, nothing more picturesque than his narration, nothing more just than his admiration of the men, combined with condemnation of their acts. The essays will always be the most popular of his works, and we may read them a dozen times without ever tiring of them. The English is his best—his most finished style, and we must give him the praise of having in his style added to the clearness of the English language. He has taught us to avoid involved sentences; he has given us the most brilliant examples of directness; and by a chary use of pronouns, especially the personal pronouns, he has given at once lucidity and emphasis to all he has to say.

Mr. Macaulay, we have said, returned to this country in 1838. His subsequent history is too well known to need much remark. He was elected member for Edinburgh in 1839, and became Secretary at War in the same year. Mr. Macaulay did not long remain in office, for the Whigs were soon ousted by Sir Robert Peel. In opposition, Mr. Macaulay's voice was not often heard; but on one occasion he expressed himself in such a manner as to give mortal offense to his constituents, and powerfully to influence his future

career. On the subject of the Maynooth Endowment, he spoke in favor of the grant to the Roman Catholics, and ventured to make allusion to "the bray of Exeter Hall." His constituency resented the expression, and refused to reelect him in 1847. In 1852 they repented of their doings, and spontaneously reelected him, without asking him to issue an address, to attend a meeting, or to bear one farthing of the expense. It was a worthy reparation; and the historian sat for a short time again in Parliament, although an attack of heart-complaint compelled him to avoid the excitement of public speaking. After a few sessions, he retired from the House of Commons, and only about two years ago he was raised to the peerage.

Lord Macaulay's rejection at Edinburgh probably hastened the undertaking of what was his chief ambition—a true History of England. He produced two volumes of this History in 1848, two more made their appearance in 1855, and the public were in expectation of a further installment, to be issued very shortly, when now they hear of the historian's decease. The excitement which the first two volumes created, appearing as they did in all the hubbub of the French Revolution, presenting to us a picture in remarkable contrast to that of the Parisian rabble, and calming down our own populace with the story of a nobler revolution, must be vividly in the recollection of our readers. Of the value of that History we have spoken so recently, (*The Times*, January eleventh, 1856,) that we need not now trouble them with a detailed criticism. Despite of any amount of criticism, the work is a very great work, and just as Hume is read, notwithstanding our censures, Macaulay will be read, whatever his deviations from strict accuracy. The only fact about this splendid monument of human labor to which it is necessary now to call attention is, that the author, in commencing his work, proposed to carry it down to a period "within the memory of persons still living," and that he has not been permitted to fulfill his task. He frequently turned his attention to other works, as witness his admirable biography of the younger Pitt in a recent volume of the *Encyclopædia*; and the work had so grown on his hands, that probably he himself long since gave up the hope of being able to bring down his

narration to recent times. As it is, it is a magnificent fragment, which, even if the author had produced but a single volume, would have been of enormous value as a specimen of the high ideal at which he aimed.

FUNERAL OF LORD MACAULAY.

THE remains of Lord Macaulay were on Monday consigned, to use the eloquent words of the great essayist, to "that temple of silence and recollection where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried—to the Great Abbey which has during many years afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall." The funeral obsequies were marked by no outward pomp or display; they were those of a private gentleman borne to his last resting-place, and attended at his grave by the regrets and manly grief of hundreds who have admired and deplored the loss of his genius and his varied ability. Addison, at the foot of whose statue Macaulay now rests, lay in state in Jerusalem Chamber, and in a torch-light procession, headed by Bishop Atterbury, the remains of the essayist of the last century were borne, by the shrine of St. Edward and the grave of the Plantagenets, to the vault of the house of Albemarle in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s chapel. Those persons who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets to the Abbey were admitted at the door in Poets'-corner at twelve o'clock.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the private procession was formed at the deceased peer's residence, Holly-lodge, Campden-hill, in the presence of two or three hundred persons, chiefly residents in the locality. The *cortège*, which consisted of a hearse drawn by six horses, three mourning coaches, and a brougham, was remarkably unostentatious. The Rev. J. Macaulay and Mr. Macaulay, Jr., Mr. C. L. Macaulay, and Mr. George Trevelyan, were seated in the first carriage. Mr. S. F. Ellis, Mr. E. Cropper, M. J. Cropper, Jr., and Mr. H. Holland, were conveyed in the second carriage. The procession, after leaving Holly-lodge, turned down Campden-hill, and entered the main road of Kensington. The shops were nearly all

partially closed, and as the procession passed on, the bells of Kensington parish church tolled in solemn recognition. The vehicles which met the mourning carriages drew up at the side of the road, to allow them to pass, and even persons seated on omnibuses were observed reverently to uncover their heads as the hearse went by. At Hyde-park corner nearly a hundred carriages of noblemen and others, in accordance with the previous arrangements, swelled the procession, and as it continued down Grosvenor-place the spectacle was one of imposing solemnity. The route from Grosvenor-place was through Lower Grosvenor-place into Victoria-road, by Buckingham Palace, and through Birdcage-walk. In the path-way of St. James's park skirting this thoroughfare, were large bodies of spectators, who became increasingly numerous as the procession neared George street. It was five minutes to one when the Abbey was reached, amid the tolling of the bell and a universal demonstration of respect on the part of the congregated thousands. When the coffin was brought in at the western door, Dr. Turle struck a few introductory notes, and immediately after these came pealing through the long drawn aisles the swell of the choristers' voices, as they sang the magnificent anthem of Purcell's: "I am the resurrection and the life." A procession was formed.

The pall-bearers were:

The Lord Chancellor.	Lord John Russell.
Bishop of Oxford.	Duke of Argyle.
Sir G. C. Lewis.	The Speaker.
Sir David Dundas.	Dean Milman.
The Earl of Carlisle.	Earl Stanhope.

The chief mourners were the Rev. J. Macaulay, rector of Aldingham, Lancashire; Mr. Macaulay, Jr., and Mr. C. L. Macaulay, brother and nephews of the historian; Mr. George Trevelyan, Mr. S.

F. Ellis, Mr. E. Cropper, of Dingle Bank, Liverpool, the husband of the widow of Lord Macaulay's younger brother; Mr. Cropper, Jr., and Mr. Holland. Cecilia, the sister of the noble lord; Mrs. Cropper, his sister-in-law; and one or two other female relatives, occupied seats in the clerestory immediately overlooking the grave. A number of the private friends of the Dean and Chapter, and others who were in a position to claim the friendship or good offices of the vergers, were also accommodated with places in the clerestories which commanded a view of the whole proceedings. The coffin was borne slowly up the nave to the choir, where a portion of the funeral service was gone through. Canon Jennings read the lesson. The anthem selected from Spohr's *Last Judgment*, "Blessed forever are they that die trusting in God," seemed fitted for the solemn occasion. The coffin was once more taken up by its bearers, and was carried along the south aisle of the nave, to the south side of the transept, which is set apart as the place for poet's and literary men, just as the north side has been reserved for Chatham, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Canning, Wilberforce, and other statesmen. There was a pause, and a deep silence throughout the whole Abbey, broken only by the footsteps of the pall-bearers and the friends who followed the coffin to its last resting-place. When placed upon the ropes over the grave, and while being gradually lowered into the earth, the organ again pealed forth, and the choristers sang Purcell's anthem: "Man that is born of woman." The Clerk of the Works stepped forward and threw earth upon the coffin, and once more the venerable abbey resounded with the solemn organ and the voices of the choristers, who sang Handel's *Funeral Anthem*, composed for Queen Caroline, the words being altered to suit the present occasion. "His body is buried in peace; but his name liveth for evermore." At the close of this beautiful anthem, the chief mourners and pall-bearers advanced to take a last look at the coffin which contained the body of their honored friend and relative, and as they left the grave, the organist played the *Dead March in Saul*, the wailing and expressive melody of which seemed truthfully to interpret the emotions which were uppermost in the minds of all present. The grave is about eight feet in

depth. The outer coffin is formed of polished elm, and it incloses a leaden coffin and shell. The lid is divided into three compartments; the upper one contains, on an engraved plate, the arms of the deceased peer. The shield bears two arrows and two buckles, and has two pelicans as supporters. The crest is a boot with a spur, surmounted with the usual coronet. The motto of the coat of arms is, "Dulce Periculum." The second compartment contains the following inscription: The Right Honorable Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay of Rothwell, born twenty-fifth of October, 1800, died twenty-eighth December, 1859. At the lower part of the lid is a small shield with the initials of the deceased peer, "T. B. M." The coffin is ornamented with massive gilt handles, three upon each side and one at each end, surmounted with coronets, and the surface is covered with black silk velvet, and is decorated in the usual style of funeral ornamentation. Thickly strewn near the grave of Macaulay are the relics of men whose names are held in reverence, and whose works adorn the literature of our country. A few feet from his grave stands the fine old piece of Gothic sculpture which marks the resting-place of Chaucer, "the father of English poetry." Just opposite to the tomb of Chaucer, "the day starre" of English poetry, is the monument of "Faërie Spenser"—the sunrise of our poetry—who died, as Ben Jonson tells, "for lack of bread, refusing the twenty pieces sent him by my Lord of Essex, as he was sorry he had no time to spend them." Partly obliterated by the hand of Time, the tomb of Spenser bears the inscription: "Here lies the body of Edmund Spenser, the prince of poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he left behind him." Beaumont, the dramatist, sleeps there too, but no memorial or inscription marks his resting place; it is, however, immediately behind Chaucer's tomb. A marble, much defaced, erected by the Countess of Dorset, bears, in very illegible characters, an inscription written by Ben Jonson for the tomb of Drayton. Still nearer Macaulay's grave there is the small pavement stone with the inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson!" which Aubrey tells us was done at "the charge of Jack Young, who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow

eighteen pence to cut it." At the recent relaying of the pavement of the Abbey, the original stone was removed and destroyed. A few feet distant is the monument of Cowley, raised by George Duke of Buckingham. A monument raised by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, marks the grave of Dryden, "glorious John," who was followed to his resting-place by mourners in twenty mourning coaches, each drawn by six horses, and at whose requiem an ode of Horace was sung, with an accompaniment of trumpets and hautboys. The only titled poet that sleeps in this part of the Abbey is the "Earl of Roscommon," the famous master of the horse to the Duchess of York at the Restoration. Another companion of Macaulay is Nicholas Rowe. There are also Matthew

Prior and John Gay, and he whose tomb bore the inscription, in imitation of that Jonson, "O rare Sir William Davenant!" and Samuel Johnson, David Garrick, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Camden, the father of English History; May, the historian of the Long Parliament; Gifford, the editor of the Tory *Quarterly Review*; Dr. Parr, and numerous others. At the opposite, or north end of the transept, there towers above other memorable graves the stately monument of Chatham, of whom Macaulay wrote, and the words are now not less applicable to himself: "Among the eminent men whose bones lie near him, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name."

From Chambers's Journal.

WAYS OF WILD-FOWL.

FEW departments of natural history are more pleasing than those which relate to the manners and habits of wild-fowl. They are all of them great travelers, and regularly pass over the whole hemisphere to which they belong, from the polar circle to the equator, resting on the summits of mountains, in the depths of forests, or on the borders of lakes and rivers. On the elevated plains or steppes of Central Asia, these aerial populations perform their evolutions with the greatest freedom and regularity. In the middle of summer, they are found beyond the northern limits of Siberia, fishing and enjoying themselves in the icy sea. This is especially the case with the wild swans and geese, which, as they move northward through the air, with loud screams and clamor, are welcomed with delight by the rude inhabitants. They look forward as they gaze to the enjoyment of innumerable feasts, the materials of which they then behold cleaving the blue sky in vast wedge-like battalions, with a strong, bold leader in front, and the weaker and more timid fliers bringing up the rear. It is difficult to imagine a spectacle more

beautiful than a flight of wild swans on a summer's day. Their whiteness is so dazzling that they look like huge snow-flakes drifting before the gale, while, as the light plays upon their breasts, it communicates to them a rosy blush, glancing off tremulously into the atmosphere as they advance.

The travels of the wild geese and swans extend from far beyond Siberia to the Caspian Sea, Lake Aral, and the plains of Asia Minor. Here the traveler beholds them in winter, sometimes settling on the waters of the Meander, sometimes spreading themselves over the morasses, where in hundreds of diminutive lakes, they recall to mind the bogs, swamps, and immense sheets of water in which they carry on their gambols during the hot months, in the precincts of the north pole. It is curious to notice them in the vicinity of a Turkoman encampment, walking boldly up, almost close to the tents, and extorting hospitality from the half-frightened, half-delighted children. We ourselves are still favored with the visits of the wild goose, but its friend and companion in the solitudes of Asia

refuses to accompany it to our shores, where it was once found in abundance, especially on the rivers of the fens.

In the neighboring countries of the continent, the snipe, the woodcock, the coot, the teal, the wild duck, perform nearly the same movements as the swans in Asia. During the summer heats, they find their subsistence amid the elevations of the Alps and the Pyrenees, where, as you ascend higher and higher, you perceive on the banks of each lonely stream and tarn the summer sunbeams glancing from their wings. With the increase of the cold and the coming on of sleet and snow-storms, these birds desert their favorite solitudes, and descend in search of food nearer to the dwellings of man; but the influence of their original tastes and habits is still discernible. They cling to the skirts of forests and to springs, amid the recesses of the hills, or alight on the interior of marshes, where, protected by wilderness of reeds and flags, they dive into the mud in search of food.

High up in the Nile Valley, birds of similar propensities enjoy much greater safety and freedom than in Europe. The river is there engaged in creating the country it is hereafter to fertilize. Spreading into immense expanses, and following no certain channel, it stagnates amid whole forests of rushes, reeds, and other aquatic plants, whose stems arrest the silt which the water holds in suspense, and precipitate it to the bottom, where it constitutes, layer upon layer, the foundation of some future Egypt. Here is the very paradise of wild-fowl. Sometimes near the edge of the water you behold the long legged flamingo standing knee-deep in the flood, and appearing like the fragment of a rainbow with its gorgeous and brilliant colors, satisfying his humble appetite with sundry kinds of mud fish. The natives entertain strange notions of this bird. Believing in the doctrine of the metempsychosis, they assert that it is animated by the soul of a great and proud sultan of the Indies, who, in punishment of his vanity, was transformed into a bird, and allowed to retain the splendor of his costume, banished for many thousand years into the wastes of Africa.

All round amid the tufts of luxuriant vegetation you perceive specks of water-fowl; ducks fat as the teal of Winnebago Lake, herons, storks, pelicans, wild-geese,

the white rice-bird, the black ibis — no longer seen below the cataracts — with many other kinds for which our northern vocabulary has no names. These birds convert such swamps, half-mud, half-water, into breeding-places; and therefore, as your boat moves hither and thither among the matted aquatic verdure, you behold their large eggs, glossy white or blue, shining forth between the roots of the plants, which at a later period swarm with young nurslings of all hues.

As might have been expected, this profusion of life attracts many birds of prey. Early and late, on the pinnacle of some neighboring ridge, or on the lofty branches of a doum palm, or of an African sycamore, you observe the white eagle perched in eager anticipation, or see it descending like an arrow into the morass, or mounting, gorged and blood-dripping, towards its distant eyrie. This eagle is peculiarly beautiful; its eye does not blink at the noonday sun, and its sight is so piercing, that a mouse moving along the sand is beheld by it from above the clouds. Lower down in the valley, it may be often noticed sitting on the naked rocks, glowing and half-calined by the heat. But it is conscious of no inconvenience, or if it be, one excursion into the upper air where it is almost immediately lost to sight, restores coolness, and enables it to resume its destructive meditations on the river's banks. This terrible bird presents a striking contrast to the black cormorant of the Cape, which dislikes loneliness as much as the African eagle loves it. Perched upon the cliffs, in company with divers and penguins, it seems, with its sable brethren, to constitute a sort of mysterious conclave assembled to decide on the fate of Africa. This heavy lumbering bird does not take the trouble to build a nest at all, but lays its eggs in holes of the rock, hollowed out for it by nature. Here the insatiable appetite of its young justifies the old saying, "as greedy as a cormorant;" for although constantly gorged by their industrious fisher-parents, yet they are never satisfied, but with open beak, eager eye, and outstretched neck, flap their formless wings, and appear, like the horse leech, to be continually crying out: "Give, give!"

These cormorants form a sort of social polity, keeping together both on land and sea. As they lay their eggs and watch over their young in company, so in

company they provide for their own subsistence, as well as for that of their offspring. If, while at the Cape, you visit any unfrequented part of the shore, especially at an early hour of the morning, you may watch, with great interest and amusement, the strategy, evolutions, and tactics of these dusky fishers. From the apertures and pinnacles of the cliffs, the cormorants descend in great numbers to the water, lying calm and tranquil between the outstretched horns of rocky promontories. Here they dispose themselves in single file, and with an old experienced bird in the van, put out to sea. The black viking, at once adventurous and wary, selects the smoothest parts of the bay; and when his keen sight detects a shoal of fish below, he pauses for a moment to make a signal to his followers. Arching his long neck, and keeping his eyes fixed upon the waves, he rises on the wing, throws back his feet, and then plunging down head foremost, is in a moment gorging fiercely among the shoal. All the other cormorants immediately imitate his example, and may in a short time be seen rising to the glassy surface with their prey glistening in their bills.

All round the African continent, except on its eastern fringes, life assumes the feathered form with infinite prodigality. In the sandy wastes of the interior, it is altogether different. There you may travel for days and weeks, sometimes for whole months, without beholding a bird, except, as you approach the oases, pigeons and turtle-doves; or occasionally, in certain tracts of the desert, an eagle far aloft in the blue ether, darting eastward or westward, like an arrow of golden light. On the skirts of the villages, and about the wells, where there are nearly always palm-trees, the doves come in troops in search of food and water. There is also a sort of long-billed bird without a European appellation, which in flights of fifteen or twenty, hover about the wells, and as soon as the men cease working at the water-wheels, dart down to drink.

A traveler, resting in one of these Saharan villages, used to soothe his loneliness with the notes of some little birds, in shape not unlike the sparrow, which came every morning and sang on his house-top. Their voices seemed full of the sweetness of childhood, and carried him over thousands of miles of sea and land, back to

that part of England where he had passed his early years.

A whole volume might be written on the habits and manners of oceanic birds, every variety of which is invested with a cluster of poetical associations. Most of our readers will probably remember Barry Cornwall's beautiful lyric on the stormy petrel, which peoples the fancy with grand images of solitude far out upon the purple deep. Voyagers who traverse the Indian Ocean watch with peculiar pleasure the evolutions of this bird, and one of them thus speaks of its most striking characteristics: "These wild and free-born denizens of the deep seem to sport in all the consciousness of liberty; they cleave the atmosphere of their boundless home on rapid wing, soaring aloft with the lightness of a feathery cloud; they skim the surface of the deep, they float upon its bosom, and I have seen the storm-loving petrel, that 'wanderer of the sea,' dive beneath the waters to secure its prey. They always love the stormy ocean, for then their food is more easily procured; and when the sea begins to rise, when the wind blows high, and the billows are crested with foam, the petrels are abroad."

There is much grandeur in the vast habitation of eastern sea-birds. Taking our departure from the Cape of Storms, and passing over Madagascar, we have, on the left, Mozambique, the Kuria Muria group, Persia, India within and beyond the Ganges, China, Corea, and Japan, and on the right, the immense archipelagoes of Australasia. Throughout this extensive division of the globe, sea-fowl arrogate to themselves whole clusters of islands, where they have lived, built their nests, deposited their eggs, and brought up their young for thousands upon thousands of years unmolested by man. The Kuria Muria, recently regarded as a prolific guano-field, figures in the stories and traditions of the Arabs as one of the kingdoms of the birds, where they ruled supreme, built themselves superb dwellings, and rigidly forbade the intrusion of any other creature. Amid the rocky cliffs of Socotra, also, the sea-birds of the Indian Ocean have established themselves in vast multitudes, so that the mariner, as he sails by, may behold at early dawn variegated living clouds, soaring aloft above his head, or sweeping with celerity along the blue surface of the waves. Still further on,

and away down to the right, there is a small group occupying one of the most striking positions on the globe. All the way from the northern polar circle to that latitude, the sounding-line can generally, if not always, reach the bottom; but there the plummet becomes useless, for the mighty table-land of rock, out of which spring so many thousands of islands, descends sheer to an immeasurable depth, which defies even the fancy to follow it. On the very edge of this descent stands what has been very properly denominated Danger Island, which, so far as we know, has never but once been visited by man. Separated from the rest of the group by no great breadth of sea, it is yet preserved from human intrusion by terror. It has no landing-place, no bay, creek, cove, or indenture of the coast, but is belted round by lofty perpendicular cliffs, against which the huge surges of the Indian Ocean break perpetually in foam and thunder. Within the circle, however, of these dreadful rocks the surface of the island presents a little paradise. Trees of gigantic growth stretch along the cliffs, and suspend their ever-green foliage over the waves. Beyond these, there is a wilderness of flowering-plants and shrubs of rare beauty, gemming the soft mossy knolls and hollows which, at certain seasons of the year, form the common nest of millions of sea-birds, which, when they rise on the wing, literally darken the air, while they fill it with a deafening murmur, like that which ascends from a prodigious army thrown suddenly into confusion.

The singular chance which rendered a visit to this island practicable was as follows: A surveying-ship lying near for several weeks observed one morning a lull in the ocean—its usual roar was suspended—and the breakers about the perilous precipices no longer appeared. The opportunity was immediately seized upon. A boat, filled with English officers and sailors, put off from the ship, and pulled vigorously towards the mysterious rock. After circling it round and round, some fissures in the cliff were discovered, through which it seemed possible to climb. Up went the whole party, despising difficulty and danger, and as the strange apparitions made their appearance, away, with screams and shrieks, flew the terrified birds. All the knowledge we possess of Danger Island was then obtained. After a hasty exploration, the

adventurous surveyors retraced their steps, and the breakers resumed the eternal monotony of their roar.

Not altogether dissimilar is another haunt of sea-fowl in the same ocean, though considerably further to the east; this is a glaring patch of white sand set in a coral frame, a mile and a half wide, and encircled on all sides by breakers, with a magnificent overfall. Very recent charts of the Sooloo group may perhaps have it marked, but it is not to be found in Horsburgh. The sides of this island descend precipitously into the sea, and that to so great a depth that no bottom is to be found with the hand-lead. All the sand in the interior has the appearance of one huge nest covered with sea-birds in all stages of growth, from the little unfledged creature just escaped from the shell, "to the old full-grown guardians of their progeny." When visitors approach, the old birds display great courage in the exercise of their paternal duties; they hover shrieking close over the heads of the strangers, and make so vigorous an opposition to their advance, that the way has to be cleared by knocking them down with sticks.

No naturalist, with competent leisure and opportunities, has yet examined a thousandth part of those oceanic bird-craddles, where it is probable several new species will be found, more curious and beautiful than any yet known. Strange habits, which appear almost fabulous, are attributed to some of the winged tribes. There is, for example, a small owl in Central America which takes up its abode in the same burrow with the marmot and the rattlesnake. In fine weather you may often see the members of the triple population sitting at the entrance to their dwellings. On the approach of a stranger, the marmot first retreats into the fortification, the owl next follows, while the lazy rattlesnake brings up the rear.

On the coast of Borneo, a bird is found which the natives call *menombun* or the builder, on account of the extraordinary skill with which it constructs its nest. In form and color, it resembles the francolin or heath-cock. The wonderful structure on which we bestow the name of nest, usually found upon the sandy shore above high-water mark, is often upwards of sixty feet in circumference, and nearly five feet high. Occasionally, the bird takes advantage of a fallen tree to form a

sort of nucleus for its operations, and about this heaps up loose portions of the sandy soil into the shape of a flattish barrow. It then bores, by scratching with its toes, a deep hole in the mound, and at the bottom clears a space wherein to lay its eggs. In the following season, it appears to become dissatisfied with its old apartments; but instead of removing to a distance, constructs an addition to the mound, and excavates in it a fresh chamber. In this way it proceeds, enlarging its dwelling indefinitely, until there are numerous entrances above, and hollow cells below. From one of these to another it sometimes opens subterranean galleries, which hasty explorers fill up while digging. Here and there, in the interior of the barrow, eggs are found, some newly laid, others half-hatched, while there are others again from which the birds have emerged. They come out full-feathered, and so strong as to be able to scratch immediately, and provide for their own subsistence. The habitat of the menambun is not extensive, being confined to the small islands which stud the coast of Borneo, and those of the Sooloo group.

Proceeding further towards the south, we find, in the upper regions of Australia, a beautiful species of starling, of brilliant plumage, which glances with metallic lustre as its feathers in motion receive the rays of light. It lives among the thickets near the shore; and to guard against the inroads of its enemies, erects its habitation on trees of almost inaccessible height. One of our voyagers found, near Cape York, nearly fifty specimens at once of the extraordinary nest of this bird. They were all suspended from the outer branches of a gigantic cotton-tree, where, light and pensile, they rocked, or swung to and fro in the passing breeze. To obtain one of them was a matter of no small difficulty. The trunk of the cotton-tree, at least twelve feet in circumference, and shooting up straight, without boughs, for upwards of sixty feet, seemed to defy all attempts at climbing. The naturalist, therefore, had recourse to his rifle, and sought to detach with ball the branches on which the nests hung; but the wind swaying them hither and thither, defeated his skill. A native then volunteered his services, and throwing the branch of a wild vine about the cotton-tree, worked

his way up, just as the Arabs climb the loftiest date-palms. The young found in the nests were thrown, by the Australian, alive into the fire, and eaten half-drawn.

One of the most striking scenes in which wild-fowl make their appearance is a calm at sunset on the tropical ocean. There is always a swell and tremulous sensation in the vast deep, upon which the sun, going down in fiery splendor, sheds a crimson glow. Then the ship lies almost motionless upon the water, and the birds, which had been its companions by day, take their leave, some flying towards land invisible and far away, some to those solitary rocks which, at wide intervals, stud the ocean. But the ghost-like albatross, as he has been not unaptly denominated, wheels about in vast circles till he is lost in the darkness. Thus deserted by the inhabitants of the air, the mariner's fancy is befriended by the more constant denizens of the waves, who throw out their shining floats, and sparkle and glitter like a shower of stars on the dark surface of the ocean.

Even here, in our own country, where we imagine ourselves familiar with all the forms of nature, extremely curious spectacles are sometimes to be witnessed. Bird-catchers in the fens, carrying on their calling by night, disperse themselves over the marshes and along the banks of streams, with torches in their hands. These they wave to and fro, to attract or dazzle the birds, which, while they are wondering at the strange appearance, are enveloped in nets. One of our old writers amuses himself with describing the stupidity of the dotterel, which imitated the grimaces and antics of the fowler, stretching out its wings when he spread forth his arms, hopping when he hopped, nodding when he nodded, and becoming, at length, so absorbed by the interest of the pantomime, that he was fairly knocked upon the head before he could rouse himself to a sense of his danger.

We had noted down many other facts connected with the ways of wild-fowl in various parts of the world, but mindful of the old proverb, that "enough is as good as a feast," we pause here, though we could have wished to enlarge a little on the airy populations of the Alps, the Himalaya, and the Andes, together with those which haunt the vast lakes and frozen rivers of the north.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

ROBINSON'S BIBLICAL RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE. New Edition, with an entire New Volume of Travels in 1852. Published by Crocker & Brewster, 47 Washington street, Boston.

BIBLICAL RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE, MOUNT SINAI, AND ARABIA PETREA; a Journal of Travels in the year 1838. Also, Later Biblical Researches in Palestine and Syria. a Journal of Travels in the year 1852, by Edward Robinson, Eli Smith, and others. Undertaken in reference to Biblical Geography. Drawn up from the Original Diaries with Historical Illustrations. By EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New-York. With a volume of new Maps and Plans of Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, Northern and Southern Palestine. The whole comprised in three volumes 8vo, cloth, \$7.50; sheep, \$8.25; half calf, \$12; full calf \$14.

Volume III., comprising the Travels in 1852, can be had separately, cloth, \$2.50; sheep, \$2.75. Maps separately, 75 cents.

"These Biblical Researches will unquestionably be henceforth regarded as one of the most precious contributions that have ever been made to Christian archaeology. With a zeal as fresh and pure as it is ardent; with a judgment that is serene, and a charity that is as amiable as his criticism is close and erudite, does the Professor lay before the reader an immense storehouse crowded with materials that must excite the deepest interest. Nothing can be said or thought of this production that will not redound to the reputation of its author, or that will prevent it from becoming a model of research, and a standard authority in all time coming."—*London Monthly Review*.

"Since the publication of Dr. Robinson's Researches in 1841, no work in any language has been able to compare with it as a repository of all needful and useful information respecting the Holy Land. Of all the works that have been made on the Holy Land within the last fifteen years, these Researches have furnished the staple. To commend a work so essential to those who would make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the geography and history of Palestine is superfluous. Dr. Robinson has received from the highest sources at home and abroad the most gratifying acknowledgments of his ability and success as an explorer of oriental antiquities, and this last volume, completing the great labors of his former life, will be the top-stone of a monument to his fame, which will outlive that of hundreds less modest and less worthy, whose travels have attracted greater attention. No ministerial library should be destitute of these three volumes, and where the pastor is unable to purchase them, the people would be the gainers by adding them at once to the number of his books."—*New-York Observer*.

"This is one of the noblest works ever issued from the American press. Dr. Robinson is among the very first Biblical scholars of the age. His attainments in this department of literature are fully acknowledged by the most distinguished theologians.

His travels in the Holy Land, and other places, often referred to by the sacred writers, in 1838, were extensive and attended with the most thorough observations. These were published at the time and received with great favor by an intelligent and appreciating public, as reflecting much valuable light in illustrating the Scriptures. A third volume has been issued with the two of the revised edition of the other work, which embraces the travels and observations of the author in 1852. They are a work of inestimable value, and are a noble contribution to Biblical literature; the most valuable by far ever made in this department. We take it for granted that every pastor, student of theology, and earnest reader of the Bible, must have this work in his library."—*Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia*.

THE PENN INDUSTRIAL REFORM SCHOOL. — The Legislature of Pennsylvania passed an act to establish this Reform School with very beneficent designs and plans for the accomplishment of a vast amount of good to the objects which it seeks to reform and bless. It is worthy the attention of every State in the Union. The Hon. John Galbraith, of Erie, formerly a Member of Congress, and now the Presiding Judge of the Courts in several counties in North-Western Pennsylvania, has been appointed the President and Chief Manager of this Institution. Under his efficient direction, the Institution is increasing in usefulness and public favor.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. RICHARD KNULL OF ST. PETERSBURG. Being Selections from his Reminiscences, Journals, and Correspondence. By CHARLES M. BRRELL. With a Review of his Character. By the late Rev. JOHN ANGELL JAMES. Pages 358. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1860.

THE memoranda embodied in this choice volume abound with touching interest and rich instruction. Every Christian and every Christian pastor would find his heart stirred and burn within him by its perusal. The piety and devotedness which made him the honored instrument in the conversion of more than a hundred men who became preachers of the Gospel, breathes a salutary influence all through these pages.

A TRIP TO CUBA. BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

THIS lady authoress wields a graceful and graphic pen of travel and description. This Boston lady leaves home in winter, as we infer, whirled along over the frost-bound earth by the iron horse to New-York, thence gliding rapidly over the tumbling waters, in a British steamer, to a more genial clime and fairer skies in the sunny South, and a sojourn in Cuba, that brightest jewel in the crown of the Spanish Queen. With the aid of this pleasant book, the reader can visit Cuba, and see what the author sees, without the toil and danger of land and ocean travel.

THE MARBLE FAUN; or, The Romance of Monte Beni. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Author of the *Scarlet Letter*, etc. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

WE welcome our old friend Hawthorne back from his eight years' absence, or silence, since he last appeared in public. He has made good use of his sojourn in classic lands, and gives his old friends an interesting and sensible romance, the scenes and phases of which appear under Italian skies, at Rome and the regions roundabout. The author has the good sense to write a preface to his book, as we think every author should. If a book is worth writing, it ought to be worth a preface. Having done this, our author introduces the reader to many agreeable persons and scenes in Italy, which are instructive and entertaining. The volumes are neat and tasteful in their contour.

AUNT LOTTIE'S STORIES FOR CHILDREN. The Little Haymakers and Other Tales. By Aunt LOTTIE, Author of *Lives for Jesus*, *Sabbath Portions*, etc. With Eight Colored Engravings. Boston: A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street. 1860.

THESE are genial and pleasant stories. Aunt Lottie has learned the art of talking sensibly to children—of amusing, and at the same time instructing and improving their young minds. We know of a little girl who could hardly lay aside the book till she had read them all. We think there are many other little girls and boys also who will delight to read them.

POEMS. By SIDNEY DOBELL. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

THIS volume of poems comes to us in the diamond edition dress of blue and gold, to match in binding many other choice poetic volumes issued by this eminent publishing house. The volume comprises about thirty lyric poems of comparatively recent production by a rare poetic genius. Many of them are rich in thought and beauty of diction. Their publication in England excited a good deal of interest and varied criticism of the press, and in some, highly commendatory. It is a choice volume.

THE TREASON OF CHARLES LEE, Major-General, Second in Command in the American Army of the Revolution. By GEORGE H. MOORE, Librarian of the New-York Historical Society. Read before the Society on Tuesday evening, June 22, 1858. "The evil that men do lives after them." New-York: Charles Scribner. 1859.

THE research and industry evinced by the author in gathering up and arranging these historic facts and narrative are deserving of high commendation from all lovers of our national history.

HISTORY OF PETER THE GREAT, Emperor of Russia. By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

THE gifted pen of Mr. Abbott throws a charm around every subject and every history which he writes. There is an ease, simplicity, and grace in his style, which flows along like a pure and gentle stream, winding through verdant fields and meadows, with flower-covered banks. Such are all his books of history. May he live to write many more.

NARRATIVE OF THE EARL OF ELGIN'S MISSION TO CHINA AND JAPAN IN THE YEARS 1857-58-59. By LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, Esq., Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. New-York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square. 1860.

RECENT events of the last year, and the present aspects and relations of the governments of England and France towards China, invest this volume with unusual interest. Until a few years past, the interior of China and Japan has been comparatively a terra incognita in regard to many customs among that singular people. But the efforts to arrange new commercial relations on a more satisfactory footing, has led to a better knowledge of those countries and their inhabitants. This narrative of Lord Elgin's visit to that country is full of interest and instruction, and in view of the approaching demonstrations of England and France, will be read with attention.

STORIES FROM FAMOUS BALLADS. For Children. By GRACE GREENWOOD. With Illustrations by Billings. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

HERE are ten beautiful stories beautifully told by a beautifully-minded lady, for the instruction and amusement of children. It requires a rare talent to write well for children. Few authors possess it. We wish there were more.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND STUDY IN ITALY. By CHARLES ELLIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

THIS is a charming book. It presents graphic pictures of Italy, her objects of art, architecture, painting, sculpture, the manners and customs of her people at the present, with instructive criticisms. The reader will make a pleasant visit to Italy by the perusal of these beautifully written pages.

LORD MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—We (*Inverness Advertiser*) have seen a letter to a gentleman from the great historian, dated Holly Lodge, Oct. 13, 1858, in which he says: "I have long given up the hope that I shall be able to bring the History of England down to the time of the Porteous mob. I have therefore no motive for investigating minutely the circumstances of that affair, and I should not wish to engage in an inquiry which, however curious and amusing it might be, must divert me from more useful researches."

NEW APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—M. Despretz recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences, in the name of M. Fonsagrives, the chief physician for the marine department at Cherbourg, an apparatus intended to illuminate the cavities in the human organism by means of the electric light. This apparatus has been constructed by M. Ruhmkorff, under the direction of M. Du Moncel. It is approved of by M. Velpeau, and is described in *L'Institut*.

SILK WORMS.—One silkworm's line will sometimes measure as much as four hundred and four yards, and, when dry, not weigh more than three grains. From this a line, as spun by the worm, in weight sixteen ounces, or a pound, will be above five hundred miles in length; therefore, a silkworm's thread, to go round our globe, (twenty-five thousand miles,) would not weigh fifty pounds.

BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE have got out "An Arctic Boat-Journey, in the Autumn of 1854," by ISAAC I. HAYES, surgeon of the second Grinnell Expedition, who says in his Preface: "The readers of the narrative of Dr. Kane will remember that, in the autumn of 1854, eight persons, being a portion of the officers and crew of the brig *Advance*, then in Rensselaer Harbor, made an attempt to reach Upernavik, in North-Greenland, the nearest outpost of civilization. The party were absent during nearly four months, and they returned to the brig unsuccessful. It was the wish of Dr. Kane to receive from me a written report of the journey; but as I was disabled at the time of my return, he accepted one from my dictation; and under the impression that he was thus possessed of all that he required, I gave no further attention to the subject. It subsequently appeared that I was in error; for, when his narrative was going through the press, he informed me that my verbal report was too meager for his use, and that he had expected a more complete statement of the principal events. Before I could act upon this information, I was prostrated by fever; and as Dr. Kane's manuscript was put into type as fast as prepared, and was immediately stereotyped, the opportunity was unavoidably lost to me. After the publication of the main narrative of the expedition, my own memoranda appeared too insignificant to justify the issue of a separate volume. My friends and other persons represented to me, from time to time, that even minute details of life in a region so remote, so peculiar, and so little known as that in which I had passed nearly a third of a year, would not fail to interest the general reader; but it needed a stronger inducement than such persuasions to overcome my reluctance to issue a book. Having undertaken to conduct another expedition toward the North Pole, as soon as my countrymen will furnish the moderate outfit required for this object, my time and efforts have been exclusively devoted to the necessary preliminary measures. My experienced publishers having encouraged me to believe, not only that a somewhat extended report of the incidents of the journey of 1854 would be acceptable to the public, and that it would probably contribute towards the expenses of my preparations. I yielded to the temptation offered by their favorable judgment, and their readiness to assume the risk of the press."

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.—In accordance with annual custom, some engineers of the municipality visited, a few days ago, the Catacombs, which extend to a considerable distance beneath Paris on the left bank of the river. The object of the visit was to ascertain that the arches, pillars, etc., which support the roof remain perfectly solid. The engineers were accompanied by some gentlemen and ladies; and it is only on the occasion of these annual inspections that the Catacombs can be visited at all. The entrance is in the courtyard of what was formerly the octroi office of the *Barrière d'Enfer*. It is closed by a thick door, and the Catacombs are reached by a long narrow staircase, descending about seventy feet. A man at the door counts the persons who enter, and gives each a lighted candle, which he is required constantly to carry. At the bottom of the staircase is a long, narrow gallery, the sides and roof of which are supported by masonry. This gallery, in which only two persons can walk abreast, leads to a spacious vault beneath the *Plaine de Mont Souris*, and in which vault are

collected the bones formerly removed from the old cemeteries of Paris. Near the entrance to the vault is the inscription, *N'insultes pas aux mânes des morts!* About twenty minutes are occupied in reaching the spot, and it is generally remarked that the visitors, influenced by the strangeness of the situation, and by the peculiar odor which prevails, soon become serious and silent. In the vault the bones are piled up like wood in a timber yard, and galleries are formed in them for visitors to pass along. The bones are arranged in regular order to the height of six feet, the larger bones being outside, and the skulls being placed on the top. Here and there are inscriptions indicating from what cemeteries the bones were brought, and also scraps of verse from different poets. There is one enormous heap of bones which has not yet been classified. It is calculated that not fewer than three million persons must have been interred in the cemeteries from which the bones were removed. In the vault are some subterranean springs, which have been collected in a basin called *Fontaine de la Samaritaine*. In this fountain some gold-fish were placed in 1813; they lived for a long time, but did not breed. In the other parts of the Catacombs the galleries are very numerous, and one of them is nearly five miles long. To prevent persons from losing their way, a broad black line is drawn on the wall from the entrance of the Catacombs to the vault.—*Galigiani's Messenger*.

LORD BROUGHAM AND MR. GLADSTONE.—A very significant compliment to Mr. Gladstone's oratory, and a very striking incident in itself, (says the *Scotsman*.) appears not to have been marked by our London cotemporaries. We mean the presence of Lord Brougham within the walls of the House of Commons for the first time during very nearly thirty years—that is, since he left in 1830 to become Lord Chancellor. It is pretty well known that Lord Brougham left the House of Commons to preside over the House of Lords, with the utmost pain and reluctance—that his own most earnest desire was not to accept any office which necessitated the abdication of his position as member for Yorkshire, and that he took a position nominally and titularly higher only at the most urgent entreaty and virtual command of his party. Since his removal he has never once been known to enter as auditor within those walls which had so often echoed with his eloquence. On Friday night, for the first time, he overcame this remarkable reluctance; and then, too, for the first time, it is understood, he heard the man who now occupies the position he himself so long held unrivaled and undisputed—the greatest orator in the British House of Commons. Lord Brougham was seen to listen intently during the whole four hours during which Mr. Gladstone spoke; and is known to have expressed the highest admiration of the speech, as a masterpiece of clear and skillful statement and persuasive rhetoric.

"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious." "No family had a better right to O than our family," said Sheridan, "for we owe every body."

LORD COWLEY reports that Austria will not meet Sardinia in congress, and that the Emperor Napoleon will consider any crossing of the Po by Austrian troops cause for a declaration of war.

